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THE BOOKMAN

THE CITY OF ENCHANTMENT

BY WILLIAM McFEE

IT is a mystery to me", I heard the Surgeon remark in his refined, querulous voice, "how many men follow the sea all their lives, go all over the world, behold cities and men, and come home with minds to all intents and purposes an absolute blank."

"Apropos of what?" I asked. I had been sitting at the other end of the long ward-room table, and missed the immediate application of this remark. The stewards were setting coffee on the table and several men rose to catch the eight o'clock liberty launch. I moved up.

"Well," said the Surgeon, lighting a cheroot, "it is apropos of nearly every sailor I've met since I joined the navy, and also of the occasional few that came my way in practice ashore as well. But I was speaking of Barrett, the Second Watchkeeper. Jolly good fellow, as you know, and has knocked about a bit. But when I asked him today at tea if he'd ever been in New Orleans, he said yes, often, and it was a rotten place. You see, I had been reading a story which referred to the city. Now Barrett's comment was typical I admit, but it was neither illuminating nor adequate."

"It doesn't follow", I observed, "that his mind is a blank nevertheless. You misunderstand our mentality if you imagine you will get much local color out of any of us. I don't suppose, if you interviewed a hundred men who had been there or any other place, that you would get any other answer."

"I can tell you why," interjected suddenly a man seated beside the Surgeon. I recognized him as the engineer-commander of a special-service ship lying near us at the canal buoys. He was a man of middle age, and his neatly-trimmed grey beard and downward drooping moustache gave him an air of settled maturity and established character. He was one of those men, I had already commented to myself, who embody a generic type rather than an individual character. He might have been anything, save for the distinguishing gold lace on his sleeve—navigator, paymaster, or a competent warrant-instructor of the

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old school. The Surgeon, who was his host on this occasion, looked at him inquiringly.

"I can tell you why," repeated the engineer-commander, taking out a cigarette case. "The fact is", he went on after accepting a match, "young men, when they go to sea, are romantic, but not incurably so. I have rarely found anyone", he mused, smiling, "who was incurably romantic! One can't be, at sea. It is no sense of grievance which leads me to imagine most of us as having had the romance crushed out of us. A young man's progress through life in our profession, so far from resembling the old-fashioned educational grand tour through Europe, is much more like the movement of a piece of raw material through a factory. He is tortured and tested and twisted, subjected to all sorts of racking strains to find out if he will stand up under the stresses of life, and finally emerges as an article good for one specific purpose and nothing else.

"All our social, professional, and economic forces tend to that consummation. We are not 'educated' at all, in the sense that other professions, the medical for instance, are educated; and the consequence is we lack the habits of agreeable self-expression. The bright romantic young fellow, just out of school, becomes in a few years a taciturn and efficient officer, who sends home monosyllabic letters from Cairo or Bagdad or Yokohama, and dreams of keeping chickens in Buckinghamshire. But don't imagine his reticence is proof that he is a fellow of no sentiment. Each of us cherishes some romantic memory of foreign parts—a girl, a city, a boarding-house, a ship, or even a ship-mate—a memory that tinges the fading past with iridescent glamour and of which we cannot be persuaded to talk.

"I have had experiences of that nature in days gone by. Like some of you, I was at sea in tramps, and collected the usual bundle of romantic memories. What I was going to say was, that I knew New Orleans. I knew it in what was to me an entirely novel way. It was the first foreign place I ever lived in ashore. I shall never forget the impression it made on me.

"I had never been even in the United States. There had been a bad slump in freights that year. I had just got my chief-engineer's license, and the expense of living at home had eaten well into my savings. When I got to Liverpool again to get a job, I found myself along with a good many others. I was like a hackney carriage. I had a license and I had to crawl round and round for somebody to hire me. Sounds strange nowadays when they are sending piano-tuners and lawyers' clerks and schoolteachers to sea and calling them sailors. I used to call in once a day at a little office where a sort of benevolent association had its headquarters. Most of us were always falling behind in our subscriptions and the secretary would have nothing to do with us. He was a big man with a bushy black beard, and I never found him doing anything else except playing billiards. They had a billiard-table in the back room, and he and two or three old chiefs of big Liverpool boats used to monopolize it. It happened by some chance that my subscription had been paid up at this time, so he had to give me some attention. One day when I strolled in he waved to me with his cue and I sat down until he had finished his stroke. He then said he knew of a billet which would be the very thing for me. There was a twin-screw passenger boat

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going out to Boston to be taken over. She was going under the Cuban flag, he told me. He had had a letter from a friend in Belfast who was going chief of her for the trip. I could go Fourth, and they would pay my passage home.

"Well it didn't sound very attractive, but I decided at once. I would go. My journey to Belfast took up a good deal of the money I had left; in fact I broke my last five-pound note when I bought my ticket. I did not regret that. The fact was, I was afflicted with a sudden desire to visit America. I had been to all sorts of places like South Africa and Australia and India, but they had not satisfied me. I don't say I would have dismissed them all as 'rotten' places, but they had made no appeal. I had never really seen them, you understand. The United States, at that particular juncture in my life, did make some sort of subtle appeal to me. I had heard of men who had made their fortunes out there. I might tumble into something like that. I had read—oh, the usual things boys read in England. In the Sunday School at home they had had 'From Log Cabin to White House'. Mind you, it wasn't material success I was thinking about so much as the satisfaction of a queer craving I didn't half understand. You see I was brought up as most of us were then, in an atmosphere of failure. There was always about one man in four out of work. The poor-houses were always well-stocked with sturdy paupers for whom the industrial system had no use. We used to go about getting a job as though it was a criminal offense. We never dreamed of quitting. There were always fifty others waiting to snatch it from us. Without knowing just why, I had a restless craving to get away from all that. I wanted to live in some place where one could breathe, where the supply of labor was not so tremendously in excess of the demand. So I said I would go. I went over to Belfast and joined that ship. It was November, and we took her out, flying light, into winter North Atlantic.

"It was a terrible business. She was new, and her trials, because of the bad weather, had been of the sketchiest description. The skipper had secured the contract to take her over for a lump sum, he to find crew, food and stores. He had not been particularly generous in any of these. There were just we four engineers and two mates. We had our meals in the passenger saloon, an immense place that glittered with mirrors and enamel and gilding, but with only one table adrift on an uncarpeted floor. It was curious to watch the steward emerge from the distant pantry and start on the voyage toward us bearing a tureen of soup. As the ship rolled he would slide away to starboard over the smooth surface of the teak planking, holding the tureen horizontal as though he were carrying out some important scientific experiment. Then, just before he could bring up against the paneling, she would roll to port and back he would come with knees bent and a weather eye for a grip of the nearest chair. When she rolled her rails right under, he would have to set the thing on the floor and kneel down with his arms round it, while we held on to the racks and waited. They rigged him a lifeline later on, but everything breakable was broken. One day there was a terrible crash upstairs, and the skipper and mate jumped from their seats and ran away up the grand staircase. The piano had been carried away in the music room and had dashed into a book-case end on. We had to get the

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crew in to lash it fast with ropes.

"The engine-room was full of leaking steam and water-pipes. Every bearing ran hot, and the stern glands had been so badly packed that the water was squirting through in torrents. And she was twin-screw with no oilers carried. I used to spend the four solid hours of my watch cruising round, hanging on to hand-rails, emptying oil-feeders upon her smoking joints. I had field-days every day down in the bilges, cleaning shavings and waste and workmen's caps out of the suctions. She rolled, pitched, bucked, and shivered. She did everything except turn over. Twice the starboard engine broke down and we had to turn round and go with the weather until we could get it running again. I used to call her the ship who lost herself. She was all wrong. She had pumps no man could keep right, tucked away in corners no human being above the size of a Central African pigmy could work in. We had no tools and no tackle. And nobody cared. The one idea of everybody on board was to get her into Boston, grab our wages and passage money, and run away as hard as we could go. I must say it was rather demoralizing for a young chap with his name to make. Of course the job itself was demoralizing. I pitied the chaps who were going to serve in her under the Cuban flag. I carried away no romantic memories: only a bad scald on my chest, where a steam joint had blown out and shot boiling water into my open singlet.

"And Boston made no particular impression either. I was paid off, given a railroad ticket to New York, and told to apply at a certain office for a passage home. We were shoved aboard a train which was red-hot one moment and ice-cold a moment after. We were all in a bunch at one end of the car and scarcely moved the whole time. The skipper, who had gone through the day before, met us at the Grand Central and took us down town. I remember lights, a great noise of traffic, cries to get out of the road, and a cross-fire of questions about baggage. It was late afternoon. We roared down town in a warm subway. I was struck by the ceiling fans in the cars, and the stern preoccupation of a woman who sat next to me reading a book. When we emerged on Broadway the wind was driving the snow horizontally against our faces, and we became white exactly as though someone had sprayed us with whitewash through a nozzle.

"We fought our way down into a side-street and up an elevator into an office. I stood on the edge of the little crowd trying to get some sort of system into my impressions. I became aware of words of disapproval. 'No! that won't do!' 'No; I was promised a passage!' 'You know perfectly well, Captain', and 'What is it? A skin game?' I discovered the Captain and a man in a carefully-pressed broadcloth suit arguing with the mate and the chief. I gathered they wanted some of us to waive our right to a passage home and sign on some other ship. The Chief would have nothing to do with it, and the Second and Third expressed their refusal in violent language. You couldn't blame them, for they were married. They were all married, I believe. I was the only single adventurer among them. They looked at me. I must have made some inquiry for I heard the words 'New Orleans. Hundred dollars a month. Free ticket.'

"Well, I had no idea where New Orleans was at that time. As far as I can recall I imagined it was some-

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where in South America. That didn't matter. I wasn't married and I had no relish for going back to Liverpool and beginning the same weary old chase for a job. I didn't have jobs thrown at me in those days. I astonished them all by saying I'd go. The Second said I must be crazy. The man in the broadcloth suit beckoned me up and asked for my papers. They seemed to satisfy him, and he telephoned to another office about my ticket. A small boy appeared to take me over there and I followed him out. I never saw any of the others again. The small boy led me along Broadway and into a big office where I received a ticket for New Orleans. Then I had to go back to the station and get my baggage. The whole business went on in a sort of exciting and foggy dazzle. Nothing remains clear in my mind now except that nobody regarded me as in the slightest degree of any importance. Even the small boy, chewing for all he was worth, cast me off as soon as he had steered me and my baggage to another station, and left me to wait for the train.

"I don't know even now how I managed to make the mistake. I dare say such a thing would be impossible nowadays. Anyhow I discovered the next morning I was on the wrong train. I believe we were bound for Chicago. I was rushing across a continent in the wrong direction. I had never done much railroad traveling anywhere—a few miles into Liverpool, and a night journey from Cardiff to Newcastle was about the extent of it. I was bewildered. The conductor told me to go on, now I'd started, and take the Chicago route. I suppose I must have done that. I sat in a sort of trance, hour after hour, watching the train plough through immense tracts of territory of which I did not know even the names, through great cities that flashed and jangled before me, over rivers and through mountain passes. I had to get out and scamper over to other trains. I went hungry because I didn't know there was anything to eat on board. My razors were in my baggage and that was gone South by some other route. I had nothing with me except my papers and a box of cigarettes. I was in a day-car and my fellow travelers were constantly changing. At last I fell into conversation with a man about my own age. He it was who told me I could get a berth in the sleeping car if I wanted one. He took me out on the observation car at the end. He was a reporter, he said. Showed me some wonderful references from editors in California for whom he had worked. He had a mileage ticket, and was going from town to town looking for work. He said the Mississippi valley was 'deader'n mud! No enterprise'. I have often wondered what he thought of me, a tongue-tied and reserved young Britisher wandering about the United States.

"It came to an end at last—some time on the third evening it must have been. The climate had been getting milder, and it struck me that we must be approaching the equator. I began to wonder what was in store for me. I felt as though I had passed through a sort of tumultuous and bewildering purgatory. I found myself in an atmosphere so alien that I had no notion of where or how to catch on. I wandered about a great barn of a station trying to find somebody to attend to me. English fashion, I wanted to find my baggage. Nobody knew anything. Nobody cared. A big negro on the box of a cab flourished his whip. In desperation I got in, just in front of someone else. 'Whar you

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goin', sah?' he exclaimed dramatically. 'Take me to a hotel!' I replied. He made his whip crack like a pistol-shot, and we rattled off into the darkness.

"Of course I felt better next day. I had an address which the man in New York had given me. I remember the name—Carondelet Street. I remember it because it was the first intimation of the enchantment which New Orleans has always exercised over me. There was a fantastic touch about it which to me was delightful. I remember the magic of that first walk through the city across Royal Street, up Bourbon, across Canal and so into Carondelet. There was something bizarre even about the office I visited, too. I believe it had been originally built as the headquarters of some lottery, and it was full of elaborate carving and marble sconces and glittering mirrors and candelabra. They wanted to know where I had got to. They had expected me the day before. One would have imagined from their impatience that I had kept a ship waiting, or something equally terrible. Now that I had come, they discovered they might not want me after all. I waited for something definite. After some telephoning, a man with a square sheet of pasteboard tied over his forehead, to act as an eye-shade, told me to go down to Louisa Street and see the chief of a ship refitting down there.

"I got on a trolley car and rumbled down interminable streets of wooden shacks, coming out abruptly in front of a high bank over which I could see the funnel and masts of a steamer. The Chief was a benevolent old German who had spent twenty years in the States. He patted me on the back and made me sit down on his settee while he filled a great meerschaum pipe. He had had a great deal of trouble, he told me. I wasn't surprised when I learned the facts. He had had a Swedish First Assistant, a very fine man he affirmed, very fine man indeed: good machinist and engineer, but he could not manage the Chinks. It was a pretty cosmopolitan crowd on that ship, I may tell you. They had Chinese firemen, Norwegian sailors, and officers of all nations. The Swedish First Assistant was now replaced by a Dutchman. I inquired what had become of the Swede, and the old gentleman informed me that the Chinks had done for him. He had gone ashore one night and had not come back. A day or two later, his body had been found in the river. 'But dey haf not found his head,' the old chap told me, looking extremely gloomy.

"It was a startling beginning. I had been shipmates with men who had lost their heads, but not with that disastrous finality. It appeared that I was to go Second Assistant if I shaped well. Mr. Blum was very anxious for me to shape well. 'You haf been with Chinks?' he asked. I had. More than that, I was able to say I liked them. 'That's right', he assented heartily; 'if you like them, they are all O. K.' And then, in answer to a query of mine, he gave me an address in Lafayette Square, where I could get lodgings. 'They will do you well there,' he assured me.

"I went away to explore. I felt I was having adventures. This was better than walking about Liverpool in the rain trying to get a job. Here I was succeeding to a billet which had become vacant owing to a tyrannical Swede getting himself decapitated in a highly mysterious fashion. Mind you, there were other hypotheses which would account for the Swede's tragic demise. I came to the conclu-

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sion later that he probably fell off a ferry boat returning from Algiers over the other side of the river and got caught in the paddles. But at the time the Chink theory was popular. I didn't care. One doesn't, you know, when one is young and without ties.

"And I explored. That old steamer which I had been sent to join was as queer as her crew. She had been built in Scotland twenty years before and had sailed under half-a-dozen flags. She had been bought by her present owners to keep her out of the hands of competitors, and she only ran when one of the others was laid up for overhaul. She was always breaking down herself. Sometimes I was weeks in New Orleans with her. Old Blum would wave his meerschaum and wag his head sagely. 'Say nutting', he would remark, when any comment was thrown out about our indolent behavior.

"He had a great friend who would come down to see him, a Russian named Isaac. I suppose he had another name but I never knew it. He was a ridiculously diminutive creature with a stubby moustache and round, colored spectacles. He had escaped from Siberia, they told me, and after many wanderings had settled in New Orleans. He had a brother who was still in prison at Omsk, and he had some means of sending things to him. Some day he was going to get him away. But the curious thing about Isaac was his reputation for probity. When we were paid at the end of the month, we would hand our rolls to him and tell him to put them in the bank. He had a greasy note book in which he put down the totals among a lot of orders for soap and matches and overalls. He dealt in everything. You could buy diamond rings and shoelaces, shirts and watches, from him. Where he kept his stock, if he had any, was a mystery. He flitted about, smiling and rubbing his hands, presenting a perfect picture of rascally evasion. And everybody trusted him. I never heard, but I have not the slightest doubt he eventually rescued his brother from Siberia. He had friends in San Francisco, Nagasaki, and Vladivostok. A queer character.

"I used to go off on tours through the old quarters of the city by myself. I saw some astonishing things. There was an old gentleman at our boarding house, for instance, who excited my curiosity. I used to follow him up St. Charles Street after dinner. He always came to a halt at Canal Street before crossing, and would swing round sharply as though he suspected someone spying upon him. He never took any notice of me, however. Then he would skip across and down Royal Street, turning into the Cosmopolitan. I used to go there myself, for a good many Englishmen patronized it. It was known among us as the Monkey-wrench for some reason. This old chap would sit in a corner with a tall glass of Pilsner before him and read 'L'Abeille', that funny little French paper that used to say hard things about Lincoln during the Civil War. His grey hair was brushed straight up off his forehead, and he had a trim grey moustache and a Napoleon tuft on his chin. About ten o'clock I would see him coming out and marching down Royal Street.

"One night I followed him, and saw him go into one of the old curio shops that abound down there. Well, one evening I had been wandering about near the Cathedral and was coming up Royal Street toward the Cosmopolitan. It was in darkness, for the shops down there were shut, but there was a brilliant glare of light in front of the

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restaurant. It was like watching a brightly-lit stage from the darkness of the auditorium. People were passing in crowds, and a trolley car was making a great noise grinding its way down the street. I saw the old gentleman come out and pause, setting his big soft hat firmly on his head. And then, to my astonishment, a young man stepped swiftly out of the swing doors and struck the old gentleman with a dagger on the shoulder. He fell at once and the young man began to walk away. The old gentleman rose on his elbow, drew out a revolver and fired, twice. It was like a rehearsal of a melodrama. The young man fell against a passer-by. And then the inevitable crowd flew up from all sides and the narrow street was blocked with people.

"I kept on the outside. I had no desire to be drawn into the affair, whatever it was. A reporter in the next room to mine told me it was a feud, and considered it the most ordinary thing in the world. The newspapers treated it in the same way. It was this matter-of-fact acceptance of what were to me astounding adventures that induced that curious impression of being in an enchanted city. I would be strolling along taking my evening walk in the dusk when I would catch sight of feminine forms on a balcony, with mantillas and fans, and I would hear the light tinkle of a guitar. Passers-by had a disconcerting habit of flitting into long dim corridors. I saw aged and dried-up people behind the counters of stores which never seemed to have any customers.

"I passed curio shops which appeared to be the abodes of ghosts. I shall never forget my adventure in the shop into which the old gentleman had been accustomed to vanish. I needed a shelf of some sort for my room, and I had a sudden notion of investigating this place. The window was full of the bric-a-brac which silts slowly down to the city from the old plantations; silver ware, crucifixes, bibelots, and candlesticks. It was away down past the Cathedral and the fireflies were flitting among the trees. I opened the door. A candle on a sconce was the sole illumination of the little shop, which was full of grandfather clocks. There must have been a dozen of them there, tall, white-faced spectres, and all going. I stood in astonishment. It was as if I had intruded upon a private meeting of the fathers of time. I had an impression that one of them, turned slightly toward his neighbor, was about to make a weighty remark. He cleared his throat with a hoarse rasp and struck seven! And all the others, with the most musical lack of harmony, joined in and struck seven as well.

"I was so preoccupied with this preposterous congregation that I had failed to notice the entrance of a tall thin person who was regarding me with austere disapproval. I wondered if she was going to strike seven as well. But she didn't. She wished to know what I wanted, and when I told her, she said she hadn't got it, and disappeared among the tall clocks. I went out into the summer evening wondering what tales those venerable timepieces were whispering among themselves—tales of this strange old city of enchantment, along whose streets flitted the ghosts of a dead past, fleeing before the roar of the trolley car and the foot of the questing stranger.

"For that is the dominating impression of one who dwells for a time in the city—an impression of intruding among mysteries of which one has no right to the key. You read Cable

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and become aware of other ghosts with which he has peopled the fantastic vistas of the French Quarter and the reaches of that enigmatic waterway up which sail the great ships with their cargoes of coffee and tropic fruit. You begin to wonder whether you are the only real live human being doing business in that part of the world.

"I found a few, of course, as time went on. It so happened I came across one, a Scotchman too, who gave me that phrase—a city of enchantment. He kept a second-hand book-store along a little stone-flagged alley off St. Charles Street, an alley where there couldn't possibly be any business. I suppose he had some sort of mail-order trade with distant libraries, but he always seemed to part with a volume with intense reluctance. I had a lot of time on my hands, and was fond of reading; and he struck a bargain with me to bring the books back and he would make no charge for them. Some of his books he wouldn't sell at all. I got into the habit of dropping in during the evening for a talk. It became quite a club. There was an elderly Yankee from Connecticut, a lawyer who had been moving gently about the Union for years and had come to a gentle anchorage in the Crescent City. His ostensible occupations were chewing tobacco and commenting upon the fluctuating chalk-marks on the board at the Cotton Exchange. I gathered he had made a small fortune by promoting a company for manufacturing a patent antiseptic sawdust for use in slaughter-houses. There was a fat Irishman who spent a good deal of time writing and printing ferocious pamphlets dealing with Home Rule and Holy Ireland. There was I, a lonely young Englishman becalmed in a foreign port. And there was a sharp-nosed little man who enveloped himself in mystery and took a malicious pleasure in evading identification.

"It was one evening when the twilight—which was half an hour earlier in that narrow flagged passage than in the open street—was falling, and filling the old shop with strange shadows, that I heard our host's voice saying: 'Yes, this is a city of enchantment. It catches the imagination. As we drift about the world we grow weary of the futility of human life, but we are urged on to fresh voyages and travels. Always we see a better prospect ahead. We are deceived, it is not so. We sigh for our native villages and dream of golden futures. So it goes on, until by chance we come to this strange city of enchantment, built upon the drowsy marshes of a great river, and—we stop! We go no further. We become incurious about the future and we look back upon the past without regret. Is it not so? We are all like that. A city of enchanted transients. Lotus-eaters of the Mississippi. Hobos of elevated sentiments who lack the elementary effort to move on!'

"Of course, he was joking, but there was a certain acrid sediment of truth in the stream of his eloquence. It gave me a key to the mystery which seemed to brood over the city during the long months of humid heat. It directed my attention to the bizarre contrast between this sombre melancholy and the sharp crackling modern business-life that roared up Canal Street and burst into a thunderous clangor in the vast warehouses on the levee, where the cotton and sugar and coffee and fruit came and went, and the river spread its ooze among the piles below. And it evoked a potent curiosity in the man himself and the

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folks who had come to a stop, as he put it, around him.

"The sharp-nosed little man remarked to me as we went away one evening, that our friend B—— was 'well posted'. That was the unsophisticated verdict of one who, as I say, took a malicious pleasure in shrouding himself in mystery. He compensated us for this by exhibiting a startling familiarity with the private lives of everybody else we had ever heard of, from the President of the Republic to the old Chief of my ship. It was his pleasure to appear suddenly before us as we sat in the back of that old bookstore. He would disappear in the same enigmatic fashion. He would recount to us dark and fascinating stories of the people who passed the window as we sat within. He would wait by the door until some stranger had gone, and then with a muttered excuse, slink out and be seen no more.

"He told us what he called the facts of the feud of which I had seen the dramatic dénouement in Royal Street. The young chap was a Hungarian, son of a count who had sent him a remittance on receipt of a letter every month from the old gentleman, a Creole connection. The letter was to certify that the son was in America. For some reason the old gentleman, who owned enormous property but had no money, had declined to sign the certificate. The young man had calmly forged it. There had been a quarrel. So our mysterious sharp-nosed little friend told us. He knew why the house in Melisande Street had been closed, and conveyed the information in a thrilling whisper behind a curved palm. He hinted at desperate doings going on almost at our elbows in the dark corners of the old city; Chinamen tracked to their death by minions of secret societies in Mongolia, Italian peanut vendors who were in the pay of Neapolitan high-binders, Englishmen shadowed by Mexican assassins. We would sit in the heavy dusk in our shirt-sleeves, the occasional glare of a match illuminating our listening faces, while he revealed to us the secrets by which we were surrounded.

"Did we believe him? I did. I was young, and it was as though he fulfilled for me the veiled promise of the old city to tell me its story and envelop me in the glamour of its enchantment. I would like to believe him still, but I cannot. He is too improbable for me now. Sometimes I wonder whether he ever existed, whether he did not evolve out of the heavy exhalations of that swampy delta where so many mysteries lie buried in the dark mud below the tall grasses, a sort of sharp-nosed transient Puck, intriguing our souls with tales out of a dime-novel, and tickling our imaginations with a bogus artistry. I would like to believe him still; but as the years pass I have an uneasy suspicion that he too had fallen a victim to the spirit of the place, and was evoking, for our delectation, his own pinchbeck conception of a city of enchantment."

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LYSANDER SAWS WOOD

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

IN the beginning Lysander was a railroad man. There are volumes written upon the young man's choice of a vocation, and much sympathy wasted upon the square peg fumbling to fit itself into the round hole; nevertheless the fact remains that the average young man, arrived at the working age, takes what is offered in the way of a calling and is duly thankful. Lysander, confessedly average, became first a railroad mechanic, then, with the help of some specializing study, a draftsman; later, a traffic clerk—all these with small thought, so he says, for the shape of the various holes; and but for certain constraining circumstances he might have so continued to the end.

In a sense the circumstances were inevitable. Application brought promotion, and in due course Lysander earned the distinction of a roll-top desk in a private office from which he dictated to a stenographer and signed his name, neatly sandwiched between the "Yours truly" and a string of official initials, thus making authoritative the business correspondence of a railroad department.

So far, so good; but the next step was crab-wise, if not, indeed, definitely backward. Railroad managements of Lysander's time were not immortal; and when they died, a hecatomb of lesser officials was likely to be offered upon the newly-made grave of the great ones. In a cataclysm of this sort—the third which had overtaken him in his railroad career—Lysander lost his toehold upon the ladder of promotion. Luckier than most, he contrived to keep his name on the payroll, but only in a subsidiary position in a field where he had but lately commanded.

Naturally, the net result was a huge discontent. The new field headquarters were in New Orleans, and though he had a fair business acquaintance in the Middle and Farther West, in the South Lysander found himself a stranger in a strange land. Stationed a thousand miles from his nearest home rail-end, and in territory only theoretically tributary to his own line, he saw his finish in the near prospect, needing only an object-lesson for its demonstration.

The object-lesson came one warm April day when the Louisiana roses were in bloom and the aromatic fragrance of the Gulf Coast spring was in the air. Lysander had just lost his minute fragment of a chance of securing a thousand dollars' worth of business for his company, and the bright sunshine had a distinctly blue tint when he set out from the hotel to walk off his disappointment. The aimless walk took him out St. Charles Street, and so to the small circular

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park centred by the monument to General Lee. The shade of the great granite shaft was inviting, and Lysander entered the park and went to sit on the pedestal of the monument.

It was no more than noon, and the hotel luncheon would not be served until one o'clock. Lysander lighted his pipe, and with his back against the cool granite looked the situation firmly in the face. The tilting of the ladder of promotion is always disconcerting; never more so than when the ladder stands in the railroad area. Lysander had a dismal conviction that he was down and out. Once in a blue moon the railroad department head who has been forced a step to the rear is able to fight his way back to the firing line; but Lysander promptly discounted his own remote chance. What then? He only wished that some one would be good enough to tell him.

The seat on the monument commanded a foreshortened vista of St. Charles Street. There was nothing intellectually inspiring in the view, but out of it, in some mysterious manner, Lysander evolved the saving Idea. That night, in the poorly lighted writing-room of a Baton Rouge hotel, he laboriously inked out his first attempt at a solution of his problem. The result was a story, crude enough to make its creator blush when he read it, amateurish, inadequate, with little plot and still less sequence, but still a story.

In a world of piquant and more or less prying curiosity the question oftenest asked of the writing craftsman is, "How did you break in?" Lysander, still insisting that he typifies the average, modestly asserts that he broke in by main strength and awkwardness. There were two points in his favor: he was not yet too old to learn; and the railroad field commission yielded bread and meat, and much train-riding leisure. The last-named advantage was of incalculable value, since it afforded opportunity for reading, observation, and study.

Lysander bought text-books in language, and alternated the rules of syntax—long since buried for him in a deep grave of "business" English—with much reading in a pocket edition of Shakespeare. There is no school of applied mechanics for the literary tyro—at least, there was not in Lysander's time; and the other school—that of cut and fit and try again—has long semesters.

For something better than three years after that climaxing April noontide at the foot of the great Virginian's monument, Lysander patiently quartered the ex-Confederacy in search of business for his railroad; this without prejudice to an earnest pursuit, in leisure moments, of the elementary principles of story building. At the close of this preparatory period his superiors realized—what Lysander had known from the very beginning—that the Southern field was not worth cultivating, and the territory was abandoned. Lysander closed his business office, told Mrs. Lysander that it was now literature or nothing, and took the long running jump into the new arena.

Out of the patient drudgery of the experimental writing period the beginning author is likely to come with an entirely new set of convictions touching his chosen calling. The first of these is that writing for publication, as at present practised, is not an art; it is rather a trade, to be learned by any ingenious person with a moderate education, a rudimentary imagination, and a good store of persistence. In his calmer moments he may still be willing to admit the existence

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of literature as an art; may still cherish the belief that genius is a gift of the gods. But the world in which he finds himself is rather narrowly a craftsman's world, in which ingenuity and a certain cleverness of invention are the prime factors of success.

Another convincement which bulks large for the journeyman writer casts itself in the form of a protest against existing conditions as they apply to the learner. University literary courses and schools of journalism offer something, but at best they can only teach the use of the tools of the trade. The diplomaed beginner, entering the field "upon his own", finds himself at the mercy of a cut-and-try system prodigally destructive and wasteful of time and effort. In this system there is little categorizing of demand and no well-defined standard of requirements.

A third conviction is still more disquieting to the beginning author. It is based upon the painfully acquired and reluctantly accepted conclusion that the market for his product is distressingly capricious. At one moment it will accept indifferent work and apparently deem it good; at another it will reject the good and call it worthless. For this inconsistency the beginning craftsman is inclined to blame the editor; to charge the literary purveyor with arrogance in giving the reading public, not what it wants, but what he thinks it ought to have.

Possibly some periodical editors do this. The names of at least a few who do it conscientiously and with some degree of ostentation will suggest themselves to every writer of experience. But in the end the responsibility for what is printed must rest upon the public which buys and reads rather than upon the editor who buys and sells. Moralizing upon this, Lysander does not grow cynical. Quite to the contrary, he points to the growth, during his own experience, of the public demand for better stories, contrasting the standards of even the least literary of the periodicals of the present day with those of a few decades in the past, and crediting the advance to a consistent effort on the part of the publishers and their editors to create the more intelligent demand.

In a field of wider significance Lysander confesses that he suffered loss. Like others of his generation he had been nurtured upon Scott, Cooper, Dickens, Thackeray—the early and middle Victorians—and taught to revere them. From the newer point of view the reverence was no longer possible. Lysander sought to figure these members of the elder group writing for the modern market: it was beyond the stretch of the most loyal imagination. Would the masterpiece of the best of them, put forth today as the work of an unknown writer, find a publisher brave enough to print it? Possibly; but Lysander sorrowfully doubts it.

Journeyman convictions of quite another sort concerned themselves with what Mr. Howells once printed about "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business". Planting himself firmly upon the postulate that anything that was good enough to be printed was good enough to be paid for, Lysander, as a literary apprentice, took what wages were offered, though ofttimes the honorarium was perilously near the line which distinguishes between the wage and the tip. But as a journeyman craftsman he found the reward sufficient. If it were not the country-house-and-motor-car income of the great ones, neither was it the starvation crust he had been warned to expect. The first three years' investment of leisure hours netted him

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his working library: after that, he did better, though ten years and more had elapsed before the writing income equaled the salary attachment of the roll-top desk in the railroad office.

In this field of economics Lysander soon learned that his sheet anchor was the magazine story; fiction for the periodicals. For this kind of work he found a fairly constant demand, in spite of the fact that the market always seemed to be turgidly flooded and the competition correspondingly sharp. Other discoveries followed in due course. Shutting his eyes resolutely to the editor's requirements, and merely striving to do the best there was in him without trying to whittle to any one's model, he often found his manuscripts frayed and worn by many goings to and fro before he could place them. On the other hand, he found that if he tried to whittle to some particular editorial model, he reduced his chance of selling; restricted it practically to the one periodical he was trying to fit.

Against this condition Lysander protested—and still protests. "It is a limitation which makes for conventionality and generalization in a field where originality is, or is supposed to be, at a premium," is his phrasing of the protest. "Manifestly, the prudent course for the literary worker is to grade his output for the average demand; and as a man of business that is precisely what he does in most instances—to the cheapening of his product."

Entering the crowded market of the short story only as he was constrained to, Lysander found more liberal buyers—and fewer sellers—in the magazine "serial" corner. Here he discovered that it was possible to make some sort of prearrangement for a given piece of work, to agree beforehand upon terms, and to secure for himself some modicum of freedom in a choice of subjects and in the treatment of them.

It is a trade saying that everybody writes short stories, but the "serial" or "novelette" asks for a somewhat higher, or at least a different, grade of workmanship. There must be a decently consistent plot, some little attempt at character-drawing, a background large enough to hold the picture, and an accelerated movement in the action. These requirements imply sustained effort through some fifty or sixty thousand words of composition, and many short-story writers confess that they are not equal to the extended stress of the serial.

Before Lysander had fully forgotten how to ticket intending tourists or to make up special train schedules, he came in contact with the literary broker; the middleman who comes between the literary worker and the editorial market for his product. In shop-talk he carefully evades this subject. Perhaps his experience with the go-between has not been joyous. Possibly it has been like that of another workman at the literary bench who confidingly sent a sheaf of stories to an agent, only to have them all returned after many weeks with a long list of the offices of rejection, and an invitation to try again with something else. The workman did try again, though not precisely in the way the broker meant. He peddled the stories out one by one from his own shop and sold them; some of them to magazines already in the broker's list of declinations.

On one occasion when Lysander did not pointedly change the subject he ventured the assertion that the broker was not yet a vitally necessary factor in the literary trade. The personal ap-

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peal, so needful in other selling lines, is less necessary in a market where the buyer must decide upon the workable quality of the goods apart from the representations of any paid solicitor. Lysander admits that he has been in New York but once since he "began author", and laments that of all the editors and publishers who have used his product he has had the pleasure of meeting only three or four. Yet he asserts that he has not found distance or unacquaintance insuperable obstacles; and his stock shelf remains comfortably empty.

Lysander had written many short stories, and a few long ones, before he ventured into the book-pit. For reasons other than a lack of fitness in the story itself, one of the "serials" was rejected by the magazine editor who had invited it; and it was Mrs. Lysander who suggested that it be cut to pocket-edition length and tried with the book publishers. The cutting was done; a publisher was found; and in due season the clipping bureaus began to send circulars setting forth the excellences of their service. Lysander did not buy the clippings, but he did buy a good many copies of the book when it appeared—copies to be ingeniously autographed and sent to judicious friends who would know a really good thing when they should see it.

Some months later the first royalty check drifted in; whereupon Lysander was thankful that he had been pridefully joyous while the joying was good. The first six months' sales—which cover a period of perhaps twice the remunerative life of the average modern novel—yielded exactly $93.15; which was rather less than Lysander was contriving at the time to earn with an ordinary five-thousand-word short story.

Of course, there were other books to follow. Every writer who can frame a book plot—and now and then one who can not—gets between covers as often as his self-respect, or the good-nature of his publishers, will permit. But the experienced workman will confess, if he is pushed to it, that he regards the book venture purely in the light of a "gamble". With a fair magazine audience to help, and with the imprint of a good publishing house to insure the introductory sale, the booksmith may usually count upon a skilled mechanic's wage for the time spent in hammering out his three or four hundred pages of book copy; but not much more than that.

Why, then, does he venture? Chiefly for the reason that—all questions of genius aside, and all question of economy as well—the Lysanders now and again befool themselves with the notion that they have something to tell which is really worth the telling; something that is worthy of a more permanent setting than that afforded by the ephemera of the magazine columns. Doubtless this is, in most cases, a tragic hallucination, but it persists, as the flood of bound volumes tumbling annually from the presses sufficiently attests.

Lysander is, or was at last accounts, still following the Idea that loomed first for him out of the April heat haze in St. Charles Street, New Orleans, while he had his back to the cool granite of the Lee monument, and was despising himself cordially for having made a blameless failure in railroading. His first book was speedily married to a second, and the two have raised a family of a goodly shelfful. Some of the volumes have yielded the magazine price of a good serial; others have not. But if he continues to be like the rest of us he will go on

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gambling in the book-pit when he can spare the time and the money.

Twenty-odd times, he asserts, his annual desk calendar has been renewed since he became an entered apprentice to the writing craft. With considerable industry, faithful diligence, and few or no vacations, he has contrived to feed and clothe a family of six, to own a modest home in the outskirts of an inland city, and to educate his children; all "by the grace of God and the good-nature of the magazine editors", to use his own phrase.

I have told Lysander's story because I believe it to be the average story of the average writing artisan of today; the story, not of the few who starve, or of the still smaller few who place their motor-car orders a year in advance, but of the men and women who line the benches in the literary workshop of the present time.

THE UNFURLED FACE

BY ALFRED M. BRACE

BARGAINS in "curious and classic" books are more rare now than before the war in the rusty iron boxes that line the stone embankments under the plane-trees on the left bank of the Seine. But a Sunday afternoon's literary ramble along the *quais* still has its surprises and rewards as I found the other day when I uncovered the "Traité des Causes Physiques et Morales du Rire relativement à l'Art de l'exciter (1768)". Madame Roques, the *bouquiniste* with the tufted mole on her cheek, recognized my Americanized French and made me pay seven sous more than her marked price; but at that the "Traité" was worth it. For one doesn't find every day a serious discussion by learned French Academicians of the laugh and its seat in our physical and moral anatomy and, as the author points out, "the laugh, whatever one may think, is not a matter of small importance but a *mouvement singulier* worthy of the most serious researches and attention".

The fall of an apple revealed to Sir Isaac Newton the hidden meaning of the revolving spheres, and it was no greater thing than a laugh at nothing in the garden of M. Titon du Tillet that led to the quest for the meaning of the mysterious and universal titillation which shakes the human frame and causes upheavals of the diaphragm and violent convulsions of the face.

According to the author of the "Traité" a company of French literary and philosophical folk including Destouches, Fontenelle, and Montesquieu, were gathered one day in their friend's garden indulging in mental gymnastics. Of a sudden irrelevantly and irreverently one of the famous company opened his mouth, closed his eyes and laughed *"sans aucun sujet apparent"*. The grave discourse was interrupted and the astonished atten-

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tion of all turned upon the unfortunate man. At his inability to explain why he had laughed or why anyone ever laughed, the three French Academicians took a turn around the garden and came back to their friends prepared to enlighten them.

In this modern age of quick lunches and speedometers the discussion that follows moves to its conclusions somewhat leisurely. For Destouches, Fontenelle, and Montesquieu let no ancient and classical laugh escape them as they pursued their grave argument "supported by numbers of respectable authorities". There was a spirited debate on the laugh of the Golden Age, the Sardinian laugh, Democritus, the laughter par excellence, and the laugh of Venus when a busy but wicked bee stung her only son. Destouches, though pointing out that laughing has killed many, believed that the laugh has its secret source in reasoned joy. Animals can not reason; they do not laugh; therefore the laugh must be reasoned. Thus runs his logic. Fontenelle thought the laugh was the offspring of folly; and Montesquieu, that it was caused by the tickling of the *amour-propre*.

"Since sight is in the eye", argues Fontenelle, "since taste is in the palate and touch in the epidermis, it must follow that the laugh has its place also somewhere in the human frame. That place is the diaphragm which is attached to the heart and which is, when tickled, easily seized with a convulsion more or less violent. The diaphragm is connected with the heart by muscles much larger and shorter than those of animals, a difference which is alone sufficient to explain man's exclusive proprietorship of the laugh. It follows that man laughs because he stands and walks upright on two feet, for it is this posture that arranges man's internal parts in different positions from those in which one finds them in a quadruped."

"It is to be noted", continues Fontenelle, "that some birds imitate the laugh up to a certain point. But independently of other reasons which deprive birds of the complete privilege of laughing, it must be remembered that a bird's feathers make it almost inaccessible to tickling, and that its beak is not at all suitable to imitate the arrangement of the features of our face when the laugh distorts it."

The French Academicians pass from birds and quadrupeds to the Italian astrologer, the Abbé Danascen, who in 1662 wrote a brochure in which he distinguished the temperaments of men by the way they laughed. The *hi, hi, hi,* marked the melancholy man; the *he, he, he* the bilious man; the *ha, ha, ha* the phlegmatic man, and the *ho, ho, ho,* the full-blooded man. In conclusion, as all good philosophers and Academicians should, they left a valuable classification of the laugh:

1) the laugh unrestrained or the laugh of the open, unfurled (*déployée*) face.
2) the laugh bridled which does not pass the lips.
3) the laugh gracious or the smile.
4) the laugh dignified or the protecting laugh.
5) the laugh foolish or simple which must be distinguished from the candid laugh.
6) the laugh conceited and vain.
7) the laugh disdainful.
8) the laugh frank and sincere or expanding laugh.
9) the laugh simulated or hypocritical which is also called the artful or knowing laugh.
10) the laugh mechanical or automatic caused by tickling the diaphragm.

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11) the laugh harsh caused by spite, vengeance, and indignation. This laugh is mixed with a certain pleasure.
12) the laugh inextinguishable or the laugh which can not be stopped and which excites in the sides, throat and all parts of the body a convulsion of which we lose the mastery.

I left off reading the philosophers' classification of the various laugh species to go to the cinema in my Paris neighborhood where rip-roaring, wild-west films from Los Angeles cheer the lonesome American and impress the French with the virility of our race. As luck would have it America's greatest hero in France was on the program. As Charlie Chaplin, wielding a croquet mallet from the branch of a tree, laid out his pursuers one by one cold on the ground, a laugh started in the audience which grew to a roar. I felt a great satisfaction. For I immediately recognized it as the laugh unrestrained of the open, unfurled face.

ADMIRAL SCOTT AND THE BRITISH NAVY

BY C. C. GILL

Commander, United States Navy

As time elapses and the big things of the war are seen in better perspective, we find on every hand a growing appreciation of the achievements of the British Navy. During hostilities secrecy had to be observed for reasons of strategy. Terse admiralty reports gave, at best, a hazy idea of what the navies were doing. Now, however, the lid has been raised; though many secrets were swallowed up by the sea along with the ships that went down, still there is a wealth of romance and adventure to be told, and those who seek it will give enthusiastic welcome to "Fifty Years in the Royal Navy" by Admiral Sir Percy Scott.

Scott's book shows us the British Navy in the making. He himself took a leading part; and his truly fascinating reminiscences carry us from the old navy of sailing ships and smooth bores through an unprecedented period of development to the modern navy of mighty dreadnoughts, speedy destroyers and stealthy submarines. The author retired in 1913 but was recalled to active war duty in 1914; so that the final chapters include this veteran's observations on the navy in action as seen from the angle of the Admiralty offices in London.

Admiral Scott needs no introduction. His brilliant career is well known on both sides of the Atlantic; to the American Navy he is distinguished as the officer whose ship always headed the list in gunnery, and as the man who tipped Sims off as to how to do it.

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It should be added that the development of gunnery in the two services has proceeded along quite different lines.

There are two sides to Scott's book: one gives us an intimate glimpse of the British Navy, its officers and men afloat and ashore, at work and at play, in the routine of peace and in the business of war; the other is a scientific side, non-technical and clear, explaining the advance in guns, ships, and organization. With force and feeling the author reveals, as he sees them, faults of British naval administration with their consequences. In his preface he states: "This book has been written in vain if it does not carry conviction that our naval administration is based upon wrong principles." With this frank avowal of purpose he proceeds to deliver a series of broadsides which will surely cause certain British officials to ponder their methods of administration.

Considering first the less professional side of the book, we find a breezy narrative of personal experience such as might be expected from a naval officer who has always been a man of action. At the age of eleven and one-half years the author was gazetted a naval cadet in H. M. Navy, and along with sixty-four other little boys—among whom was a youngster destined to become Field Marshall Viscount French—he joined the old three-decker training ship "Britannia" of which he writes:

> We each had a sea chest and we slept in hammocks. The decks were well saturated with salt water every morning, summer and winter, and the authorities considered that this hardened the cadets. Possibly it did; at any rate it weeded out those who were not strong.
>
> Shortly after I joined, it was rumoured that the damp and evil-smelling old ship was not a suitable home for boys of between thirteen and fourteen years of age, and that she was to be done away with. The Commissioners of the Admiralty considered the question, and successive Boards discussed it, but as the matter was important they did not act hastily—their deliberation, in fact, extended over about thirty years. Finally, in 1898, work was begun on a college on shore in place of the "Britannia", and the old ship of many memories was doomed.

On leaving the "Britannia" Scott joined "H. M. S. Bristol", a 50-gun frigate outward bound for Bombay via the Cape of Good Hope. On board this sailing ship of 2,364 tons, manned by a crew of 750, we are told "masthead for the midshipmen and the cat for the men was the commander's motto."

Midshipman Scott's first active war duty consisted in suppressing slave trade in the Indian Ocean. A Zanzibar slave market in full swing is described.

After a four-year cruise he returned to England and shortly afterward Lieutenant Scott saw service in the Ashantee war. His memoirs contain interesting accounts of campaigning on the rivers and ashore in Africa, chiefly against pirates. For instance, he takes us up a creek of the Congo in a boat protected from ambush rifle fire by a top of armor plating through which no fresh air could get in or foul air out. Of this he says:

> The total of seventy occupants inside, including thirty black men, worked out at about ten cubic feet per man—a condition which is I understand, according to the laws of hygiene, impossible for a human being to live in. We managed to live, but it was not pleasant, and I was always glad when the morning came. We should have liked to bathe, but as a crocodile rose to everything that was thrown overboard, bathing was not permissible. The hippopotami during the night were a source of annoyance; they breathe so noisily through their wide-opened mouths. But though they came very near the boats they did no harm.

Also throughout these pages are revealed the qualities in Scott's makeup which contributed so much to his success. Quick to detect and censure a

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fault, he was generous with recognition and praise of merit both in superiors and subordinates. He was democratic, and knew and understood officers and men. By economizing time, he made drill periods more useful while affording more opportunity for recreation. A keen lover of sport himself, he realized its importance in building up a good healthy morale; and one of the points he makes is that the natural and fostered quality of sportsmanship is a big factor in causing Englishmen to succeed where Germans fail both as colonizers and as fighters.

The Admiral's reminiscences include a cruise around the world, an Egyptian campaign, the Boer War of the Transvaal, the Boxer Rebellion, duty in home waters, visits to Germany and North European ports, and a cruise in command of a special service squadron. This cruiser squadron went first to South Africa to represent the mother country during a special assembly for the discussion of a closer union, and thence to South America to bear a message of amity and good will to Uruguay, Brazil, and Argentina.

Besides being a keen gunnery man and expert scientist, Scott was the best sort of company and popular wherever he went. That he had a good sense of humor is shown in many passages. To mention one: on returning from an Egyptian campaign he was selected to command a detachment of men who were to be received by Queen Victoria for a personal presentation of medals. At the last moment an alteration was made in the etiquette prescribed for the occasion. Of this the Admiral relates:

> I explained this alteration to a boatswain's mate, and he conveyed it to the men in the following terms, and in a voice which must have made itself heard throughout the hotel: "Now, do you 'ear there, the etiquette is altered; when you come opposite Her Majesty, you don't go down on the knee; you stand up, take your 'at off, hold your 'and out, and her Majesty puts your medal in the palm. When you get it, don't go examining it to see if it has got the proper name on it, walk on: if it's not the right one, it will be put square afterwards. It's like getting a pair of boots from the ship's steward; if you get the wrong pair, it's rectified afterwards, you don't argue about it at the time."

Turning now to the gunnery side of the book—this is a subject on which Scott writes as an authority. As a lieutenant he made a reputation in mounting and handling naval guns in action ashore in Egypt. Some years afterward the heavy ordnance, landed from the ship he commanded in South Africa, took an essential part in the war of the Transvaal. A little later on, Captain Scott's naval guns again did good work—this time during the Boxer Rebellion in China. Finally in the World War he was called upon to provide long-range guns to operate with the British Army in Europe.

From early service right through his duties as an Admiral, Scott worked faithfully for improvement in gunnery, signaling, and administration. His success aroused jealousy, but neither this nor the attack of conservatism could discourage his efforts to make the British Navy an effective fighting machine. For progress in peace and success in war, Great Britain owes much to his inventive genius and energy.

In 1905 Captain Scott was appointed Inspector of Target Practice, and at the same time Captain John Jellicoe was made Director of Ordnance. These two had much the same views on gunnery questions and Scott records:

> During our time in office we not only managed to introduce many reforms in naval gunnery, but tried hard to introduce "director fir-

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ing". Unfortunately the Director of Naval Ordnance was not a member of the Board of Admiralty, and consequently carried no weight as regards naval gunnery, and this very necessary method of firing was not generally adopted until seven years afterwards, when war proved that the guns in our ships were of no use without it—a fact which throws a very heavy responsibility upon the Board of Admiralty, which boycotted its introduction in former years.

In 1907 Jellicoe was ordered to command the Atlantic Squadron; Scott was assigned the Second Cruiser Squadron of the Channel Fleet where he did not get along very well with the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Charles Beresford. Gunnery continued to be Scott's chief study:

My attention was devoted to fitting my flagship, "H. M. S. Good Hope", with "director firing", so that if she had to fight a German there would be a chance of her remaining on the top, instead of going to the bottom.... This operation was difficult, as I could get no assistance from the Admiralty, and was forced to beg, borrow, or steal all the necessary material.... I succeeded so well that the "Good Hope" became, like the "Scylla" and "Terrible" in other years, top ship of the navy.... But when I left the squadron on Feb. 15, 1909, the routine I had instituted, and the "director firing" I had installed, were put on the scrap-heap, and the old method reinstalled.... That is one way we had in the navy—a determination to fight against any change, however desirable.

Scott was a sworn foe of the conservatism in the British Navy which was due in some degree to their extreme system of specialization. The following passages present an argument for the supporters of this system to answer:

On November 1, 1914, my old ship the "Good Hope", in company with the "Monmouth", "Glasgow", and "Otranto", engaged the German cruisers "Scharnhorst", "Gneisnau", "Leipzig", and "Dresden", in the Pacific. After a short action the "Good Hope" and "Monmouth" were both sunk by the Germans' superior shooting. These ships were caught in bad weather, and as neither of them was fitted with any efficient system of firing their guns in such weather, they were, as predicted in my letter to the Admiralty of December 10, 1911, annihilated without doing any appreciable damage to the enemy.

These two ships were sacrificed because the Admiralty would not fit them with efficient means of firing their guns in a sea-way. Had the system with which I had fitted the "Good Hope" been completed and retained in her, I dare say she might have seen further service and saved the gallant Cradock and his men on this occasion.

The chapters telling of Scott's somewhat mixed war service in connection with naval gunnery, and the defense of London are not the least interesting of the book. In November, 1914, he paid an official inspection visit to the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys where he had a long interview with the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Jellicoe. As a result of this visit he writes:

I had a conference with the First Lord (Mr. Winston Churchill) and the First Sea Lord (Lord Fisher), and pointed out to them the serious state of affairs, and how badly we should fare if the German Fleet came out. They realized the position and approved of practically all the ships being fitted with director firing; and further, they agreed that I could arrange it without being held up by the ordinary Admiralty red tape. Consequently the fitting of the ships went on rapidly, and had the "push" been maintained, our whole fleet would have been equipped by the end of 1915.

In May, 1915, unfortunately for the nation, Lord Fisher left the Admiralty and all the "push" ceased. I no longer had any influence; the authorities went back to their apathetic way of doing things; time, even in warfare, was not considered of any importance by them.

In connection with this indictment of the Admiralty for mismanagement, the below quoted observations are significant:

At the Battle of Jutland, fought on May 31, 1916, the Commander-in-Chief had only six ships of his fleet completely fitted with director firing—that is, main as well as secondary armament; he had several ships with their primary armament not fitted; he had not a single cruiser in the fleet fitted for director firing; he had no Zeppelins as eyes for his fleet; his guns were out-ranged by those of the Germans. He had to use projectiles inferior to those used by the Germans; and in firing at night he was utterly outclassed by the enemy.

One would have thought that, although their Lordships paid no attention to my warning in 1911, the moment war was known to be in-

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evitable they would have bestirred themselves and ordered all the material necessary to put the fleet in a state of gunnery efficiency.

And before I leave this subject of the unpreparedness of the Grand Fleet in some respects for war, I must revert to the criticism of Lord Jellicoe for not pursuing the German Navy after the battle of Jutland and fighting them on the night of May 31-June 1. Lord Jellicoe had a very good reason for not doing so. The British Fleet was not properly equipped for fighting an action at night. The German Fleet was. Consequently, to fight them at night would have only been to court disaster. Lord Jellicoe's business was to preserve the Grand Fleet, the main defense of the Empire, as well as of the Allied cause—not to risk its existence. I have been asked why the Grand Fleet was not so well prepared to fight a night action as the German Navy. My answer is, "Ask the Admiralty".

In pointing out the astounding lethargy and even hostility with which he and his associates had to contend, Scott again and again scores the pre-war ascendency of what he calls "housemaiding" over drill and marksmanship. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" and is indispensable to good gunnery, but the latter cannot be sacrificed:

Training naval officers and men as housemaids is not good for war; *brains* are required. But, however faulty our training in peace may have been, it did not affect the character of the British naval officer and seaman. Whether in a ship, submarine, balloon, aeroplane, motorcar, tank, or as a soldier, the men who bore an anchor on their caps, and others who wore a sou'wester, fought with bravery not surpassed by any men in the world. Of the many thousand who went to the bottom of the ocean, a large number might be alive now if in peace-time our legislators had attended to the war preparedness of ships instead of chiefly to the housemaiding of them. I once heard a statement that "the blunders of our politicians and legislators are paid for with the blood of our sailors and soldiers". How terribly the war has demonstrated the truth of this statement!

The author's sensational views on submarines are well known. Of these it may be remarked that in their entirety they are by no means concurred in by the consensus of naval opinion. In the realm of gunnery, however, which was more particularly Scott's own, his wisdom has been proved by war experience. The lesson for the future is clear, and many will share in the Admiral's hope that his book may not have been written in vain.

Fifty Years in the Royal Navy. By Admiral Sir Percy Scott. George H. Doran Company.

HOW LYRICS ARE BORN

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A LITTLE flock of singing words
Across the sky from nowhere flew,
Like homing summer yellow-birds
All caroling of you.

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THE BOOK WORLD OF STOCKHOLM

Jack London and Others

BY FREDERIC WHYTE

Home-grown fiction not in the lead—twenty British and American best sellers—the Jack London-Glyn-Barclay anomaly—Swedish publishers' faith in Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett—McKenna a favorite—sympathy for "The New Revelation"—a new Dickens edition—Lagerlöf and von Heidenstam serious interests.

STOCKHOLM, *February* 1, 1920.

IT is hardly too much to say that Jack London is Sweden's most popular novelist. Only of quite recent years have the Swedes taken to writing novels to any great extent for themselves—no longer "as single spies", that is to say, like Selma Lagerlöf and her dozen or so less famous predecessors and contemporaries, but, like our British and American craftsmen, "in battalions". The Christmas season of 1919-1920 produced a bigger crop of the home-grown article than ever before without bringing to the front any remarkable new talent. Here and there a Swedish novel has gone rapidly into an eighth or ninth or tenth edition, thanks very largely to the effective cover-designs in which some of the Stockholm publishers excel, but very few indeed have won any kind of recognition from the critics who count. Our novelists still lead the way, Jack London still very conspicuously at their head.

I have amused myself compiling a list of the twenty British and American writers of fiction most popular in Sweden at the present moment. Absolute accuracy is out of the question, but I have compared notes with a leading Stockholm publisher and a very capable young bookseller, so the list may be taken as at all events an approximation to the truth. Here it is:

1. Jack London
2. Florence Barclay
3. Elinor Glyn
4. Ethel Dell
5. Berta Ruck
6. Gene Stratton-Porter
7. Eleanor H. Porter
8. W. J. Locke
9. Cosmo Hamilton
10. John Galsworthy
11. Stephen McKenna
12. H. G. Wells
13. Arnold Bennett
14. Conan Doyle
15. Marie Corelli
16. Hall Caine
17. Bernard Shaw
18. Rudyard Kipling
19. Jerome K. Jerome
20. Victor Bridges

If one were to inquire exhaustively into the matter, one might have to modify the order in which these twenty novelists are placed and one might have to omit a few names, replacing them by others; but the above is near enough.

It is an amusingly incongruous collection, is it not? The first three, in particular, offer a quaint medley, but the most curious thing about these is that they all make their strongest appeal here to the same class—the not

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very highly educated girl of from twenty to twenty-five. And what is more, it is the *same* girl—it is not the several varieties of her. The very first whom I questioned told me that her three favorite novelists were Jack London, Mrs. Barclay, and Elinor Glyn. If Mrs. Glyn ever allows herself to smile superciliously at Mrs. Barclay's novels or if Mrs. Barclay sometimes lacks Christian charity in her judgments of Mrs. Glyn, let us hope it may tend to modify their mutual feelings to reflect that in thousands of young female hearts throughout Sweden their books reign harmoniously side by side, and in such good company as Jack London's!

There was an element of chance about Mrs. Barclay's vogue here. The first Swedish publisher who was offered the translation rights of "The Rosary" would not take them. His literary adviser, a very clever critic, declared emphatically that the work could not possibly have any sale in Sweden. "Our women are much too modern," he declared; "Mrs. Barclay is altogether too behind-the-times for them." Most people in the Swedish book world at that period—eight years ago—would probably have been inclined to agree with him, but events have proved him to have been entirely wrong. Someone more responsive made acquaintance with "The Rosary" and drew another publisher's attention to it, and since then all Mrs. Barclay's books have been translated; while only a few months ago her London publisher was given an order from Sweden for no fewer than a thousand copies of selected volumes from the new English edition recently produced. It is a noteworthy thing, by the way, that when British or American authors sell in Swedish, there is always a proportionately brisk demand for their work in the original.

Jack London's preeminence in Sweden over all other novelists, male or female,—more than thirty of his books have been translated,—would make an interesting study for anyone sufficiently well versed in his writings. It is to be attributed in part, of course, to the inherent freshness and vigor of his style which have won him admirers everywhere; in part to the open-air atmosphere of his books and to his love for and knowledge of animals and wild life generally—these things undoubtedly count for a good deal with the Swedes; in part, perhaps, to efficient translating and to clever publishing.

Of Numbers 6 and 7 on my list I must confess to knowing nothing whatever, but with Numbers 8-13 I am on fairly familiar ground. W. J. Locke's extreme popularity is well deserved and easily understood. Urbane, humorous, entertaining, thoroughly *au fait* with the very attractive aspects of French life which he is fondest of depicting, he was bound to please the more intelligent Swedish novel readers. What puzzles me, however, is that Anthony Hope, with whom Mr. Locke has so much in common, but who to my mind has far higher gifts and far wider range, is comparatively little known here. For this I can't help thinking that luck is largely accountable. It is evident that the Swedish publishers recognized that Anthony Hope was a writer worth experimenting with, for more than fifteen of his novels in Swedish form are included in the catalogue of the Royal Library of Stockholm. But many of them were done in condensed versions and doubtless with all their merits lost, whereas the Swedish editions of Locke are for the most part very good.

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And the blithe and witty Cosmo Hamilton—what of him? Well, "Scandal", as one would expect, has been a best seller. And it is by right of this that he stands so high in the list, for the only other book of his as yet done in Swedish is "The Princess of New York", issued quite recently. "Who Cares?", "The Door that has no Key", "The Miracle of Love", and "Adam's Clay" will follow soon in quick succession, and their publisher, Lars Hökerberg, is very confident of their success. "Who Cares?", he thinks, will do even better than "Scandal".

Of the next four novelists it is not easy to say which is really the most popular; but Mr. Galsworthy is certainly the one most generally admired and discussed in literary circles, and of late his writings have sold better (so I hear on good authority) than those of either Mr. Wells or Mr. Bennett. Somehow or other, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" has not had a large audience in its Swedish version though one meets a good many people who agree that it is a wonderful book. Mr. Wells's other novels have so far not made a real mark here. His present publishers, however, the Svenska Andelsförlag (who also publish for Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bennett), believe in him thoroughly and propose to issue all his more important volumes in due course. Mr. Bennett is best known by "The Pretty Lady". In him, also, the Andelsförlag believe firmly, and with good reason, and the Swedes can hardly fail to appreciate other aspects of his great talent than those shown in this particular book. Stephen McKenna so far is known only by his "Sonia" and "Sonia Married", but these two volumes have at once placed him in the first rank of popular favorites.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, of course, is chiefly famous for his "Sherlock Holmes"; otherwise he has not been very much read until last year when "The New Revelation" introduced him to quite a different class of people. Sir Arthur can count upon a sympathetic hearing from a wide circle in Sweden for the "message" which he feels he is called to deliver to mankind and to which—so he declared a few months ago—he intends to devote all his best energies throughout the rest of his life. Marie Corelli was more of a favorite with Swedish readers some years ago than she is now, and the same may be said of Hall Caine. Bernard Shaw, more popular on the Swedish stage than any English dramatist except Shakespeare, does not sell much in book form, though several of his novels have been translated and "Cashel Byron's Profession" has just started as a feuilleton in the leading conservative daily paper, the "Svenska Dagblad".

We have now come nearly to the end of our list. Kipling's "Kim" was welcomed by discriminating critics as a veritable masterpiece and continues to be read and talked about, as well as a few of his other books. Jerome K. Jerome, once very popular, was beginning to be forgotten when the Andelsförlag recently issued his pleasant but not very remarkable "They and I". Victor Bridges, one of the most recent successes in England, both as a story-teller and as a humorist, is finding very appreciative readers here, also in increasing numbers.

Besides these twenty, a number of other names call for mention, and as I have already suggested, some of them ought perhaps by rights to be substituted for some of the above. That dashing and ingenious romance of secret service, "Greenmantle", has won

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a prominent place for John Buchan. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is winning an audience for herself. Rider Haggard is read but not very widely; Barry Pain is known by his "Eliza"; Robert Hichens, George Birmingham, and De Vere Stacpoole are making headway. Among Americans, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Charles G. D. Roberts are among the most conspicuous.

It will be noted that, with the exception of Jack London, I have spoken only of living writers. Among the recently dead few are better known in Sweden than Oscar Wilde, whose works are now being issued by the big firm of Bonnier in a uniform edition. His plays also retain their popularity, more especially "An Ideal Husband". A large number of Robert Louis Stevenson's books have been translated, but I fear unworthily and in cheap, condensed editions. Sir Walter Scott is forgotten, Thackeray is little more than a strange name. Dickens, however, still flourishes and an entirely new version of "Pickwick" by Dr. August Brunius, one of Sweden's best English scholars, is to be produced for next Christmas with all the original illustrations. The first Swedish version was quite good in its way, Dr. Brunius tells me, but the translator did not know London and there were no dictionaries of slang in those days to interpret to him the colloquialism of Sam Weller and his like, so there were a number of almost unavoidable mistakes. Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Miss Braddon, Clark Russell—all these and many others of their period still are read by the midde-aged here. Bret Harte and Mark Twain also have their faithful devotees.

To conclude with a generalization: it may, I think, be said that on the whole the Swedes look to British and American fiction chiefly for distraction and entertainment. Even in the case of Mr. Galsworthy they are more interested in the vivid pictures he gives of English life than in his reformer's zeal and humanitarian ideals. For edification and emotion they turn rather to the best of their own imaginative writers, in particular to Selma Lagerlöf and Verner von Heidenstam.

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AMELIA E. BARR—SOME REMINISCENCES

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THERE are writers more interesting, fuller of life's savor, than any book they ever wrote. The best of them is personal. You may read their stories with distinct pleasure, but to know them is an experience. It was to this group that Amelia E. Barr belonged. She had a delightful mind that retained a folk flavor, and her talk was apt to be of elemental things, of love and death and God. The passing day was always a part of eternity to her, and the eternal quality was the more real.

Her books had the strong charm of sincerity, and they were fresh, youthful and sweet to the last, and she died at close upon ninety years of age. Mrs. Barr did not write complex stories, she was not given to analysis; but she did have the power to create character—the character of plain, forthright folk living in a world of usual things. And she had a true love of nature. She told me one day that though her life in Texas was singularly happy, and though she loved the climate and the land, she always missed the sound of running water.

"At home I always lived within hearing and sight of some little beck. And there isn't a sweeter sound in all this world than the music of living water."

She was always a country woman. Cities did not appeal to her, though she spent many months of many years in New York. When she had enough money laid by to build a home of her own, she went up the Hudson to Cornwall, and lived in a pretty cottage there, with roses in her garden. There was singing water nearby, too.

Many an hour I would spend with her there, listening to her wise speech, for wise she was. She had a great and luminous trust in God, and an immense friendship for Him. He was always real and impending in her life. "I'll not be caring to read many more of these books," she remarked one day, laying aside some novel of the moment as I came in. "These modern men and women have never the name of God in the whole length of their story, and if they're as far from Him as that, it's little true value they have."

Yet she was always reading, and she was interested in the world of today as keenly as though she were beginning her stay in it rather than ending the long visit. I use these terms because it was so that she regarded her life here. Whatever came to her in life she considered to be a distinct part of God's plan, and in relation to the whole of her existence, of which the portion lived on this earth was but infinitesimal. It was singularly exhilarating to come into contact with this large and simple

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faith. It was no thing of proofs, no subject for quibbles; it was a conviction as solid and sound as a belief in the warmth of the sun.

Her books all reflect this faith, and march to a measure whose rhythm is longer than this world's. But to meet it in all its strength you had either to know her well, or to read the self-revelation of her autobiography, "All the Days of my Life", a beautiful book that has any number of so-called human documents utterly distanced. It is better than any of her fiction, and should be a book that those who love the depiction of human character will not let die. The story of her life was tragic and courageous. At a time when women found it harder to make a living than now, she was left suddenly without her husband, without her sons—all having died in Texas, within a brief space of time, of yellow fever—and with very little means. She came to New York and supported herself and her three daughters by writing, from then on to the time when her girls grew up. She was a methodical worker, and to the very last sat herself down at her desk and turned off a given amount during the day. Two novels a year, with poems and short stories for good measure—that was her stint.

Her mornings were given to this labor, a labor she loved. She would get up about five in the summer days, and be at her desk by six, and so work till noon. And then she was done.

Mixed with her faith in God and the life of the other world, was a streak of mysticism, a respect for signs and omens. She believed in palmistry, and had some of that fey quality in her nature that one finds in the north of England and in Scotland.

Her daughters shared this feeling, this attribute, and it was always thrilling to have one of them tell your fortune by reading the palm. It was this mingling of the soundest common sense with the mystic that made Mrs. Barr so unusual and so interesting. She would discuss feminism in one breath, with shrewd and homely comment on the small vanities and subterfuges of women, with kindly note of their idealism and generosity. "Women are odd folk," she'd say. "The same young girl who will surprise you with a brave stand for what she believes to be right, when you've thought all along that she was only a bit of pretty fluff, may do the unkindest act in the world simply because she's wearing a hat she doesn't like." Then she would swing to the intuitive, speak from the folk quality in her; and you would feel that this woman was the inheritor of strange powers, that angels whispered their secrets to her, and that her spirit went on far voyagings, to bring back treasure without which the world would be poor indeed.

Recently a small volume of the collected poems written through many years by Mrs. Barr has been brought out, and these verses witness gently to her spirit. They are the songs of everyday people, as the title of the little book conveys, "Songs in the Common Chord". Simple lines and simple subjects conveying homely truths, and full of a childlike thankfulness for simple joys. There are stanzas to an apple tree that are as good as a bite of the fair fruit; there are lines to autumn that hold something of the feeling of the peaceful fields and finished tasks of that season:

I sing the Autumn Time,
A misty dawn, an amber noon,
A purple eve, a harvest moon,
A perfect day, in Autumn Time.

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The pensive days of Autumn Time,
The sleepy peace o'er hill and dell,
The falling leaves, the birds' farewell,
The dropping nuts of Autumn Time.

. . . . . .

Life's happy hopeful Autumn Time,
For years to it can only bring
The change of Heaven's Eternal Spring—
Heaven's Spring, for Earth's ripe Autumn Time.

The book holds many a song to Harvest, to the work of the year finished and beautiful, and thanks therefor; to the farmer and his work, the cutting of wheat, the plowing of brown fields, the garnering of ripe fruit. The earth is a good place, in this book, and honest work well done is a joy. It is an index to the emotions and the thoughts of the plain folk all over the world to know that these songs have been popular almost wherever the English tongue is spoken. Mrs. Barr relates that she has had copies of verses by her sent in from far places, from India and Australia and from Canadian ranches. Women have sung them at their work, men have clipped them from a corner of their daily paper and sent them to a friend. The good green and gold earth, the fruit tree with its autumn gifts, the little lane where Mary waits, the trust in God, the bird that sings, and sings not notes alone, but a hint of coming happiness for waiting hearts: it is such matters as these which Mrs. Barr puts into easy and swinging rhyme, and it is these that are welcomed by the plain folk whom she loved, and to whom she always claimed to belong. She bids them,—

Pray at the Eastern gate
For all the day can ask,
Pray at the Western gate
Holding thy finished task.
It waxeth late—so late
The night falls cold and gray,
But through life's Western gate
Dawns life's eternal day.

And what she says strikes with their own convictions.

There is a great mass of people whose minds may be described as jazz minds. They do not care for anything really true and great in art or literature. They want cheap sentiment, vulgar humor, noisy reactions. The simplicity of the world is not guessed at by them. They have nothing of the peasant left in them, and they have not yet reached to anything of culture or insight or the appreciation of pure beauty. These people are really the common people. They herd most in cities, and they support the vast amount of what is worthless, trivial, and passing in magazines, books, plays and what not.

It is not those who care for or who know Mrs. Barr. Her common folk are not of this guild. Her plain people are the sound and sane population of the world, who believe in good and sweet things, who hold something of the child in their hearts, who give good work to the world and find joy in doing it. To them faith is part of life, and life is constantly related to this faith. Mrs. Barr was their spokesman, and it is for this that her books have a real value, an interpretive quality. There is in a sense something primitive about her work, as there was in her. Primitive in the matter of belonging close to essentials.

There was an amazing refreshment of spirit to be had from an hour with Mrs. Barr. It was like an hour spent in a wood or by a stream, after days in crowded streets. This quality in her she was never able quite to get into her books. Something of herself escaped her pen. Yet there are hints and promises of it in all she wrote, here a page and there another that have the true folk gesture.

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She is dead. Her work is done and, beside the work doing today, it is old-fashioned and self-effacing work. But her books will be cherished in many homes all over the world for many years, her stanzas will be memorized because they are "in the common chord". And to those who were her friends Mrs. Barr will remain a vital part of recollection. To know her well was to know her always. You could no more forget her than you could forget bread or honey or the smell of hay.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG

BY WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

IN all the world of serious affairs there are no more interesting books today than the *apologia* of the Prussian leaders, Tirpitz and Ludendorff and Falkenhayn—and we are promised Hindenburg. They have been read by multitudes in Germany, they will be—they are being—read by multitudes elsewhere: not only for the details of the war but for their revelations of the spirit which produced it, and for the sentiments evoked in the minds of its instigators as the great conflict went on. They are a record of the Prussian mind in action, and they are profoundly interesting, not merely as history but as psychology. And they are even more than this. They are, it is true, retrospective, but they are, to some minds, provocative, and prophetic. For it is inconceivable that the spirit which these men represent will take defeat as final. They will risk another throw.

The three which have already appeared in the United States are curiously alike in some respects and curiously different in others. Tirpitz—who is the liveliest—begins his story with his entry into the navy in 1865, and devotes his first volume to an account of the birth and development of the German navy, an account which even the non-naval reader will find of extraordinary interest. The first half of his second volume he devotes to the war proper. Then he embarks on what many will find the most entertaining part of the book, the publication of his war-letters. It is a long confession of pessimism. From the opening words, "A whole world is mobilizing against us", to the end, "Frederick the Great and Bismarck must turn in their graves", there is scarcely a single cheerful note. And the burden of his song is naturally England, and still England — England the "cause of all evil", the "real enemy". England who keeps her fleet "in being", who will not come out and fight and yet who controls the sea, makes Heligoland virtually negligible, blockades the Fatherland, and so causes such discontent that the "carrion vulture" of popular revolt may burst forth at any time—does, in fact, burst forth in "needless and senseless" revo-

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lution before he finishes. "One almost loses his faith in goodness", he observes; and unless the "liebe Herr Gott" intervenes, all is likely to be lost.

The worst is the retreat from the Marne, when "our troops must run vigorously, poor fellows". And in a sense the Marne is the motive of them all—for they avoid it so carefully! "On the evening of the 14th of September, 1914", so Falkenhayn begins, he was made Chief of Staff, "by extraordinary procedure", in order not to "disquiet any further the population at home", or "give enemy propaganda further ostensible proof of the completeness of the victory obtained on the Marne"—and then no more of the Marne! Naturally, perhaps, for that is not his story, but von Moltke's. To it Ludendorff gives a scant two lines and a half: "The order to retreat from the Marne was issued, whether on good grounds or not I have never been able to ascertain". There, it is evident, Prussia's great hope broke; thereafter it was a struggle against the inevitable. For not all the successes against the Russians, the Roumanians, and the Serbs, which Ludendorff relates in much detail; not all the desperate efforts to achieve a decision on the western front—help the declining cause of those who hoped to win by one great blow. Nor can we omit to note two things. The one is his elaborate account of the one period, apparently the only time in his life, when he saw actual service under fire—his brief and inconspicuous experience in the "heroic" attack on Belgium. The other is how scared they were. Heavens! how scared they were!—when this great blow so carefully prepared by that Count von Schlieffen who was their teacher and their strategist, failed of its purpose. It was as if the "liebe Herr Gott" himself had declared against them.

Nor was the struggle carried on by a united company nor by unanimous consent. Nothing in these volumes is more surprising than the opinions so freely expressed of the Great War Lord—unless it is those relating to one another—by these great commanders. It is to be expected that the leaders of a lost cause will fall out among themselves, and endeavor to transfer the blame for the disaster to other shoulders. It is still more to be anticipated that military men will differ among themselves, quarrel with the civil authorities, find fault with their allies, and denounce the lack of support which they find on every hand. But we were hardly prepared for two things which these volumes reveal. The one is the whole-hearted contempt for the late Emperor; the other the serious differences between Falkenhayn and Hindenburg. The unpreparedness of Turkey, the selfishness of Bulgaria, the weakness of Austria, the dislike of Bethmann-Hollweg—these are natural enough. But to find Lloyd George and Clemenceau glorified at the expense of the All-Highest, this is too much! And, finally, what may be said of the Prussian mind as here revealed; of the "exploitation of conquered territories so far as the laws of war permitted", so thorough, so methodical, so beneficial—and so ruthless! What may be said of what is here called, strangely enough, "the long and painful tale of the submarine", of the "bullying note" of President Wilson, which "raised him to a height such as a president had seldom occupied before", of "General Headquarters which, like everyone else, had not thought it possible that these enormous numbers of American troops could be brought to Europe",

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and had, accordingly, "sent a million men to the East for economic purposes" and so lost the war! Such are the tales they tell. And who will not want to read these tales? For from them we may not only be able as time goes on to untangle the mystery of the war; we may be able to explain the greater mystery of the peace, and its great epilogue in German politics which has just now begun.

Like the rest of the world I have read and I am reading these books with increasing interest as they appear; nor is it a slight task, for these are mighty men of the pen as well as of the sword, and their words are weighty and numerous. And as I read I dreamed—though it was not all a dream, and in that dream it seemed that there was a great hall—though it was not perhaps as great as it appeared to those that dwelt in it; and that hall held a mighty multitude—though it was not perhaps as mighty as it thought. And high above that multitude sat great men in council; and though those men may not have been as great as they seemed to those below, they were acclaimed as gods and heroes of the olden time, those great dark ages ere the white Christ came. The mightiest of them was Hindenburg, who was likened to Thor with his hammer; and next to him sat Loki Ludendorff; and next him Tirpitz, the great snake who would drink up the sea. With them were Falkenhayn, and Zeppelin the master of the air; and there was Balder the Beautiful, Bethmann-Hollweg, whom Loki and his fellows caused to be slain; and many more beside. And in their midst sat one who should have been Odin, the father of the gods; but whose bright sword and shining armor and wingèd words proclaimed him Siegfried, the god's plaything. So they sat, those mighty champions, and held deep speech of dark significance.

At last they spoke; and the crowd hung upon their words—though those words seem now less wonderful than they sounded then—and the great multitude acclaimed them with a mighty shout. For they spoke like the ancient gods and heroes, whose likeness they bore to their followers, who listened and obeyed. They spoke of war and plunder, of craft and cunning and a sudden blow; of wide conquest and new multitudes of thralls; of gold and gems, wide lands and rich stores of metals and of mines; of wealth and power to be had by force; of places in the sun, and conquest of the sea; of empires to be won by a great stroke against men who relied on oaths and pledges and a common faith. Thus in the great old days had their forefathers done; thus had the plans been laid by those who could not fail; thus would it fall out once more. And so the gods and heroes plotted against the world, little suspecting and still less prepared; and thus their worshipers applauded them and made haste secretly to carry out their plans—only some few, on whom the great crowd fell, and thrust them out or threw them into chains.

For they were filled with the fancies of sagas and of myths. They dreamed of the Rhine-hoard and the glory of Siegfried. They recalled the promise of the Nibelungenlied, of "heroes rich in glory, and of adventures bold, of feasts and joyous living". They revived the memories of their earlier triumphs, of short and successful war, and rich spoil, and a great name in the world. And so they armed themselves, and so they sallied forth from their great hall, a mighty company, equipped at every point, with shining

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shields and swords, and smoke and flame, and lightning from the clouds—new and most terrible weapons of offense. Their war-vultures darkened the sky, their scaly serpents swam beneath the sea, and there were on every hand all the engines of war with which their wise men, at the bidding of the Great Ones, had secretly contrived to make resistance vain.

Thus they burst forth suddenly and with no warning, nor heeded the words of those who would have stayed them; but cried that they were but defending their great hall from its enemies. Thus they fell on their victims and beat down the weakest of them ruthlessly. Those who were left in the great hall, workers and women and old men and children, sang the old war-songs, elsewhere forgotten; and boasted the prowess of the warriors; and devised new poems of hate against those whom they wronged, and most of all against those who came to the aid of them. They built huge idols fashioned in the form of the heroes, and worshiped them in the old manner of a darker time; and they rejoiced in the plunder which poured into the hall, and mocked their prisoners, and drew thousands of thralls to prepare more war material, and still more and more, to use against the fellows of those thralls who fought against enslavement of their lands, their wives and daughters, and their sons.

And they demanded that the world should recognize their mastery, and that soon, or be destroyed; and for a moment it seemed they might prevail. But those outside the hall refused, and fought and died through many bitter months; and months drew on to years, and still they would not yield; till one by one the nations of the earth gathered against the people of the hall who found but few allies and weak, so that in the course of time the masses of mankind stood close arrayed against them; all but one nation which fell before the subtle words of those who wrought secretly in behalf of the hall-dwellers. But there were still enough, and presently the people of the hall felt fear come on them suddenly. Their strength decayed; and, as their courage sank, their boasting turned to shrill complaints. The great snake found that he could not drink up the sea; the vultures of the air lost mastery of that element; for the sea-eagles and the eagles of the air slew the sea-serpents till their fellows feared to fight, and the vultures were driven from the clouds. And in their turn the peoples of the earth devised new engines of war, huge monsters which crawled across the devastated land, breathing fire and breaking down the strong and cunning defenses which the hall-dwellers built to hold their conquests and protect themselves.

So, finally, the entrances to the hall were blocked, and food and war material began to fail, and with them the hearts of those who dwelt within; and so they cried for peace. Against their heroes other and greater heroes rose; against their hordes there stood a world in arms; against the gods the giants raised their hands, and the old saints beside them; till presently, Saint George, Saint Jeanne and Saint Michael knocked at the very doors of the great hall. And its inhabitants, like their champions outside, lost hold on fortune, lost courage, and lost all; and suddenly gave way. Their leaders bowed to the superiority of their antagonists. Siegfried exchanged his shining armor for the mean habit of a woodcutter, his bright sword for a saw; and sought refuge in the little

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house next door. The Great Ones put off their warlike gear, and were revealed as men, and no gods at all. The crowd threw down the idols it had raised, chose leaders of its own, and some of its members fell to strife among themselves. There was a great rebellion of the thralls, the while the serpents of the sea were given up, the plunder sought out and restored, and the whole world, sick with turmoil and slaughter, and weary of conflict, sought new bases of life. And some of the hall-dwellers strove toward a greater life, now that their eyes were opened, and in that met the good wishes of their recent enemies; and some still thought to revive the bad old days, and in that met small encouragement. So the world stands, and no man knows the end.

For it is evident that the Prussians misread the German epics and the sagas—their king most of all. It was the old smith Regin who forged Siegfried's great sword, even as Bismarck made Germany what it was; and Siegfried slew Regin on the strength of what the little birds told him of the smith's contemplated treachery—even as the Emperor dismissed the Chancellor. The Rhine Treasure was the hero's prize—and his undoing. It was the Burgundians who triumphed in the epic, finally; it was the giants who conquered the gods in the saga. And had the Prussians read the story of the Nibelungen through, they would have found, with all the glittering promise of the opening lines, the story ends in hopeless tragedy: "in sorrow now was ended the king's high holiday". Nor did Siegfried with all his marvelous powers, manage to rise again—nor did the gods survive.

Yet in one thing these modern heroes and divinities have an advantage over their prototypes. In the ancient myths, after great deeds on earth, the heroes spent an eternity in Valhalla, where, surrounded by their old servants and followers, they told and retold the tales of their earthly exploits, fought the old fights, listened to their praises from their faithful bards, and took part in heroic drinking-bouts as the mead-cup went round. But the new heroes do not need to die. In the Valhalla of the publishers they have all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of those older days. They no longer sit in the seats of the mighty, their worshipers have diminished, their word is no longer law. But if cup-bearers are lacking,—and we have no reason to believe they are,—if there is now no sound of harps and voices of the bards, the faithful amanuensis, the diligent professor, the devoted secretary stand, with ready pen and ink, to serve this feast of reason and this flow of memory; publishers pay great sums to reproduce these great stories; and the public reads! What more can even heroes want—save victory!

My Memoirs. By Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. 2 volumes. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Ludendorff's Own Story. By Erich von Ludendorff. 2 volumes. Harper and Brothers.

The German General Staff and Its Decisions. 1914-1916. By General von Falkenhayn. Dodd, Mead and Co.

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THE LITERATURE OF A MODERN JAPANESE GIRL

BY HANANO INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

ALTHOUGH the brown thatched roofs of Yedo have changed into six-story concrete buildings of present Tokyo—although my grandmother says with a sigh: "How different the world is now! How barbaric it is growing with European influence!"—nevertheless the one thing that has not changed is convention, the despot of the Japanese; for during every minute from birth to death, convention is our overlord and master. We bow, eat, talk, walk, laugh, and even sleep in accordance with certain fixed rules of etiquette. With our dressing it is the same. There is only one shape of kimono worn by Japanese women. It is made in four different sizes, and regardless of stature, when a girl reaches a certain age, she dons the next size. Like this kimono of four sizes the literature she reads is divided into four periods: the period of fairy tales, of primary school, of high school, and of progressive reading before and after graduation.

Well do I remember those nights when as a little girl I used to plead:

"One more—just one more, Baya!" and by the dim moonlight melting through the paper doors, I could see the kindly wrinkled face of my Baya.

"Little Mistress, this is the third time you have asked this!" she would say. "Baya will not tell you a new story, but close now those eyes, and I shall repeat your favorite, Momotaro."

But how could I shut my eyes when, on the white shoji, the shadows of quivering bamboo leaves formed pictures of the story she told. There was Momotaro—the boy born from a peach, who, with his followers, a dog, a monkey, and a pheasant, went forth to conquer fierce red and green demons and finally forced them to bow down and weep in repentance. But alas! too often the close of the familiar tale would be lost and I would drift away to dreamland fancying I heard the rumbling of fairy cart wheels bearing away the rich trophies of the victorious Peach Boy. But in all probability it was the sound of the wooden doors which Baya always pulled across the shoji after I went to sleep.

So it was every night. There were other times when sitting by Baya while her glistening needle sped rapidly in and out of a piece of sewing, or peering down into the burning charcoal picturing the story as it advanced, I would listen to tales about the greedy man who was punished with humiliation, and the honest man who was rewarded with bolts of silks and branches of coral; or of the naughty badger who ate the woodcutter's wife, and of the kind rabbit who avenged the wrong; or of the old bamboo cutter whose greedy wife so cruelly treated the little sparrow; or of

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Urashima, the Rip Van Winkle of Japan. These fanciful tales, which nourish the imagination of the Japanese child just as "Cinderella" and "Red Riding Hood" do that of the American child, were my first introduction to literature, not presented by a literary professor but by a humble country nurse. My recollections were always happy concerning these tales, for not for a moment did I ever doubt the truth of my Baya's words:

"Little Miss, it is always thus. The bad are punished—the good rewarded."

Thus my fairy-tale period drew to an end, leaving with me an absolute faith that some unknown power never failed to right the wrong.

Up to the end of my first year in primary school, fairy tales were still my best companions. My first volume of literature was of red leather with the plump Peach Boy and his three animal attendants emblazoned in vivid reds and blues. Its proper place was on my black lacquer desk, but I often held it tight even while I romped in play, and at night I placed it by my pillow, fearing that it might disappear. I always told Baya that I loved it next to her, but alas! the time came when dust accumulated upon the precious red cover; for when the cherry blossoms had once more unfolded their petals in the school yard, I stepped into my second year and considered myself too old for fairy tales. And so, though there was yet a spark of smothered loyalty deep down in my heart for my companion, I put it away in a dark closet with my broken toys and reached my hand upward toward the next round in the long ladder of learning.

It was during the next stage that the real spirit of Japan was inculcated in my small brain—the spirit which later became the foundation of the unique characteristics which are essential to all daughters of Japan. These traits were undying loyalty to my Emperor, to my country, to my parents—the three qualities so greatly respected by Japanese people. These ideals were deeply planted in my mind through historical literature. Monday and Friday mornings in school were somewhat different, it seemed to me, from other mornings. At eight o'clock the bell rang out sharply as usual, but there seemed to be a solemnity lurking in the air, as the roomful of students, all standing, listened for the shuffling footsteps of our ethics teacher as he came down the hall. When he stepped upon the platform, we all bowed deeply before seating ourselves. This form was gone through with all classes, but the ethics hour was full of dignity. We stood a little in awe of this class. Somehow it seemed sacred to us.

Through the study of ethics I became a great hero-worshiper. All the books which I read during those days were of warriors who had fought and died for their overlords. Often while turning the pages of history, I would drift back into long ago centuries and picture myself on a white horse arrayed in gold and red armor, plunging forward to sacrifice my life for that of my Lord. Upon awakening, I never ceased to regret the fact that I was a girl instead of a boy. But my regrets were forgotten when one day, my eyes caught this saying in my ethics book: "Loyalty to parents is the beginning of a patriot." Then it was that I began to read eagerly of the men and women who had become famous on account of loyalty to their parents. Among many other tales was one of a boy who threw himself into a waterfall, believing that by his sacrifice his feeble father would

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be given health. I was greatly impressed, and if at that time my mother had been taken ill, I doubt if I would be writing this day. There was another story of a girl who sold her hair in order to give medicine to her sick mother. This seemed to me quite an easy way to prove gratitude to parents, and that evening I went to my grandmother's room and with a deep bow said:

"Honorable grandmother, would it not be a most splendid deed if I should cut my hair and sell it? With the money I can buy Honorable Mother some sweetmeats."

I remember my grandmother's astonishment as she dropped her silver pipe into the ashes of the firebox and exclaimed:

"Foolish child! Do you not know the old saying: 'To touch even one hair is desecrating the body given by your parents, and is showing the greatest disrespect to them'?"

Indeed that proverb I had heard often enough but alas! how contradictory this world seemed. But to question my grandmother,—much more to argue with her,—never entered my mind. So I merely bowed and went away, a sadly puzzled little girl. On the way to my room, I stopped on the garden porch. Several grey doves were about to light on a pine tree, and I watched them intently for I had heard that "even a dove shows respect to its parents by perching on the third limb beneath". I saw the birds alighting on different branches, and so believed the proverb to be correct.

Another memorable event, during this time, was my first introduction to famous figures of the western world. In ethics during my six years in primary school I had learned a great deal about the lives of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Florence Nightingale and many other prominent characters in western history. I admired them all, but my sympathy lay deepest with little Washington and his hatchet, for well I remembered how, with my shiny new scissors, I had snipped the ends of my long purple sleeves. Florence Nightingale, however, had the most practical influence over me, for during a certain period our backyard was filled with the whining and whimpering of lean stray dogs which I insisted on doctoring. But finally came a day when my mother's patience gave way, and I had a great problem to solve between obedience to my mother and kindness to dumb animals.

Like most Japanese girls I first came in contact with western literature through translations of American life which I read in high school. The first I read were "Little Lord Fauntleroy", called "The Little Peer", and "Sara Crewe", translated as "The Little Peeress". I could hardly spare time for school studies so enthusiastic was I as, laughing and crying, I pored over these books. The writings were so vivid, so real, so far away from convention and proverbs, and most of all—so human! Later on I read translations of "Monte Cristo", "Jean Valjean", "Little Women", and "Alice in Wonderland". I enjoyed these books because they were vivid and real. But in books as in food one desires a variety, and so it was that I also found charm in reading Japanese stories—both classic and modern. Most of the classics which we read in high school depicted the court life of old Japan. "Pillow Sketches", by Sei Shonagon, and "Tales of Lord Genji", a novel by Murasaki Shikibu, were two of the most popular. Both of these were written by court ladies of the Heian

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period, over a thousand years ago. Of course these writings, being very old, were picturesque, quaint, and most fascinating. But they kept me busy running to my grandmother to ask for the meaning of words that were too old-fashioned to be found even in a dictionary. For recreation I read a great many historical novels, which gave me an insight into the life of old Japan. The convention which governs Japan is based on tradition, and without comprehension of Japanese traditions one cannot be a genuine Japanese.

Then there were modern novels which might correspond to those of Mrs. Humphry Ward or Mary Roberts Rinehart, which dealt with the people and situations of today. One which was particularly beautiful and minute in art was by Koyo Sanjin. It was called "The Demon of Gold" and was one of the most popular of novels. It was recognized as a pioneer of its kind in the field of fiction and will probably be handed down as a classic. All these were interesting and yet unsatisfactory in many ways for, as a rule, Japanese novels deal with pathetic and painful situations. Invariably the heroine is subjected to heart-rending situations, and invariably she patiently submits to fate. She is always the one to suffer, for resignation, it seems, is a unique characteristic of the Oriental. The popular writings—those which invariably find their way into the hearts of all Japanese—are mostly tragedies. In western literature, even in the most tragic of tragedies, there is an occasional ray of sunshine to brighten the sorrow, but in Japan the novels are under an everlasting gloom. My old-fashioned grandmother, however, encouraged these books, as they so beautifully pictured the self-denial and self-sacrificing spirit of woman. She would nod her head thoughtfully as she sipped her tea and say in her soft voice:

"A woman must be beautiful in hardship like the plum in the snow—and submissive like the slender bamboo which bends before the wind!"

Once I dared venture to say:

"But Honorable Grandmother, why must women bear everything and never protest?"

My grandmother looked over her spectacles very sternly.

"What would your ancestors say to such an unwomanly speech?" she finally said. "Sorrow and burden are the glory of womanhood."

I silently submitted to my grandmother's ideals until, a few years later, a new type of fiction burst forth under the heading of "home novels" which dealt with the domestic problems of the day. One of the most famous authors of these writings was Kenjiro Tokutomi. His first novel called "The Nightingale" was a simple narration dealing with divorce, but it created such a sensation that within one year all classes,—titled people, teachers, workmen and even children of the kindergartens,—knew the tale from beginning to end. Its popularity and its influence was something like that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin". It told the story from the woman's standpoint—not from a highly emotional point of view, but leading the reader gently and mildly to a position which gave a clear perception of the utterly inexcusable conditions of divorce in Japan. Besides this book, the author wrote "The Mistletoe", "The Black Tide", "Black Eyes and Brown Eyes" and others of the same character.

I was greatly impressed with these writings of Tokutomi. First, because I, for the first time, noticed that eastern literature was being influenced by western ideals. Second, I realized

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that the patient, unquestioning resignation in which Japanese women take such pride is unnatural and unjust. And so, trembling on the boundary of a belief in the individual right of woman, I stepped into my fourth period of literature.

This I began by reading translations of such books as Tolstoi's "Resurrection", Dumas's "The Lady of the Camellias", and Ibsen's "A Doll's House". Westerners might gasp to think of the reaction this would cause in a Japanese girl whose thoughts were quivering between the old and the new. But no. For just as the love scenes are removed from western moving-pictures, the translations were strictly censored. All problems were handled with such beautiful delicacy that when later on I read the originals I was greatly shocked. Admirably presented though they were, these translations invariably lacked one thing. That was, a correct interpretation of the women characters. In all cases they were depicted from an external point of view, and so the impression given of thoughts and motives was rarely true. This was the fault of the translator, for however high intellect and great power of expression he might possess, his standard of womanhood was vastly different from that of an Occidental, and he unconsciously interpreted his own conception. In every translation of "The Lady of the Camellias", the first thought of the translator is the resignation of Camille to her fate; then the dutiful sacrifice for her lover. Japanese men fail to comprehend the noble motive of her sacrifice, and when the heart of the story is left out, what is there but a beautiful empty casing?

These translations were all read widely, but the most popular of all was that of "Resurrection". All Japan was one cry of enthusiasm. The novel was adapted for the stage; it was shown in moving-pictures; music was composed and dedicated to it. Often in the stillness of night, I have heard whistled strains of "Resurrection" mingling with the clack! clack! of wooden clogs on the hard ground as the stray steps of some unknown person passed by. These books I read with enthusiasm. But freedom of action and speech on the part of women characters shocked me; the manner in which they calmly took their place side by side with men seemed boisterous and unwomanly; but after rereading the books I frequently realized that their attitude was a matter of principle and circumstances. These characters had very little influence over me. All foreign life in literature was like an unfamiliar gown,—curious and interesting, but lacking in the practical virtue of everyday garments,—and only a dim impression was left in my mind of western women. The fiction which had the deepest effect on me was of a type dealing with problems with which I was familiar. When I say *I*—I mean the average of perhaps five girls out of every ten. The other five were girls who went directly from grammar school to assist in solving domestic problems at home. Japanese, who claim 98 per cent literacy among children of primary school age, are studious as a race. In spare times, at night, or on holidays, crowds gather at the numerous book stores which rent out books. And going to a library does not mean the passing of an hour, as it frequently does in America, but a leisurely excursion, for lunches are usually carried and the library provides a tray with a small pot of tea and an earthen cup for two cents.

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In these libraries, as in those of America, a great part of the reading is fiction. Serious reading, as well, is furnished, and women's magazines are many. Both the magazines and the novels are influenced more or less by de Maupassant, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Balzac and other foreign writers. Indeed, not only fiction, but all Japanese literature of today is influenced by Occidental ideals.

To the girl whose mind was already filled with advanced ideas, this new type of literature encouraged all that is meant by the word *aggressive*, which she interpreted as *progressive*. She was called "new woman". She wore large tortoise-shell glasses; she trod heavily upon the matting; she slammed doors and boisterously debated with men on a footing of equality; she lectured to her grandparents on the vice of superstitions. In one word she was a terror to others, but to herself a model for the woman of future Japan. Such was the new woman who did not realize that all sane freedom is bound by strict social laws which punish too much freedom of action. But the life of the new woman was apparently short lived. She was too radical, and she paid dearly. Today she has quieted down and is each day nearing a sensible medium. But like the aeroplane of the war—like every new experiment—the New Woman was a sacrifice for those who are to follow. She was an example to her other sisters, for "only after seeing others can we see ourselves".

On the other hand, modern literature to the very old-fashioned and retiring girl was a blessing. The new ideas threw a new light upon her life. Up to this time, she had been cared for like a beautiful piece of art, but had rarely been given the credit of having an independent brain. Her position had never troubled her. She accepted it as a matter of course. But with western thoughts pouring so thickly about her, how could she avoid thinking? Through magazines and books she constantly came in contact with characters of her own age and temperament, who though in a mild but decisive manner held their own. She could not but be influenced to timidly harbor in her mind a determination to think—and to act—with somewhat of independence.

Thus our literature, though far from perfect, has been the guide which has gradually been leading woman to the position which awaits her. While the restless grumbling of economic, social, and domestic problems is threatening Japan, how can she sit on silken cushions idly watching the beauty of her garden? She must follow the urgent call of heart and brain; for the feudal days, when man and woman each had their separate paths of duty, have passed. The tide of progress has risen, and man and woman together must meet new domestic conditions. Whether or not the woman of coming Japan will emerge from her over-restrained environment into a more natural and sensible medium will depend, not entirely of course but to a great extent, on the literature the girls will read. For in the case of the Japanese girl, reading is not mere recreation but a real necessity. It has more influence over her in many ways than even her parents have, as it is the main means by which she becomes familiar with the doings of the outside world. She does not have the opportunity of talking freely with men or older women, nor does she go out and observe for herself, as does the western girl. She lives in a sheltered home, where her

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thoughts are moulded by reading. Picturesque Japan with its curving bridges, its flowers, and its peacefulness is slipping away. Out of its quiet the Japanese girl has stepped into a life where she must think and plan, and in trying to adapt herself to the new conditions, her puzzled hand reaches out as its surest guide—to good literature.

MERELY STATEMENT

BY AMY LOWELL

YOU sent me a sprig of mignonette,
Cool-colored, quiet, and it was wet
With green sea-spray, and the salt and the sweet
Mingled to a fragrance weary and discreet
As a harp played softly in a great room at sunset.

You said: "My sober mignonette
Will brighten your room and you will not forget."

But I have pressed your flower and laid it away
In a letter, tied with a ribbon knot.
I have not forgot.
But there is a passion-flower in my vase
Standing above a close-cleared space
In the midst of a jumble of papers and books.
The passion-flower holds my eyes,
And the light-under-light of its blue and purple dyes
Is a hot surprise.
How then can I keep my looks
From the passion-flower leaning sharply over the books?
When one has seen
The difficult magnificence of a queen
On one's table,
Is one able
To observe any color in a mignonette?
I will not think of sunset, I crave the dawn,
With its rose-red light on the wings of a swan,
And a queen pacing slowly through the Parthenon,
Her dress a stare of purple between pillars of stone.

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CURRENT TASTE IN FICTION: A QUARTERLY SURVEY

BY JOHN WALCOTT

I SOMETIMES find myself groping for a new word. I want a word with a meaning that we don't get out of "fiction" or "novel" or even "story" in its common use. I want a word that will mean beyond doubt the real story, the "honest-to-God" story, the story with feet and bowels. The story that is born, not made; that springs from a true creative impulse instead of being scamped up out of the tag-ends of other peoples' work, or vamped up out of the shoddy "whole cloth" any verbal mechanic has in his locker. I don't care what *kind* of story it is, I don't care whether it has a recognizable plot, or merely jogs along between two stations. I don't care whether it makes my spine curl or my eyes water or my brow lift with the pride of comprehension. I don't care whether it reminds me of Jane Austen or Jack London or Defoe or Henry James or (as is conceivable) nobody at all. But I do care, with all the health that is in me, whether it is a real story, or a feeble bluff at one, or a deliberate imitation of one.

This, let me repeat with all permissible passion, is what any decent critic or true booklover is really excited about, whether he knows it or not. What his soul asks him is not whether the book he has taken up and spent good time on is the kind of book he likes best, or the kind of book he would like to write, or the kind of book that is best for the beloved public; but whether it's an honest job and therefore worth the trouble of any honest and at least rudimentarily intelligent reader. After all, it is for this fellow that the books, even the novels, are supposed to be written. No story-teller calls out from his booth: "Look you, my cheerful idiots, come hither, and I will spin you the kind of yarn you deserve!" He gives quite the other kind of hail, thanking his auditors in advance for their well-known discrimination and—taste.

Taste! what crimes are committed. . . . It is all very well for us to have shaken off the old connotations of the word, the finicking exactions of its use as a vehicle for purely æsthetic judgments. We don't want back the "man of taste" of Queen Anne's day or the æsthete of the Yellow Nineties. But we don't need to flatter ourselves on the prospect of replacing him altogether with the man in the street, unless the man in the street can be educated to the point of insisting on his money's worth out of literature, among other things. He is fussy enough about an honest article in most "lines". He wants something that *is* soap or medicine, instead of looking or smelling like it, or even wearing a similar label. Now of course a novel isn't in the same case.

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A chemist can take your soap and your medicine and prove to you what is the matter with them. He can show you that all you get from your Purona is the slight momentary kick of its alcoholic content. You may keep on indulging in the kick, but at least you will know what you are about. But the critic can't perform any such office for the book public—not because he isn't capable of it, but because the public, speaking of the majority, won't be shown. In an up-to-date and triumphant democracy your critic has no generally acknowledged status. Not, at least, when we speak in millions. There may be a few thousands who don't mind hearing what he has to say if he keeps pretty strictly to matters of information and impression, and doesn't try to "put anything over" on them in the way of expert advice. Perhaps the situation might be put a little more optimistically. But not much. It simply can't be denied that when we give any such meaning to the word *taste* as it had in eighteenth-century England or now has in distracted Europe, it can be supposed to concern a tiny fraction of our hundred millions.

Is this remark obviously the complaint of a professional book-taster and critic? List then to the testimony of a real story-teller. Mrs. Wharton's "French Ways and Their Meaning" is a little book, written in wartime, which tries to interpret French civilization to the too-casual American observer. These papers constitute not an apology but, you might say in the current slang—"a propaganda". Mrs. Wharton sees in French civilization an institution not only vastly older than ours, but vastly superior in various respects—notably in intellectual honesty and in taste.

I suppose it must have been some Frenchman who perpetrated the Philistine crack about *chacun à son goût*. But it must have been almost exclusively outside France that the phrase struck an answering chord. Certainly it represents the characteristic Anglo-American attitude rather than the characteristic French attitude. And French taste, as Mrs. Wharton believes and causes us to believe, is a national possession: "It is not art, but it is the atmosphere in which art lives, and outside of which it cannot live. It is the regulating principle of all art, of the art of dress and manners, and of living in general, as well as of sculpture or music." And this vital sense of beauty, of the fitting thing, of "form", in one aspect or another, is very closely bound up with the other national attribute she emphasizes—intellectual honesty. In this connection Mrs. Wharton says some devastating and indisputable things about our vaunted educational system and its results. The French, we are reminded, are not seized in masses by the state and hand-fed with grummets of information into a conceit of learning. Says our outspoken citizeness:

> There are more people who can read in the United States, but what do they read? The whole point, as far as any real standard goes, is there. If the ability to read carries the average man no higher than the gossip of his neighbors, if he asks nothing more nourishing out of books and the theatre than he gets hanging about the store, the bar, and the street-corner, then culture is bound to be dragged down to him instead of his being lifted up by culture.

Alas, the word *culture*, as I think Mrs. Wharton notes elsewhere, is itself a term of mockery to our grammar-schooled, Sunday-supplemented citizens. And so is *taste*, if you are understood to mean anything by it. In these quarterly articles on current taste I have pretty steadily refrained

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from meaning anything by it—anything actionable or uncomfortably high-browed, and have mainly confined myself to notes on the kind or kinds of fiction most in demand, at latest accounts. This is a matter of interest, in itself: but especially to me, after all, as it relates to the more important matter: the condition of the public taste in the higher meaning—the public sense of beauty in—and fitness in—life and in art. What do we public-schooled, Sunday-supplemented citizens need more than that? And how are we going to get it if we don't even suspect that it exists?

I notice that the latest novel of Harold Bell Wright stands proudly at the head of THE BOOKMAN'S recent lists of books in demand at libraries the country over. I may be wrong, but I have the impression that this is a gesture of some note on the part of THE BOOKMAN. Hitherto there seems to have been something like a gentleman's agreement (or shall we say a conspiracy of silence?) among our assessors and tabulators of fiction, as regards the work of this writer. I should say it was based on the feeling that, from the critical or even the common-sense point of view, there were two kinds of novels in the market, just as there were two kinds of motor-cars. There were real novels and Wrights, as there were real automobiles and Fords. The idea was that Mr. Wright reached an altogether separate market or constituency, which could properly be left out of the reckoning by critics if not by statisticians. I don't remember that his name used to appear in the old BOOKMAN list of best sellers; though there has always been a Wright book at or near the top of the market, I suppose, for a good many years. Yet here he now appears, leading the field in the public libraries of the country, handed out to the people by the official custodians of the printed word, and eagerly called for by the public-schooled patrons of canned music, get-a-move-on drama, and carnegied print.

I don't mean to bring up the picture of this writer as creeping by night into the stronghold of letters, while its rightful guardians moon-gazed or winked the other eye. The authorities have long seen him coming, and have briefly and vigorously expressed their opinion of him from time to time. There is nothing miraculous about him to criticism. All the mawkishness of popular religion, all the claptrap of the movie, all the rot and slither of commercial "heart interest", and something of the taint of sex curiosity are in these books; and millions do them reverence. It must have been about five years ago that Owen Wister made mincemeat of them (another real author and not merely a peevish professional critic). But though he on that occasion destroyed Mr. Wright and his works utterly, to the pleasure of a few, neither Mr. Wright nor his works nor his readers would appear to have known anything about it!

The simple truth is that Mr. Wright and his works are precisely what a huge part of "the people" want. They express the perfect negation of taste, yet (and this is what any lover of decency resents) they pretend to appeal to taste. Somehow, with their tawdry magic, they cheat their half-baked millions into thinking they are getting something real, something that possesses elements of fitness and worth.... Since writing this sentence I have turned to Mr. Wister's old "Atlantic" article, "Quack Novels and Democracy", and find that his

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chief grievance is the same as mine: "The Quack-novel is (mostly) harmful; not always because it is poisonous (though this occurs), but because it pretends to be literature and is taken for literature by the millions who swallow it year after year as their chief mental nourishment, and whose brains it saps and dilutes." Mr. Wister in that article seems to have taken a jaundiced view of all things American. He says we prefer quackery. The reason he gives is interesting in connection with Mrs. Wharton's comment. He says the reason we prefer shams is because we have been trained to intellectual dishonesty, fed on words and pretenses in our social and political as well as our literary life.

I hope Owen Wister thinks a little better of us by now. Certainly if he has followed the trend of American publishing during the past two or three years, he must have been a good deal cheered by the increase in sound American fiction which has found a good hearing. Mr. Wright still marches on; and it is not altogether true that his following is a separate following. You will find his readers in strange places, among people who mention Shakespeare and Henry James with approval but secretly prefer the mountebankery and the fakery of Messrs. Chaplin and Wright. There are always gaps in the fence that officially parts the sheep from the goats, and those who keep on their own side during the daytime do not always stay there of their bosom's choice.

How much of what we commonly call taste is really fad or follow-my-leader? Where does the "have you read the latest So-and-So" begin and end? What is the head and tail of popularity in the making? Whereby hangs the tale of bloated editions and clamoring customers for the author who yesterday was a drug in the market? What secret or chance of adroit pushing has caused this book to "catch on" or speeded up that one long after its first publication? What local tendency or susceptibility may have prevailed to carry a story through a whole segment of the country while it is ignored or idly hearkened to elsewhere? Here, for example, are the North Central States reported as calling for Bojer's "The Great Hunger", while the South Central States cling fatuously to "The Tin Soldier",—surely a notable contrast of the real and the sham, the legitimate and the quack article, in fiction. Who knows what slight incident may start the ball of fashion rolling, gathering bulk as it grows; a certain author has to be "done", a certain book "taken" for the sake of one's standing at the woman's club or (let us say for the sake of civility) in the smoking-car. Even climate, according to a recent contributor to THE BOOKMAN, has a good deal to do with the kind of thing people instinctively turn toward. That contributor instanced the gladsome Californian's turning toward gladsome fiction. He mentioned Pollyanna: how would he (and stalwart Californians) account, I wonder, for the fact that "Pollyanna" is reported to be extraordinarily popular in Japan? An instance of the cunning of the Oriental who loses no opportunity to "get next" to his neighbor's peculiarities?

One might roughly generalize that in the West and the outdoor countries and places, there is a ready market for the literature of primitive sentimentalism, while among the city-dwellers and the civilization-bound, red blood and active adventure have on the whole the preference. But it is always dangerous to lay much

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weight on this kind of generalization. What one needs as foundation for any judgment of the state of public taste is a preliminary classification of the public. If the booksellers and the libraries could tell us not merely what kinds of novel are most called for, but what kinds of client or customer call for them, we might have one step taken toward an estimate. And if we could then work out the formula, determining the balancing point between the proper weight of the intelligent minority who choose and in the main find the best, and the unintelligent majority who suppose what they like is the best, we should be a step farther. Then indeed we might begin to talk about "taste" with a fair chance of meaning something besides the bulk of the librarians' calls or of the booksellers' receipts.

But the confusing fact rears its head even here, that constituencies cannot always be railed off from each other with any certainty. The wisest men relish a little nonsense now and then, and many fairly wise ones even relish a little banality. Perhaps the main trouble with us as a nation is not so much that we are too ready to patronize the second-rate or the banal in literature or the drama, as that we don't know that it is second-rate. Mrs. Wharton makes an interesting distinction in this connection, between the American movie-going public which finds its ideal of drama in the movies, and the French movie-going public which does not for a moment deceive itself as to the inferior nature of its indulgence, and looks for higher enjoyment to the Comédie Française. Taste in America as in England is still confined to that company "fit though few" which is the best that modern civilization can offer, outside of France, in contrast with the culture of old Athens. Old Boston had something of it a generation ago; but her glory is departed. Her sacred Symphony Orchestra is tottering, and her theatres are given over frankly to the spectacles of Broadway. There is a literary Boston of today, as well as a literary New York,—little oases in a vast desert of vulgarity or mediocrity.

Of the country at large one hopeful thing may be safely said. However proportional numbers may record the triumph of the vulgar or the banal in fiction, in absolute numbers there is a rapidly increasing audience for fiction of good quality, of all kinds. As for the kinds just now most in demand. For the sake of getting on, we may dismiss sentimental romance and red-blooded adventure, with the mention of their continued and perhaps increasing popularity. The other staple varieties of novel also are holding their own about as usual. In one field, that of "psychic" mystery, there has been steady advance this year. That is in part a war effect, and will probably be in evidence for some time.

But the most striking after-the-war phenomenon in the field of fiction, is the continually expanding list of translations from foreign sources—Italian, Spanish, French, Scandinavian, Dutch, Russian, Polish, Balkan—books whose ready acceptance at the hands of a fair part of the American reading public proves our rapidly growing sense of the kinship of races and nations. Thus indirectly, at least, the war already has acted as a powerful agent toward an international understanding, which might be a good thing to nibble at a bit before we try to swallow the whole hog of universal brotherhood. Here again the tendency to follow the leader and to move in droves has thus far been unfortunate. I suppose ten Americans have

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read "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" to one who has read any other of the many foreign translations which have been put forth within the past year. Yet Blasco Ibáñez is far from being the only pebble on the beach even of current Spanish letters. However, there is evidently a growing constituency of readers who are disposed to reach out for themselves and try their own choosing from these not so strange foreign dishes. One thing has been revealed to us with surprising clearness: that the work of many of these "foreigners", especially the Spaniards and the Scandinavians, is vastly more our own sort, in humor and in common sense and all that they connote, than the work of those Russians and even those Frenchmen among whom, before the war, we found our only and sufficiently dubious doors of escape from Anglo-American fiction.

A REVEALING BIOGRAPHY

BY OSCAR L. JOSEPH

HE is a bold man who would add another volume on the life and work of the Apostle Paul to the vast library on this subject. And yet as we consider the extensive researches and discoveries of scholars which have thrown unexpected light on the history of the first century, we see how an author who reckons with these findings should be able to present the career of the greatest pioneer of universal Christianity in a way that compels attention. Such an interpretation is all the more necessary, in view of the present confusion as to the essential truth of Christianity and of uncertainty as to what constitutes real leadership.

The Apostle Paul was the central and outstanding figure of the first century. During succeeding centuries the charm of his character, the spell of his influence, and the effects of his work have steadily increased in significance and worth. We think of him as a prophet of religion, as a missionary of the Christian Gospel, as a pastor of the Church. He was distinguished by unique originality, daring independence, exuberant faith, courageous initiative, extraordinary vigor, unlimited enthusiasm, exquisite courtesy, unusual common sense, and exceptional success in achievement. These are exactly the qualifications demanded of our leaders in every walk of life, as we are recovering from the welter and desolation of the war, and are about to enter a new day, whose coming is delayed by the incompetence of those who are supposed to usher in its dawn.

For these reasons and for many more, we welcome this volume on St. Paul by Professor David Smith. This author is well known by his volume on "The Days of His Flesh", which at one stride took the foremost place among the many lives of Jesus Christ and holds the field without a peer.

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The fact that his latest book is already in its twelfth edition in England, since November of last year, is a remarkable testimony to its value, especially when it is remembered that its price is twenty-one shillings. The book is written by an acknowledged scholar, whose scholarship is of that ripe sort that never intrudes itself and does not get lost in unbalanced attention to petty details or non-essential side issues. His point of view is well expressed in the preface:

> Controversy is a foolish and futile employment; and I have endeavored to portray St. Paul simply as I have perceived him during long years of loving and delightful study of the sacred memorials of his life and labor, mentioning the views of others only as they served to illustrate and confirm my own. And I would fain hope that I have written nothing discourteous, nothing hurtful. This were indeed a grievous offence in the story of one who, amid much provocation, continually bore himself as the very pattern of a Christian gentleman.

The lay mind, unfamiliar with the technicalities of learning, will find this volume as readable and refreshing as will the professional mind, versed in questions of theology and history. Dr. Smith has moreover produced a work of genuine literature. He has a lucid style, a finely poised imagination, deep historical insight, a rich understanding of religious values, and a full grasp of the profoundest scholarship. He has thus written a volume that unquestionably takes rank with the great biographies of recent times. There is not a dull page. Those who are interested in the records of heroism, sacrifice, and accomplishment will make a great mistake if they overlook or neglect this surpassing recital of the story of one of the most remarkable and versatile among the makers of history.

The ancient world lives again in these vivid pages. Its problems and difficulties, the menace of underhand opposition, the emptiness of religious faith are set forth as in a spacious background. Into this lurid atmosphere of a discordant world there entered the Gospel of a new life. What a picturesque panorama passes before our vision as we follow the activities of the Apostle, who "addressed himself, with a devotion which never flagged, to the high enterprise of winning the Gentile world for the Faith of Christ". Incredible difficulties were bravely overcome, and St. Paul invariably wrested victory out of the jaws of defeat. On the defection in Galatia, Dr. Smith writes:

> It is characteristic of impulsive natures that their generous impulses quickly flag; and so it was with the Galatians. They started bravely on the Christian race, but they soon tired; they were lavish in their generosity to the Apostle, when he first came among them, but their affection presently cooled and they turned against him; and recently they had evinced their disposition in a somewhat sordid fashion.

St. Paul encountered intense opposition from his own countrymen, who were constantly on his trail in a determined effort to checkmate his mission. His martyrdom was at last brought about by these inveterate enemies, who succeeded in turning the tables against him. But their temporary success was destined to react against them, for out of his tragic execution there came a renaissance of power which gave to Christianity an exhilaration that the checks and changes of time have not been able to destroy.

> The story is that, when his head was struck off, it rebounded thrice, and each time it smote the ground, a living fountain gushed forth possessing a healing virtue, whence the name *Aquæ Salviæ*, "the Healing Waters". And there is a heart of truth in the beautiful legend. Like the superscription on the Cross in Hebrew and Greek and Latin, the Three Fountains aptly symbolise the Apostle's Gospel of world-wide salvation.

One of the most attractive parts of this volume is the translation of the

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epistles into modern English. The text is accompanied by a running exposition which takes note of the thought and purpose of these rich writings, and sets them in their historical context in a way that the average mind can understand. On the other hand, the scholar will find a great deal of suggestion from the extensive footnotes, which discuss the deeper questions of Biblical learning on subjects that are not always familiar even to the general run of scholars. It is well that these matters are relegated to the notes and are not allowed to interfere with the text. The descriptions of the cities and conditions of the Roman Empire are both accurate and thorough. A deep understanding of the tumultuous currents of political, social, and religious life gives to this narrative the merit of exceptional worth. For instance, read the accounts of such places as Lystra, Troas, Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, Rome, and you find yourself breathing the very life and atmosphere of those centres of a bygone day. Then turn to the sections on nautical matters and you feel as though an expert were giving his testimony. And so with all other related questions.

Here is an illustration of New Testament Greek clothed in virile English:

> Let your love be unaffected. Abhor what is evil; cleave to what is good. In the matter of brotherly friendship have a friendly affection for each other; in the matter of honor give each other precedence; in earnestness be unslacking, in spirit fervent, the Lord's slaves; in your hope rejoice, in your distress endure, in your prayer persevere; have fellowship with the necessities of the saints; prosecute hospitality. Share one another's interests; harbor no lofty ambitions but embark on the stream of lowly duties.... Be not conquered by evil, but conquer evil with good. *(Romans, chapter XII, 9ff.)*

The discussion of the encyclical letter known as the epistle to the Romans can hardly be improved. Questions of doctrine are considered without logical technicalities or subtleties, and the unique message of the Christian redemption is set forth with a conclusiveness that gives to the Apostle's exposition of Christianity quite a modern accent.

There is no book on the Apostle Paul which gives so clear and full an account of his closing ministry and martyrdom as is found here. This period of his life is obscure, but Dr. Smith gathers material from unfamiliar sources and reconstructs the background and foreground with singular ability, in harmony with historical facts and in accord with the character of the man whose end was worthy of his militant career. We are indeed happy to have this literary portrait of one of the noblest men by an artist of vision and passion, who is withal possessed of a choice vocabulary, with a delicate sense of the fine shades of the meaning and use of words.

The Life and Letters of St. Paul. By the Rev. David Smith, M.A., D.D. George H. Doran Company.

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POTPOURRI

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN

HERE are six books, all classifiable from the book-vendor's standpoint under that blessed blanket-heading, "belles-lettres"; four of them need not long detain us. Ralph Bergengren's "The Perfect Gentleman" consists of ten short papers on such topics as To Bore or Not to Bore, As a Man Dresses, In the Chair (not the electric chair), and so forth. Pleasant enough, to be sure, but, to mention only Americans, one might name at least three essayists who do this sort of thing much more capably. From another press proceeds (if the verb be not altogether too sedate for such a lively brochure) MacGregor Jenkins's "Literature with a Large L", a sage yet merry little book which rightly has no bowels of mercy for "the strange folk who seem to spend an inordinate amount of time and energy in making up their minds whether or not a book stands the test of what they somewhat vaguely call 'technical analysis', quite unmindful of the vastly more important question as to whether the book gives inspiration and pleasure. Such a person seems to be in the same general class with the man who spends his entire life measuring the length of babies' noses." And he cites the truly awful case of a solemn friend of his who was worried by the fact that "The Wind in the Willows", as he said, "lacked scale". Mr. Jenkins has the right idea. This tiny tome of his deserves a place on the book-shelf beside Arnold Bennett's vivacious treatise on the acquisition of literary taste. For the plain American man there are no better primers.

Making excellent use of the various and sundry memoirs, reminiscences, and letters dealing with the lives of his sitters, that experienced painter of souls, Gamaliel Bradford, presents us with eight "Portraits of American Women" from Abigail Adams to Emily Dickinson. A sound and workmanlike series of biographical interpretations of which that of Louisa M. Alcott is one of the most attractive. The future historian of American culture will find these portraits invaluable.

In "Books and Things" Philip Littell, of "The New Republic" editorial staff, has assembled a chosen thirty-six of his contributions to that alert and knowledgeable weekly. In one of the lighter of these papers he wittily educes the influence of G. K. C. upon the President's prose; in another he discourses with acumen on the Bondage of Shaw; and in later essays he says some first-rate things about Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and other eminent Victorians. It warms the cockles of one's heart to hear Max Beerbohm un-

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equivocally called "an immortal writer" by a critic whose pages indicate that he knows what a classic is, and has read English books born a long time before 1890. For Max is as veritably of the true succession as Horace Walpole.

There remain two books which insist upon somewhat fuller notice: Arthur Waugh's "Tradition and Change", and Paul Elmer More's latest instalment of Shelbourne essays, "With the Wits"—both good specimens of the best work of what is sometimes loosely called "the conservative school" of criticism in England and America respectively. Mr. Waugh's fine group of "studies in contemporary literature"—for so his book is sub-entitled—includes essays on Lionel Johnson, Stephen Phillips, and James Elroy Flecker; two papers on Arthur Symons as poet and critic; and shorter treatments of Galsworthy, Conrad, Butler, John Freeman, and others. Every writer he discusses has done significant creative work, and in all these three hundred pages there is hardly one without its special insight and acuteness. "Tradition and Change" is obviously the work of one who is no longer young. Not that time in its course has staled this critic's zest for the fine things in life and in books, nor that, so to speak, he has hardened in a mould; but a certain smoothness and mellow quality as of the middle years is discoverable throughout, and one may readily perceive that Mr. Waugh is a little wistfully conscious that a generation knowing not Joseph, has risen up to turn iconoclast on the gods of its predecessor's tradition. Not the least palmary value of these essays is that, with urbane insistence, they remind the reader of the necessity of a broad perspective to any sound view of literature, and attest eloquently to the existence of permanent standards of taste. "Through them all", writes the author, "there will probably be traced a single prevailing concept—the estimate of literature which Oxford was accustomed to instil into her sons as the very birthright of her citizenship: that all sound literary expression must maintain its loyalty to the high traditions of the past, and the very essences of its being are beauty of imagination and dignity of utterance."

Mr. Waugh therefore will not be lenient toward pretentiousness, ugliness, or incompetence. In his essay, "The New Poetry", he analyzes with great skill and sympathy some of the work of the chief "Georgian" poets, and while nothing escapes him that is memorable or beautiful in the performance of such singers as Gibson, Abercrombie, and Bottomley, he does not hesitate to make it quite clear that these men "continually distract the reader's attention from the author's meaning by thrusting into the foreground a sense of the unrestrained and even violent fashion in which that meaning is striving to get itself expressed". Abercrombie he justly praises for his "rich and clustered imagery", but notes wisely that the poet "appears to have hurled himself into the effort of creation before properly digesting his material, and to be content to accept as finished work what ought to have been recognized as the first rough notes or 'trial balance' of his composition." All this is keen, and admirably expressed; indeed "The New Poetry", besides being the most penetrating piece of criticism in the book, is also the best brief treatment of the Georgians that one remembers having seen. There is a well-rounded study of Stephen Phillips which made one reader decide that the issue of "The

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Fortnightly Review" in which it originally appeared was well worth preserving. A re-perusal confirms the belief that as a judicious critical summary of that meteoric talent, this essay—with that of Arthur Symons in "The Quarterly"—will always be indispensable to a thorough understanding of the author of "Marpessa" and "Nero". In one place, though, Mr. Waugh loses his critical head. Perhaps there is some truth in his enthusiastic declaration that "Paolo and Francesca" is "simply alive with beauty and with beautiful lines"; but when having quoted the well-known lines in the play wherein the protagonists indulge in such breathless exchanges as,—

FRANC. Thy armour glimmered in a gloom of green.
PAOLO. Did I not sing to thee in Babylon?
FRANC. Or did we set a sail in Carthage bay?

he goes on to asseverate that "no love lyric ever exceeded the intensity of the duologue, and the beauty of the language is as deep and languorous as the moonlit atmosphere it fills"—we gasp "astonied" and decide that Padraic Colum knew better when in a certain brief article on Phillips, he expressed with no uncertainty the conviction that "Paolo and Francesca might have learnt such sentences off a drawing-room calendar". Yet in all fairness this is the only flaw in a perfect appraisal. In an age not noticeably prolific in good literary criticism, a book like "Tradition and Change" is a landmark.

Very different from Arthur Waugh's critical work is that of Paul Elmer More. For one thing the Shelbourne essayist's range is much wider. When, in the general index appended to this volume, we scan the long list of subjects upon which for several years past he has been holding forth, we cannot but marvel at Mr. More's omniscience, for omniscience, indeed, appears to be his fad: he has taken all the kingdoms of literature for his province. One sees him always against the sophisticated background of his exclusive shelves,—those exquisitely appointed shelves with everything in its sacred place and all the very latest monographs meetly arranged beside the latest editions. Mr. Waugh, on the contrary, is a much less professional person and is easily envisaged for what he is—a plain English "scholar and gentleman" content, doubtless, with his pocket Pickerings and swearing by the well-thumbed Conington and Munro of his New College days. Quite likely he wrote these essays and reviews under a tree in his Hampstead garden with scribbling-pad on knee and pipe in mouth, now and then making mental note of a reference to be verified upon his return to the bookroom in which his more or less ragged veterans are housed.

"With the Wits" contains ten essays dealing with the "wits" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Beginning with a study of Beaumont and Fletcher, Mr. More advances to treat successively of the writings of George Savile—First Marquis of Halifax, Aphra Behn, Swift, Pope, Lady Wortley Montagu, Bishop Berkeley (to the exceeding beauty of whose language in the "Dialogues Between Hylas and Philonous" he pays tribute in a charming conceit: "[here] if ever anywhere since Plato taught in the Academy, the sybil of metaphysics and the muse of literature kissed"), Philip—Duke of Wharton, and the Letters of Gray. He concludes with an essay on the "wits" of the eighteen-nineties, a review of Holbrook Jackson's well-known work on the period.

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The essays on Pope and Gray seem the best, as they are certainly the most interesting, of the collection. The greatness of the art that produced "The Rape of the Lock" is in need of constant reiteration in these days when so few follow the example of Austin Dobson in flinging "their cap for Polish and for Pope!" Mr. More well likens the finish of Pope's best verse to that last perfection of craftsmanship out of which was wrought the beauty of a Japanese sword-guard. Satire is of course not the highest reach of poetry, and Pope is undeniably at his greatest as satirist. Still, it is salutary to realize—as Mr. Mackail has lately reminded us in the 1919 Leslie Stephen lecture (probably the final word on Pope for this generation)—that it was not the Horace of the Odes but Horace the satirist, *Orazio satiro*, whom Dante ranked among the five great poets. Our critic is right also in stressing Gray's beautiful accessibility to all the seductions of English landscape, though Mr. More goes too far when he affirms that "not Wordsworth himself has expressed the beauty of the country about Skiddaw more lovingly than Gray has done in his Journal". Gray's scientific knowledge of nature was more thorough than Wordsworth's—though he lagged far behind Wordsworth in profound insight—and he could chronicle the changes of the seasons with as exquisite an exactitude as even White of Selborne.

It is unfortunately difficult to speak with restraint of the last essay in the book. Toward the young men of the Yellow Book period Mr. More adopts an irritatingly superior tone and—though they had their abundant failings—is at moments brutally unjust. It is hardly less than cheap playing to the dress-circle to write as he does of Dowson and Thompson "mingling their religion with the fumes of alcohol and opium". Rarely, too, we may hope, have words more foolish or more cruel than these been penned: "It may be unkind to say it, but one cannot study the lives of these men without feeling that the conversion of so many of them, including Aubrey Beardsley, to Catholicism, was only another manifestation of the same illusion of the decadent as that which speaks in his theories of art." Mr. More is, if course, not alone in his view of Catholicism as little more than a hospice for timid and febrile spirits, but what right has he to decry in so knowing a tone that passion of humility and sorrow out of which these errant ones sought the "Blessed Vision of Peace" in the dark lonely night of their wayfaring?

The Perfect Gentleman. By Ralph Bergengren. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

Literature with a Large L. By MacGregor Jenkins. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Portraits of American Women. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Books and Things. By Philip Littell. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

Tradition and Change. By Arthur Waugh. E. P. Dutton and Co.

With the Wits. By Paul Elmer More. Houghton Mifflin Co.

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RUSSIAN NEWS BY WAY OF THE BOOK-SHELF

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

THE realist is coming into his own in the case of Russia. International relations have reached the point where facts are reasserting their supreme importance over illusions. For almost six years, propaganda with its sly devices and its pseudo-patriotic sanction has smothered the news by its plausible record of what someone wished the news might be, and a civilized world has known as little of the actual course of events as in the Dark Ages. The truth about the enemy in war and about our allies in the conflict has been hedged about no more than the motives of our own government, but the happy hunting ground of the propagandist has been the land of forgotten tsars. The truth about Russia in press and on platform has been subordinated to the ulterior aims of bitterly conflicting social doctrines.

Fate and time, however, work against the propagandist who may even be driven back to the facts to save his face. In this kind of a dilemma all but the most bigoted apologists in Russian illusion find themselves today, and they may seek refuge in such realists and news gatherers as Colonel Raymond Robins of the American Red Cross, and Lieutenant Etienne Antonelli, military attaché of the French Embassy in Petrograd—although they listened with bad grace to the earlier record of fact of such men as Professor Edward Alsworth Ross and Arthur Ransome.

There is something ironic in our return to news by way of the book-shelf. It is as if the book in its casual character had waited for its more blatant journalistic cousin to complete a long and fiery and careless speech, and then had stepped quietly to the rostrum and with calm assurance had said, "It is my turn now."

There is something equally disconcerting in finding the most dispassionate and accurate news vendors of Bolshevism among its opponents. Perhaps, though, it is in the nature of the case to look for unbiased narration and analyses of facts from confident opponents rather than from the most temperate of defenders. At any rate, Colonel Robins and Lieutenant Antonelli do not disguise their opposition to the theory and the actuality of the proletarian dictatorship in Moscow.

Many Americans are already acquainted with the news contained in Colonel Robins's narrative, as set down by William Hard. Official repression and editorial misrepresentation have not succeeded in stifling his voice completely, but his story, already published in magazine form, is now available for the first time as a whole. It stands out in this consecutive form as the most vigorous, the most pic-

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turesque, as well as the most truthful record in English of the birth of Bolshevism through the Soviet. The period covered by Robins's record, from the summer of 1917 until May, 1918, is unquestionably the most stirring and significant single epoch of the Russian Revolution, as far as the upheaval has developed to this time. It was then when motives were most loudly proclaimed, when personalities were revealed in passionate encounter, when whole masses of humanity were roused to action and decision in the intensity of a new world in the making. To this scene and this spectacle, Robins brought a mind mature and eager to understand, and a courage ready to accept events whether they developed as he wished them to do or not.

Robins labored against Bolshevism in Petrograd itself. He labored against Bolshevism, and is publicly recorded to have labored against it, all through the period while Russia was making its choice between Kerensky and Lenin. Robins has been consistently and continuously anti-Bolshevik, in America and in Russia; but he saw the failure of our diplomacy in Russia; and he had a chance to perceive the reason, the instructive reason.

He calls it the Indoor Mind.

The Indoor Mind goes to a country like Russia, where 7 per cent of the population had been masters of everything. It finds the 7 per cent swept out of mastery and the 93 per cent in full control, with twelve million rifles in their hands. But it gives itself to the 7 per cent. It gives itself to drawing-rooms, dinner-parties, tea-tables, palaces, boulevard restaurants. There it hears at last about a thing called a Soviet. But what does it hear?

It hears that the Soviet is a deliberately wicked and artificial thing. It hears that the Petrograd Soviet of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, and the Moscow Soviet, and the Irkutsk Soviet, and all the other Soviets springing up at almost every crossroad all over the fifteen hundred miles from Archangel to Odessa and all over the six thousand miles from Kieff to Vladivostok, are produced by the machinations of the agents of the Kaiser. They are a German intrigue. That is what the Indoor Mind hears, and it believes it.

And what turns out to be the fact? The fact, as proved by events subsequent, soon subsequent, turns out to be that these Soviets, instead of being a mere German intrigue, were a tidal wave of irresistible popular emotion, as spontaneous, as Russian, as a folk-song on the Volga.

Never, says Robins, never in this age of emotions of peoples, in this age of movements of populations, will diplomacy be able to deal with foreign politics till it discards the Indoor for the Outdoor Mind.

With this outdoor mind, Raymond Robins watched Lenin seize the power for the proletariat and consolidate that power step by step; and he watched the process with keener understanding and from a surer vantage point than any other agent of official America. Mistakes of judgment he made in interpreting some of his observations, as almost all of us who were correspondents in Petrograd and Moscow at that time agreed. Such a mistake was his conclusion that Russia through the Bolsheviki could be induced to denounce the treaty of Brest-Litovsk if the United States would promise aid. What he did not see was that Russia neither would nor could continue the active struggle against Germany without a breathing space, and that no active struggle could be effective until the newly-conceived Red Army had been recruited and roused to action by such an apparent attack on the Revolution as the Allied Intervention.

What he did see and see clearly, though against his wish, was the submission of the vast majority of the Russian people to the Bolshevik will—passively or actively it mattered not as long as there was no formidable active resistance. What he did see was that if Lenin had taken German gold, he had taken it to use against German and all other imperial and capitalist power in his own good time. Understanding Bolshevism as a definitely conceived social philosophy, and with faith that by competition and comparison with his own philosophy it can not survive, he merely asks that

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it be permitted to prove or disprove its claim to function effectively for humanity.

His transcriber paraphrases him:

> If the Soviet Producers' Republic can outcompete the American system in the economic world, it deserves to win. If it gets outcompeted by us, it will be inexorably obliged to modify itself and remake itself on our model. In the competition of intercourse the American Republic, the American system, has the field in which by merit it can demonstrably and conclusively win and make the Soviet system demonstrably and conclusively lose.

"Bolshevik Russia", Lieutenant Antonelli's narrative, comes as a late but welcome defender of French logic. Somehow, it is not so strange that the wiles of propaganda absorbed our more emotional mentality. The gold brick probably has no counterpart in any another nation's slang. To the French, however, we have always looked for the dispassionate intellect in its most severe, uncompromising perfection. The loss of French savings in the repudiated Russian bonds, on top of the superhuman strain of the war, was too much for all but the most Spartan of Gallic minds.

But in Antonelli, French logic regains its poise. His record, covering almost the same period as that of Robins in point of experience, has a much broader historic background and a more carefully scientific sociological basis, a reflection of his occupation of the chair of political economy at the University of Poitiers before the war. He analyzes with his incisive French mentality the Russian character and finds in it a strong urge toward the "absolute" quality of mind, a love for abstractions in thinking, an intellectual curiosity. He finds, too, a lack of regard for the viewpoint of the individual which is incredible to the Occidental nations—a collective living and thinking which is oriental in nature and which explains many phases of the upheaval.

With the same native realism, he disposes of many of the misconceptions of the Revolution which propaganda has built up. He brushes away the legend of the patriotic nature of the first revolution. He asserts by direction and indirection the flexibility of Bolshevik tactics as a counter to the popular notion of their doctrinaire strictness. He shows again and again how Lenin gains his ends by "adopting a passive attitude, disintegrating the opposing force from within, but avoiding as much as possible open and direct conflict." He bears witness to the immunity of the church in Bolshevik Russia except where the church persists in its allegiance to the tsarist order. He makes clear the helplessness of the middle parties in the nature of the economic and social catastrophe which opened the door to the birth of Bolshevism. He explains the military tyranny of Lenin in the face of Bolshevism's passionate pacifism by showing how class struggle, no matter how violent, is conceived as the only sure path to an ultimately secure peace. He sees the overlapping of authority and the widespread inefficiency which have accompanied the Revolution as proofs to the Russian mind of their newfound freedom. Instead of chafing under the material conditions of life as so many other guests of the Revolution have done, he understands the underlying fact that life goes on long after the normally conceived minimum has been reached and passed. "It seemed as if each one had agreed to make just sufficient effort to prevent the whole from coming to a complete standstill." And again he writes, "It was a case of instinctive ordered incoherence."

In all careful and accurate news-

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gathering, the spirit of history is innate. At least, here are the raw materials of history. It is interesting, therefore, to note the conclusions of so conscientious a recorder of the contemporary scene as Lieutenant Antonelli.

He says early in his narrative:

Perhaps, indeed, unbiased history will have to recognize that by their efforts to keep the masses at least in appearance in the path of a socialistic ideal, they (the Bolsheviki) were the only ones who could have prevented the complete miscarriage of democracy in Russia and the dissipation of the revolutionary movement into a series of ineffectual peasant uprisings.

And in summary:

But whatever the régime of the future may be, in its social and economic structure it will have to take account of the Bolshevist Revolution. It will not be able to reject it all, and either willingly or perforce, it will have to reap a part of the burdensome harvest of obligations sown by that revolution.

...What future? We know not. The times are troubled. No one is the master of events. We can only guess.

For my part, I do not believe that Bolshevism is a system that can survive. You can not build society against culture and intelligence.

The task of Bolshevism has been and remains purely negative. It has made impossible any such return to the past as the weariness of the worthy muzhik confidently expected to find waiting at the door of revolution.

The ground is now levelled. But the materials are not ready and the plan is barely sketched in confusion and in blood. But what of that! It is a recognized truth that the West works in space, the East in time. The future works itself out in the present.

I believe that Bolshevist Russia, if it is not crushed by the "Holy Alliance" of my diplomat, will prepare for humanity the spectacle of a singular democracy, such as the world will not have known until then—a democracy which will not be made up of gradual conquests plucked by shreds from a plutocratic bourgeoisie, but which will build itself up out of the very stuff of the people, a democracy which will not descend from the powerful ones of the people, as in all present forms of society, but which will rise voluntarily and surely from the unorganized and uncultivated folk to an organizing intelligence.

And the experiment, perhaps, will not be without interest.

Both books in style and in intellectual treatment of material are true to the national character of the authors. Robins and Hard speak in the vivid, feverish, concrete staccato of America, Antonelli in the reserve and the calm of France. The latter's story, nevertheless, despite a few inaccuracies in dates and an unfortunate adherence to the French spelling of Russian proper names on the part of the translator, Charles A. Carroll, will appeal to many Americans who are irritated by the flash and the flare of our own journalism.

Raymond Robins' Own Story. By William Hard. Harper and Bros.

Bolshevik Russia. By Etienne Antonelli, translated from the French by Charles A. Carroll. Alfred A. Knopf.

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A SPRING REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

BY ANNIE CARROLL MOORE

Rosy plum-tree, think of me
When Spring comes down the world!
—HILDA CONKLING

LITTLE did we think when we were daring enough to propose a spring review of books for children that we should come upon anything so altogether charming and unusual as Hilda Conkling's "Poems by a Little Girl". Only the other day we had said of modern poetry that it had little to say of childhood or to children. Yet here is a book of poems instinct with the spirit of childhood and so childlike in much of its phrasing as to make a direct and permanent appeal to children and grown people. Moreover, the work is unmistakably that of a child whose nature is rarely understood by the mother to whom the little book is dedicated:

I have a dream for you, Mother,
Like a soft thick fringe to hide your eyes.
I have a surprise for you, Mother,
Shaped like a strange butterfly.
I have found a way of thinking
To make you happy;
I have made a song and a poem
All twisted into one.
If I sing, you listen;
If I think, you know.
I have a secret from everybody in the world full of people
But I cannot always remember how it goes;
It is a song
For you, Mother,
With a curl of cloud and a feather of blue
And a mist
Blowing along the sky.
If I sing it some day, under my voice,
Will it make you happy?

Hilda Conkling lives in Emily Dickinson's country and one recognizes the flowers and grass, the birds and butterflies, the trees, the sky and something of the star shine. Hilda has just passed her ninth birthday and ever since she was a very little girl she has "told" her songs and verses to her mother, who wrote them down without Hilda's knowledge. Those who have had intimate and continuous knowledge of children in whom the poetic instinct and feeling for language were strong between the ages of four and six, will feel the universality of these earlier verses:

There's dozens full of dandelions
Down in the field.
Little gold plates,
Little gold dishes in the grass,
I cannot count them
But the fairies know every one.

Sparkle up, little tired flower
Leaning in the grass!
Did you find the rain of night
Too heavy to hold?

There is going to be the sound of bells and murmuring.
This is the brook dance;
There is going to be sound of voices,
And the smallest will be the brook;
It is the song of water
You will hear.

Fairies and the Sandman appear and reappear in earlier and later verses. The play spirit of music, art,

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and literature finds its way out-of-doors. There is a lovely dream of fairies on the mountain tops, reminiscent of Allingham's Fairies. "I went to sea in a glass-bottomed boat" is so perfect a description as to make one wonder whether it is composed from a dream or out of a real experience. Was ever geography made so fascinating?

GEOGRAPHY

I can tell balsam trees
By their grayish bluish silverish look of smoke.
Pine trees fringe out.
Hemlocks look like Christmas.
The spruce tree is feathered and rough
Like the legs of the red chickens in our poultry yard.
I can study my geography from chickens
Named for Plymouth Rock and Rhode Island,
And from trees out of Canada.
No; I shall leave the chickens out.
I shall make a new geography of my own.
I shall have a hillside of spruce and hemlock
Like a separate country,
And I shall mark a walk of spires on my map,
A secret road of balsam trees
With blue buds.
Trees that smell like a wind out of fairy-land
Where little people live
Who need no geography
But trees.

In her informing and appreciative introduction to "Poems by a Little Girl", Amy Lowell has paid warm tribute to "the stuff and essence of poetry that this book contains", to Hilda Conkling's power of observation and gift of imagination, and to the tact and understanding of her mother. She admits Hilda goes to school, but warns instructors to keep "hands off" and gives thanks that Hilda has never been "for hours at a time in contact with an elementary intelligence".

We read the introduction after we had read the poems because we wanted to know what we thought about the book and its author from quite a different standpoint. We have been haunted ever since by persistent memories in word or phrase of the children of an East Side public school in New York City, a school as rarely fortunate in its principal whose love of beautiful English and good music has pervaded it for many years, as Hilda Conkling in her remarkable mother. These poems belong by every natural right to such children and to all children, but we would like to pass on the book without the portrait of Hilda Conkling which is to appear as a frontispiece and without other introduction than a simple foreword written by Hilda's mother. Such treatment, in our judgment, would go far toward answering some of the questions Miss Lowell has raised concerning authorship in childhood, and creating a more understanding conception of the difference between *teaching* and *educating* children in any environment.

Miss Lowell has well said that Hilda Conkling is "subconscious" rather than "self-conscious". We think the chances are good that she will remain so if the incentive to good work is held steadily behind the poetic endowment in her own experience and in that of her less gifted contemporaries, who will be the true appraisers of her work in years to come.

While we were still lingering so delightedly over "Poems by a Little Girl" as not to care who wrote them or why, we received proofs of an enlarged American edition of Marie L. Shedlock's "Eastern Stories and Legends", which is to be published in the late spring or early summer, and read with a new sense of its meaning the beautiful story of the Banyan Deer.

In rearranging and expanding this selection of stories from the Buddha Rebirths, Miss Shedlock has wisely freed the book from limitations, which in the earlier edition gave it too much the appearance of a text-book to look readable. In so doing she has preserved the classical rendering and the eastern point of view of one of the

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foremost of Oriental scholars—Rhys Davids—who wrote the foreword to the collection and assisted her personally in getting the atmosphere of the stories.

The notes for teachers, which now appear at the back of the book, are charged with the same wisdom, clarity of expression, and recognition of the power of a dramatic rather than a didactic presentation, which characterize Miss Shedlock's treatment of storytelling in "The Art of the Storyteller"—a book that May Sinclair says should be on the desk of every writer of stories. It is, we consider, the best book on the subject of storytelling and contains a fine selection of stories from authoritative sources. Miss Shedlock first became known in America through her dramatic interpretation of the stories of Hans Christian Andersen, some twenty years ago. Since then, she has become more familiarly known in her own country, the United States, and Canada, as "The Fairy Godmother". She has recently returned to England after five years of storytelling in this country and in Canada; and the revision and enlargement of the "Eastern Stories and Legends" grew out of her experiences of telling "The Tree Spirit", "The True Spirit of a Festival Day", "The Earth is Falling In" and other stories from the collection, to audiences of children and grown people.

We know of no book we can so confidently recommend to persons who insist upon stories with an ethical significance. "These stories of the 'Buddha Rebirths' ", says the editor, "are not for one age or one country, but for all time, and for the whole world. Their philosophy might be incorporated into the tenets of faith of a League of Nations without destroying any national forms of religious teaching." In its new and more attractive form the book should appeal to a wide circle of readers, including boys and girls in their teens.

From England there has recently come as a gift from Ethel Sidgwick to the Children's Room of the New York Public Library, an "Ancient Mappe of Fairyland", newly discovered and set forth by Bernard Sleigh.

This unique map is in color, measuring five feet or more in length by about twenty inches. Children and grown people are completely fascinated by it. "Isn't it great?" exclaimed a boy of twelve. "There's Rockabye Baby square on the treetop, The Three Blind Mice, Humpty Dumpty sitting on that long wall, and down here are King Arthur's Knights, the Sea King's Palace, Dreamland Harbour, and the Argonauts. There's the Rainbow Bridge, Hansel and Gretel—everything and everybody you ever read about in Mother Goose, Fairy Tales, or Mythology."

We are showing this map on a long table covered with glass. It might, of course, be shown on the wall, although not quite so effectively. A map of Fairyland should prove of great interest to schools as well as to libraries.

With an advance set of the beautiful color plates from Italian Primitives, illustrating Mrs. Richard Henry Dana's "The Story of Jesus", reviewed in the December BOOKMAN, comes assurance that this book, which is to be sold by subscription, will be available in April. The American edition of Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc", promised in January, has not yet appeared, and no date is now stated by its publishers.

Dorothy Canfield's "History of France for Young Folks" is again postponed. "Hero Stories of France" by Eva March Tappan is announced as a spring publication, and although we have not seen the text, we are con-

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fident that Miss Tappan has made a contribution to our limited resources in the history of France.

Histories of the Pilgrims are making their way from the presses of more than one publisher, but we have not read any of them. We hope to find one of more lively interest to children than Roland Usher's of last year.

We may as well make open confession that from this point on we have read none of the books we mention or fail to mention, since we have had no opportunity to see them, even in galleys. De Wolfe Howe, on a recent visit, described very graphically "A Little Gateway to Science" by Edith M. Patch, who is, he says, "a trained entomologist endowed with a charming gift of writing for children." The twelve sketches of six-footed insects which make up this book are illustrated by Robert T. Sim. Mr. Howe has promised to send proofs of this book and of "Americans by Adoption", a volume of biographical sketches of eminent Americans by Joseph Husband. The latter book for "more mature readers, but still young, is designed especially for use in connection with the Americanization work now going on throughout the country."

James Willard Schultz has entered the field of Boy Scout stories with "In the Great Apache Forest". The book is announced as an Indian story, a Boy Scout story, a Forest Service story and a war story of today—all in one. We shall be interested to see how Mr. Schultz meets the demands of the situation. We are about to read Ellis Parker Butler's "Swatty; A Story of Two Real Boys" and Forrest Reid's "Pirates of the Spring", which are not classified as juveniles in the spring bulletin of their publishers, but are concerned with boy life. William Heyliger's "Don Strong American" is the third and final volume in the series to which it belongs.

Edmund L. Pearson has written a "Life of Roosevelt" to appear in "The True Stories of Great Americans Series".

Margaret Ashmun and Joslyn Gray have each written a new story for girls. We have no clue as to what these books are about. Thornton Burgess called one day on his way to the Philadelphia Book Fair and gave an interesting forecast of his book about animals, which is to appear as a companion volume to "The Burgess Bird Book". The illustrations are to be made by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, and the book promises to fill an everyday need not supplied to this generation by "Wood's Natural History". Mr. Burgess reminded us that as none of his animals ever come to a tragic end and his stories are written without effort or boredom on his part, we may expect them to flow on and on. "Bowser, the Hound" is the title of a volume announced for publication this spring.

"Why announce a spring review of children's books when children's books are published in the fall—too late very often for review before Christmas?" A critical reader of the circular announcing the new Juvenile Department of THE BOOKMAN asked this question last July. To which we then replied that we liked the sight and the sound and the idea of a spring review of children's books. Moreover, we had been pursued for years by constant and persistent inquiries for new books for children at Easter and just before the summer holidays. We had never seen such a spring review as we then pictured writing, but we thought it worth trying, at least once—just for the fun of the thing. "Are we down-hearted?" Not in the

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least, although our telephone has responded like a Ouija board to "traditions of the trade". Why, we have asked, should we go on treating children's books like Christmas toys? Why shouldn't more of them be published in the spring and accorded more individual consideration as *books*, then, and at other seasons of the year? We are not in the least convinced by any of the reasons given for sustaining the present system. It holds too many limitations for authors, artists, readers, librarians, booksellers, and publishers who are interested in a larger distribution and a freer, more intelligent use of children's books in our own country and in other countries.

That the holiday trade will continue to hold its place as a big factor in the production of books for children in this country and in England, we have no doubt. That it should continue to dominate and restrict the field of writing, illustrating, and distribution of books, for children and young people in the twentieth century, is inconceivable in the face of new conditions and relationships with other countries and a larger understanding of our own needs and the power of books—real books—to interpret and satisfy them. The expression of our interest in foreign affairs and in economics and industrial problems has been too exclusively the concern of text-books, with all the limitations imposed upon the text-book from time immemorial. The bulk of publications for the use of children and young people in the late winter and early spring takes the form of text-books. The reason for this is obvious, but there is a larger interest at stake and we would urge its claim—the inculcation of a love of reading for its own sake by exposure to books at all times and seasons.

A few weeks ago we were asked by the American Ambassador to Brazil to select five or six hundred books to be used as the nucleus of a library in a school in Rio de Janeiro. The school was already supplied with text-books; the children attending it were of American and English parentage. *Real books* were wanted, with an emphasis on the pictorial in the best sense of the word. The books chosen must range in their appeal from a liberal supply of picture books for the little children, to such books as Captain Scott's "Last Expedition" and Hudson Stuck's "Ten Thousand Miles With a Dog Sled" for boys of fifteen.

Many of the books we wanted to recommend were out of print. For many countries and characters there is no illuminating literature in print for children and young people. Whenever we are asked to evaluate a selection of children's books to be sent out of the country, we realize afresh how little we have to offer in travel, history, and biography; how deadly dull many of these books are and how great is the need of the children of our own land for just such books as we are trying to find for children in South America, Norway, Sweden, France, or Belgium. These countries, and still more distant ones, are asking

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Poems by a Little Girl. By Hilda Conkling. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Eastern Stories and Legends. By Marie L. Shedlock. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Art of the Storyteller. By Marie L. Shedlock. D. Appleton and Co.

An Ancient Mappe of Fairyland. Designed by Bernard Sleigh. Sidgwick and Jackson.

The Story of Jesus. By Mrs. Richard Henry Dana, Jr. Marshall Jones Co.

Hero Stories of France. By Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A Little Gateway to Science. By Edith M. Patch. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

Americans by Adoption. By Joseph Husband. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

In the Great Apache Forest. By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Don Strong American. By William Heyliger. D. Appleton and Co.

Theodore Roosevelt. By Edmund L. Pearson. The Macmillan Co.

Bowser, the Hound. By Thornton W. Burgess. Little, Brown and Co.

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some very important questions when their educators and ambassadors take time to concern themselves with the selection of books for children. They ask for books to "enlarge the understanding, deepen the sympathies and with a strong appeal to the imagination of children". Such questions cannot be answered by holiday announcements nor by primers of information. It is going to take a long time to answer them wisely and well. Hope lies in the multiplication of such responses as this which has just reached us from a well-known publishing house: "You may certainly count upon our interest and cooperation in bringing out books of value to children of all countries."

THE UNWRITTEN THINGS

BY PAUL SIMON

A FEW days ago I swept my garret clean. For the revelations that followed I was totally unprepared, for I had forgotten that once, in those days when I was indifferent whether or not my bread was buttered, I had essayed to mark my name in imperishable ink on the scroll of literature. There, in a neglected corner, covered over with many years' accumulation of dust, lay scattered bits of paper, in varied degrees of tatters and decay, scrawled over with the attempted beginnings of verses, synopses of plots, titles for essays, suggestions for dramas; a mass of newspaper clippings in which my youthful imagination had seen the suggestions for satires, novels, and epics of the first magnitude, but from which all meaning had now fled. Indeed, as one closely-scrawled sheet of paper testified, I had already begun to map my autobiography, so confident was I that the world would accept me at my own glorified estimate. These tattered scraps of paper now presented themselves to me as unfulfilled promissory notes; promises which I had hoped to fulfil in rich and rare moments of intense literary fecundity but that had now to be ignored. Yet as I looked upon those unwritten poems and epics and dramas and novels and the autobiography, I seemed to be without regret for that dead past, or rather, for that future which never came, for these dreams against which need and the death of inspiration and faith had so successfully conspired. I began to wonder if these pretentious aspirations, as I now regard them, had stood in the way to an approximation of achievement, or whether they had impelled me to go even as far as I had already traversed. Nevertheless, the rebuke of the unfulfilled future was heavy upon me....

The sight of these bits of paper led me to reflections which soothed me,

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though they did not flatter me, and in these reflections the seeming contradictory elements of my life appeared to be resolved into unity.

Life (ever since I had begun to live it on my own account) had been for me a continuous and unbroken search for hack-work, sometimes well paid, sometimes poorly paid. I was not a freelance for I could not count on enough literary assignments to carry me on. So that, strange as it may be, these assignments by contrast came to be a relief from the drudgery by which I earned my wage or salary. I noticed that editors were pleased with the promptitude and care with which I submitted my work, but few and very far between were those comments which noted my brilliance, or my penetration, or my literary charm, or my capacity for allusion—qualities on the possession of which I prided myself. I was, it appeared, a useful hack, to be depended upon and serving a purpose in these days of literary overproduction and consequently easier accessibility to the printed page. I was one of the horde of useful anonymities and the greater part of my task consisted in writing down (or up) to the level of the publications to which, as I liked to observe in company, I "contribute". But even in these hack labors, I managed to put something of that part of me that I had reserved for those epics and poems and novels and dramas and that autobiography. I was not sorry. I was a craftsman and nothing more. I seemed to take a compensatory pride in the fact that I was a craftsman (even if a minor one); that I was, unlike some aspiring acquaintances of mine, well fed and well clothed. I recognize now, if I did not before, that I wrote out of desire, and later, out of need, rather than out of impulse. The stream of my thought stopped flowing long ago, having been dried up in absorption in literary hack-work. So that, strange as it may seem, I am sometimes forced to quote from my past work. But, having got the reputation among my friends of being some sort of a writer and having achieved several flashes in the pan, I had to continue in the groove which I had so stupidly dug for myself, and I shall be forced to walk in it until the day of emancipation or until death, perhaps.

I know a poet for whom envy and pity contend within me. And sometimes I feel that my pity is assumed to save my face in the inevitable comparison to which I subject myself when a brighter literary star comes within my ken. I pity this poet (or appear to do so) because of his improvidence, his unwillingness or inability to compromise with life as well (or as shamefully) as I have. He has made himself a pathetic physical wreck and yet I envy him the possession of that strong moral purpose which sustains him. I envy him, I think, because he realizes, though not in the originally conceived splendor, the person that I had hoped to be. The beautiful thrill of achievement is denied to me. It is vouchsafed to him. For me there is no higher thrill now than the small satisfaction at observing the increase, by $5 and $10 and $20 sums, of a rather meagre bank account. . . .

I well remember the time when a friend, reproaching my poet-acquaintance for his neglect of himself, suggested that he work at some regular employment for some part of the day and then dream his dreams and write his poems. "I am an artist," he answered, and his face took on the beauty of determination and the glow of a high intention. I remember that

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I smiled in a kind of worldly disdain. That was proof certain (as I now look back upon the incident) that I was no longer the person who once wrote suggestions for poems and epics and novels and dramas with the serious intention of fulfilling those suggestions. And in this connection I remember the advice of a friend who, as if to reproach me for my *bourgeois* sense of satisfaction and to remind me of my literary sterility, suggested: "Go and live in a garret and maybe, then, you may be able to achieve a masterpiece."

Sometimes in reflecting upon the discrepancy between my feeble accomplishments and my hectic promises, and in an effort to defend myself against the accusations implicit in suggestions such as the foregoing, I try to find consolation in the assurance that, after all, criticism is not on a plane below creation but is simply an unrecognized department of creation. But I know, at the bottom of my heart, that the consolation is cheap and unsatisfying because, to me, at least, it is not true. But still, even as hope springs eternal in the human breast, I feel that not all of my past has died in me. I like to think of a passage in Stevenson because it offers a consolation I cannot give myself. It goes as follows:

> *It is said that a poet died young in the breast* of the most stolid. It may be contended rather that a (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it in which he dwells delighted.

And that golden chamber is my library, most precious among my possessions, in which I see my own dreams take form and color and in which they have achieved immortality even if at other hands.

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THE LONDONER

Charles Garvice and A. H. Bullen—Popularity and Snobbery—English lecturers in America—Lewis Hind—Ernest Rhys—E. V. Lucas—a new biography of Hazlitt—Chekhov's Letters and Plays.

LONDON, *March* 1, 1920.

THE past month has seen the death of two literary men of very different kinds, both of whom, however, were of singular interest to the observer of the curious tribe. I refer to Charles Garvice and A. H. Bullen. Bullen was a scholar, who cared principally for old books and old authors, who knew about as much about the Elizabethans as it is possible for a man to know, and who read their works when most of us were worrying about writers of a more modern cast. His most famous performance was, of course, the discovery of Campion, whose lyrics he collected from all sorts of song-books and made into a respectable life-work for a representative Elizabethan poet. Bullen also delved further, as his several anthologies sufficiently indicate. That is, he went right outside the accepted writers of a great age, and brought to light the delicate masterpieces of others no less notable who had been neglected by those who keep to the high road of any period and specialize without any sensitiveness and without any enterprise. I have known only one man who was intimately acquainted with Bullen, but this man was one of the best living critics of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists, and to hear him speak of Bullen was a delight. He spoke as one speaks of a master in the field in which one is laboriously adventuring as an amateur. No testimony could be finer.

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Bullen resembled Mark Twain in personal appearance, and was a jolly man with a taste for his meals and for conversation upon the lavish scale. He was popular with men who never opened a book, but he was most popular with those who could relish his extraordinary fund of knowledge and anecdote. He was, in books, a "rich" man, who loved the ripe and the hearty fruits of the Elizabethan genius. He was not a Puritan, but was attracted to the age he made his own by its fulness and its rich color. At its best, the Elizabethan writing is like wine, and it was wine to Bullen. Nothing was dry to him, nothing tedious or trivial; because his mind was so well-stored that he could not be made dull by long lines and long words, but found in all he touched that quality of wisdom and beauty which distinguishes any writer who is first of all a man, and not a teetotal eunuch.

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The other literary man who died last month is a more popular figure, and many would say that he had no connection with literature at all. He

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resembled the late Nat Gould in the fact that he had a great English public, and that the "high-brows" preferred to ignore his existence. I refer to Charles Garvice. I do not know if Americans ever read his works. I have never seen any reference to him in an American paper. But he was, so to speak, cradled in the United States, for his earliest success was as a writer of "dime" novels. The story is told here that he was for years a poorly-paid contributor of serials to a penny weekly, which bought his tales at so much per thousand words and thereby became sole owner of the copyright. Later, this paper fell into low water, and came on to the market. Garvice, seeing with genius an opportunity, invested in the purchase of this paper the money he had won in a prize competition, recovered the copyright in all the stories he had written for serial purposes, and proceeded to put them upon the market as mental food for the servant girls of England. The vogue these books had was marvelous. They were read by the thousand. Servant girls read them, it is true, but only as human beings, and not merely as servant girls. Human beings, in fact, belonging to every class read them with gusto. They might pretend not to read them—it became the correct thing to sneer at them;—but they read them all the same, and this in spite of the fact that they were extraordinarily simple and free from the sensational and erotic motifs which generally account for large popular success. Garvice became a rich man. He became a noticeably rich man. His books sold better, probably, than the books of any other author that England has ever produced. The first time I ever saw him he was pointed out to me by a successful author in the envious words: "Look at that chap. He's got the biggest public in England." I still remember with pride that my instant incredulous reply was: *"Not CHARLES GARVICE!"*

Garvice once said to my friend: "I know I write slush, but I sell in thousands to your hundreds!"—this with simple pride, and without vainglory or sense of superiority, but with the dignity of ancient blood.

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Garvice did not look like a novelist. He did not look like an old man. You would have thought his figure that of a farmer of fifty or so, in specially good health, robust and cheery. There is no reason why an author, particularly a successful author, should be pallid and lank, and I do not know many of that variety; but Garvice was altogether remarkable. I leave it to others to say the obvious thing, that he was not an author at all. In point of fact, there is a good deal to be said for him. He wrote English, or so I believe; and nobody could assert that his nearest rival in sale, Nat Gould, wrote anything approaching English. Nat Gould was a writer of and for the stable, and in the stable one does not look for literary polish. Moreover, Nat Gould looked an old man, whereas Garvice was sixty-nine and you would never have supposed him anything like that age.

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This question of popularity versus quality is an insoluble one. There is absolutely no reason for the taunts of either party, and yet one would imagine that it was criminal to write a book which sells in millions or a book which sells indifferently. It is not criminal. All writers who sell well are not Dickenses. Nor are they necessarily contemptible. Similarly, all writers who fail to sell are not literary

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geniuses whose work is in advance of public taste. Literary snobbery is just as futile and objectionable as the snobbery that judges by worldly success, and it should be repressed by all who have the welfare of letters at heart. As it is, every poor fool who sells two or three hundred copies of a novel is comforted by the belief that he is not appreciated by a bovine and contemptible public simply because he is "too good". I have heard one of the most intelligent persons of my acquaintance say of a writer, "He won't succeed. He's too good." And that writer has just succeeded. It is all nonsense. As I may have said before, there are all sorts of publics, and what does not please one of them may please another. Sometimes it may happen that a man may please several publics, and then there is what is called a furore. Very good: why pretend that there is anything strange about failure or success? Why ignore the fact that there is a large element of luck in all success, and all failure? The popular tale of the success of R. D. Blackmore is that the stupid public thought the title "Lorna Doone" had some reference to the Marquis of Lorne and his popular young bride. It may be so; but if the stupid public had not liked the book the mistake regarding its title would soon have been found out—in two minutes' fingering at the library counter—and the novel would have sunk to its former oblivion, and with added ignominy.

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You may take it from me that what makes a book sell is the fact that it pleases. And you can also take it from me that when a book pleases there is something in it which is original, though it may be only sin. The worst sin of all, of course, is not original at all, but is sheeplike; and that is the rush to read a book because everybody else is reading it. This accounts for all booms, popular or literary. When a book has the popular rush, one sees the complete nonsense of it. When it gets the snob rush, when all the pretentious people in a single class go to the libraries and bookshops and demand it because it is the right thing to do, that is the worst thing of all. The snobs are no more sensible, no more full of taste than the others. They are only better bred. They have different conversational gambits, and they say, as the man did in "She Stoops to Conquer", "Damn anything that's *low!*" But there is no essential difference in the character of the success. The sole difference is in the class and number of readers who are caught by the prevailing wind.

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All sorts of English writers seem to be in the United States explaining exactly what literary principles should be applied to modern English writers and artists; and I am quite sure that when these lecturers have attractive personalities they are welcomed with gratitude wherever they go. But it should be easier to observe, in the native of another country, the difference between what is genuine and what is simply the carry-over from a prevailing wind from the man's mother country. Americans are bound in the first place to take these men at a ready-made valuation. It is inevitable. Before long, however, the relentless tide of personal judgment sets in. Very well, what happens? Personal judgment is the only thing that counts in the long run. Hence success and failure. Hence the marvelous mystery which makes men go on and succeed where they have earlier failed with ignominy. It is all good, but the only

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thing that matters is for a man to do what he believes to be the thing that is nearest to his hand.

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I did not mean to get back to the moralizing tack, but to make a few remarks upon the lecturers who are now in America, or who will shortly be there. Some of these, such as Blasco Ibáñez, Walpole, Ervine, and Sassoon, I have already mentioned in former letters; but I am told of several others who are hovering over the United States, and it is just as well that American readers should know what these men have done in England. First of all, then, I notice Lewis Hind. Hind is a strange fellow who has had a long and very interesting career. He has been for many years a writer upon art, but at one time he had a vogue as the writer of a couple of volumes of prose-poetical impressions called, I seem to remember, "Things Seen" and "One Thing and Another". The contents of both these volumes came out week by week about twenty years ago in "The Academy", which at that period Hind was editing. I fancy they were a little like Turgenev's "Dream Tales", but some of them were merely impressions of incidents, and had no allegorical or poetical meaning. It is so long ago that I am inclined to forget the books. Hind also wrote an extraordinary work which purported to be a sort of novel and was in reality an introduction to the history and theory of pictorial art.

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His best work, unquestionably, was his editorship of "The Academy". On the staff of that paper he gathered a number of remarkable young men who had "views" upon literature. Lionel Johnson, Wilfred Whitten, Charles Kennett Burrow, and Arnold Bennett were among them. Bennett used to deal with the novels, and the first work of his I ever saw was a review or article signed "E. A. B." He contributed highly expert and extremely brilliant surveys of "The Year's Fiction". The others each took their share in what was to me a weekly critical journal wholly righteous in tone, however erratic may have been some of its judgments. You cannot have a team of young enthusiasts and expect each member of it to speak exactly like all the others. The tone was always individual and I should say fearless, and that is a tremendous thing in literary journalism. Arnold Bennett's "The Truth about an Author" was serialized, anonymously, in "The Academy".

Whether Ernest Rhys, another visitor to the States, ever wrote for "The Academy" I do not know. He has always been a good journalist, and did some excellent work in editing for J. M. Dent a charming little series entitled "The Lyric Poets". This series owed something to its delightful format; but Rhys's editorial work was altogether admirable. And then, very much later, came "Everyman's Library". This colossal enterprise was the work practically of Rhys and Dent in collaboration, because while Dent obviously was responsible for the economies in production which made publication at such a low price possible, the wide range of the volumes could only have been schemed with the advice of a man of such taste and practical acquaintance with literature as Rhys. To him, therefore, we owe some of the most remarkable, and some of the most valuable volumes in the collection—those volumes which give it a distinction which mere cheapness and quantity could never impart. Besides doing all this work, Rhys is a poet. He is a poet distinctively of

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the "celtic" tradition, for he is a Welshman, and the legends of his native country have always had an irresistible attraction for him as subject-matter. In personality he is extremely quiet and modest; but his quietness must not be mistaken for coldness.

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Another man who has left England, though whether he will reach America or not I do not yet know, is E. V. Lucas. I am told that at the present moment he is in India, where I wish I was with him, in the warm. His journey is described as a tour of the world. If so, he can hardly, one would think, omit the United States, where I know he has very many warm admirers. I always think that the best picture of Lucas's character is to be found in Bennett's "Books and Persons", but I have not the reference at hand at the moment, as all my books are in store. As a writer, Lucas has delightful charm. As a personality, he has a kind of mischievous cruelty in his dissection of humanity. And, as Bennett says, "dig a little deeper, and you will probably encounter rock." All which does not prevent Lucas from being one of the most charming writers in the world, and extremely good company. He is also the author of the authoritative life of Charles Lamb.

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Talking of Lamb reminds me that there is to appear this year a book for which there has long been a pressing need. I use this term relatively, but in earnest. I refer to a good biography of Hazlitt. Stevenson was going to write a biography, but one day, it is suggested, he read the "Liber Amoris", and was too disgusted with the character of his hero to proceed. The suggestion is made only by Augustine Birrell, and so I hope it does not represent the exact truth. Birrell wrote a volume on Hazlitt for the English Men of Letters Series, but he was all the time hampered in his work by manifest lack of sympathy with Hazlitt. That sort of thing does not produce a good study, and while there have been lives and lives of all sorts of other people of that fascinating period, Hazlitt has been looked on askance. Any mud that could be thrown at him through readings and misreadings of Crabb Robinson's spiteful diary, published and unpublished, through a perversion of the facts related in the "Liber Amoris", through the disgusting venom of the contemporary writers in "Blackwood's Magazine", has been collected and heaved with joy by Puritans who like to believe about a man what they hardly dare hint. I hope the new book will dispel all these nauseating legends, for which there is no foundation. I hope it will lead men of this day to read Hazlitt in greater strength, for Hazlitt is one of the great writers of the nineteenth century, and his criticism is full of value for us. It is a great pity that the big collected edition of Waller and Glover is now out of print. A good complete cheap edition of Hazlitt would have immense usefulness for the student of our literature. His life of Napoleon ought also to be reprinted. Perhaps the biography which is coming will stimulate publishers and readers to decent activity in this matter. The approach of the Napoleonic centenary would give the book more than usual moment.

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The author of the new biography is P. P. Howe, a young critic who wrote before the war critical studies of Synge and Shaw, and a very distin-

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guished book of studies of modern dramatists entitled "Dramatic Portraits". Howe will be remembered in America, as he visited the States some seven or eight years ago. During the war he saw a good deal of service on the western front, and his military activities interrupted the progress of the book on Hazlitt, begun early in 1914. The book is now approaching completion, and I believe it will be published in the autumn of this year. I know that the author has put an enormous amount of original research into the work, which will be a hefty affair, possibly in two volumes.

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I have been reading Chekhov's Letters during the last few days. I expect they are now on the market in America, and if so I commend them to all who care two pins for literature. The man who first led me to get hold of the book was H. W. Massingham, the editor of that rather persistently gloomy weekly, the (English) "Nation". He said the letters cheered him up. Well, they really do much more. They stimulate one. They make the reader feel that he is in genuinely personal contact with a man about ten times more *real* than are most men. And to other writers Chekhov's words about the art he so consummately practised will come as utterances biblical in their authenticity. It is a very remarkable book, which I am savoring (I believe that is the right word) with delight. I went the other evening to see one of Chekhov's plays performed. I do not know whether Americans are permitted to see these things; but if so I can only hope that they see them better produced than any Chekhov play has been produced as yet in England. Lugubriousness is all very well; but the actors and actresses are always made to hang their heads and moan and pop in the most ludicrous way. They crawl on and off the stage as if Russia were the home of the type "Uriah Heep". They remain petrified at some disgusting sight the nature of which is never revealed to the audience. And any attempt to give the play homogeneity is abandoned with the first word spoken. It is as though, having undertaken to prepare a pudding, a cook were suddenly to hate puddings and to do all she could to make others hate them also. I cannot understand why it is that if one wants to produce Chekhov, one thereupon should undertake the task as though it were the most distasteful duty in the world. If it is that, why do it at all? No wonder poor William Archer is puzzled to know what there is to admire in Chekhov's drama. If I had not read the plays I should wonder also. If America has a producer who understands Chekhov, I wish he would come to England and show us the way to put him intelligibly on the stage.

SIMON PURE

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WOMEN OF MARK AND THEIR EDUCATION

BY R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

SOME years ago, when present at a large woman's-suffrage meeting in England, I was much struck by an assertion made from the platform by a young male enthusiast of the women's cause to the effect that no woman had ever been a great composer of music, although for generations past musical training had been common among women, while on the other hand, England's two greatest rulers had both been women. What the young man, carried away by his enthusiasm for the political enfranchisement of women, was, I imagine, attempting to prove, was that, whereas no amount of education and training could ever make artists of women, their natural political sagacity was so great that they were nothing less than born electors. In his eagerness to prove women's fitness to vote he did not hesitate to draw attention to their total lack of achievement in an art in which they have been given every opportunity to excel and one which has always been considered as peculiarly a woman's province.

It has always been one of the chief contentions of the feminists that women, when accorded the same educational facilities as men, will present to the world achievements in all fields equal to those of men; and the plea of defective education has been their invariable excuse when meeting the charge of the comparative literary and artistic ineffectiveness of women.

Speaking broadly, the higher education has been open to women in England for almost fifty years or so. Two generations of women who have availed themselves of its advantages have come—and gone. And in the field of literature in England, there has as yet appeared no woman master-writer as a product of this higher education: no Jane Austen, no Charlotte Brontë, no Emily Brontë, and no George Eliot—who all of them lived or did their work before the dawn of the movement. George Eliot was, of course, a monument of learning, but though educated in passable schools, her scholarship was acquired after her schooldays were over. It was George Henry Lewes and no university, who encouraged, fostered, and developed her brilliant gifts. The pale, earnest, and bespectacled young women from Girton and Newnham would probably smile derisively at both the quality and quantity of Jane Austen's erudition, but nevertheless the women's colleges have not by any stretch of imagination given to England her equal. And the unhappy Brontës, those three astonishing sisters, had an education which almost constituted a lack of education as we commonly understand the word. The pinnacle of Charlotte's scholastic training was the short space

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of time spent as a pupil-teacher in a girls' school in Brussels; was it, one wonders, the erudition she absorbed while there or her unhappy love for her Belgian schoolmaster, married and indifferent to it, which proved the greater influence on her work as a novelist and the greater incentive to her genius?

Turning to France, we find a really remarkable array of gifted women who made their mark on their times and two or three who left it on history. France, indeed, is aglow with the brilliance of her women, but none are the products of the higher education; it is notorious that the demand for the educational and political equality of the sexes has been nothing so insistent there as in the Anglo-Saxon countries. Madame Curie is, of course, a Frenchwoman by marriage though Polish by birth, and it is fair to assume that she largely owes her scientific eminence to her training; but apart from this solitary example, it is difficult to name offhand any other Frenchwoman of mark who in any degree owed her position whether in literature, politics, or society to what would today be considered as a first-class education.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, the original of the heroine of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter", and known as the writer of those burning and tumultuous love-letters which have made her a figure in the literary history of France, was an illegitimate child, home-taught and poverty-stricken, but she wrote the famous letters to the Comte de Guilbert and became the most popular and certainly the most romantic of the famous eighteenth century *salonières* of Paris. She was the friend and adviser of d'Alembert and Condorcet and that host of brilliant Frenchmen of pre-Revolutionary France; but it was no college or university which imparted to her her mental gifts, for she herself explicitly informs us how she came to be what she was: "Voyez quelle éducation j'ai reçue; Madame du Deffand—car pour l'esprit elle doit être citée—le président Hénault, l'Abbé Bon, l'archevêque de Toulouse, celui d'Aix, M. Turgot, M. d'Alembert, l'Abbé de Boismont, M. de Mora. Voilà les gens qui m'ont appris à parler, à penser et qui ont daigné me compter pour quelque chose." ("The education I have received is as follows: Madame du Deffand—for as regards the forming of my intelligence her name must be mentioned—President Hénault, the Abbé Bon, the Archbishops of Toulouse and Aix, M. Turgot, M. d'Alembert, the Abbé de Boismont, M. de Mora. These are the people who have taught me to speak and think and who were good enough to consider me as worth while.") Just some half-dozen men and one woman of her world; no college, no school.

Moving onward a few years we come to the heroic figure of a far greater than the broken-hearted Julie de Lespinasse—the famous Madame Roland. It is true that like George Eliot she was learned and that as a small child the *bourgeois* of her neighborhood pointed her out to their daughters as the most studious little girl in Paris, but a convent with nuns as teachers and her little bedroom, where for hours together she read and dreamed, were her only universities. Her library consisted of a few dusty, dirty old books that she had unearthed from among the possessions of her father, an engraver and working-jeweler: the Bible (which, she has informed posterity, she enjoyed "because it expresses itself as crudely as a medical book") and Voltaire's "Candide" were

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among the favorite literary treasures of this little eight-year-old. But this self-taught little girl became the woman who, as the wife of Roland, minister of the Interior, was the inspirer of the Girondin party, and was actually responsible for the drafting of many of her husband's official documents, while her authorship of the famous Mémoires entitles her to a place in the literary history of her country. It is hardly possible that any college-trained woman can ever play a greater rôle in history than was played right on to the scaffold by this, in our sense, uneducated woman, and it is equally impossible to believe that had Madame Roland been college-trained, she could ever have been more than she was.

And that other daughter of the French Revolution, though happily not like Madame Roland its victim—the astounding Madame de Staël. I am not sure where or how Madame de Staël was educated; to have been the daughter of Necker and of Madame Necker, once the beloved of Gibbon of "The Decline and Fall" fame, must have been a whole education in itself, although probably not of the variety clamored for by the feminists. We know that as a small child in Paris she was accustomed to listening to the conversation of her father's brilliant guests and that they, in turn, found amusement in talking to the ugly, precocious, and intensely emotional little daughter of the house. Yet with such an irregular education as hers seems to have been, this woman achieved a European reputation and without the advantages that exist today as aids to the building up of renown. She was a novelist and a wit, a philosopher, stateswoman and patriot; and if a higher education could have made her more, then it is a mercy for her contemporaries that she escaped it and consequently they its effects, for that more would frankly have made her unendurable. Such an education might have had an elevating influence on her morals, but here it is only proposed to consider the influence of education on talent and not on morals. Her novels "Delphine" and "Corinne" were hailed as masterpieces, and when she paid her second visit to England she was considered by some as the greatest female writer of any age or country. This opinion has not been endorsed by posterity, but her dazzling personality, which wrote, talked, argued, philosophized, and screamed itself into fame, has left an enduring mark on the literary history of her country.

If Madame de Staël's novels have not lived, it is certain that George Sand's will, or at all events, those dealing with the rustic life of France, such as "François le Champi" and "La Petite Fadette". But according to the common meaning of the word, George Sand had no education at all. During her early childhood while living in her beloved Berri, her chief occupation was merely to run wild, and she had no more inclination for learning than her ex-abbé tutor had for teaching her. The result was that most of the days of her scholastic year were high days and holidays and this state of affairs actually lasted until she was thirteen, when she was immured in a Paris convent until she was sixteen. And with this brief and far from profound education she became the greatest woman novelist of France and one of the greatest figures in French literature—no mean achievement. If, instead of her rambles in the fields and woods of Berri, her games with the village children and her wide but casual reading after her schooldays

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ended, Destiny had chosen to give her a "higher" education by giving her facilities for attending courses at the Sorbonne for two or three years, one wonders if anything better than her rustic novels would have come from her pen. Would the study of Greek, of philosophy, of history, or what not have given her a greater insight into the human heart than did her tempestuous love-affairs with de Musset, Chopin, Merimée and others? Perhaps. . .and perhaps not.

England and France have both produced a number of competent women writers during the last generation or so, some of whom may, for all one knows to the contrary, have been the products of the "higher" education of women. But it is strange that, extraordinarily popular as some of them are, no one dreams of ranking them with the giantesses of the past when any sort of education was thought good enough for a woman. Will any modern "higher educated" stateswoman cut a greater figure in history than the obscure working-jeweler's daughter, Madame Roland? Christabel Pankhurst may be quite as voluble a politician as Madame de Staël—or nearly so, for judging from the accounts of her contemporaries, no woman ever had before or could have again such a tongue as Madame de Staël's—but Miss Pankhurst's is quite certainly not so universal or arresting a personality.

The higher education has not succeeded, at least so far, in developing originality in women whether of genius or of personality. Possibly the champions of the higher education would retort in answer to this charge that it is not the business of the higher education to encourage and develop two qualities that can well be left to look after themselves, but to render efficient those numerous earnest young women whose services society needs as doctors, teachers, organizers and so forth. There is a very great deal in this argument, but if its truth be conceded, what becomes of the widespread contention that women's achievements can and will equal men's when women are given the same educational facilities? If these facilities do not, cannot, and are not intended to foster unusual literary and other abilities in women, then the feminists are on false ground in ascribing women's comparative lack of artistic and literary achievement to defective education in the past. Some other reason must be found, for the higher education has now been in operation quite long enough to have produced something worth producing in the way of women of mark.

Meanwhile, those same universities that fostered the talents of a Julie de Lespinasse or a Charlotte Brontë, a George Eliot or a Madam de Staël will no doubt take in hand the training of contemporary women of unusual literary merit: loneliness and a broken heart; spiritual struggle and love; the sympathy and encouragement of men; nature and society.

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1920: THE MINOR POETS' CENTENARY YEAR

BY JOHN BLACK

FATE was so superabundantly busy in the year 1819, and contributed to literary history so notable an array of glittering names—Whitman, Ruskin and George Eliot are only a few!—that she must have felt her achievements justified a twelve months' rest. For the year 1820 was a minor one. Poetry was not immortally glorified, this *annum*, and the array of centenaries that propriety demands we celebrate is not impressive.

For those who honor the minor poet, there will be plenty to do. This year is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of many poets who enjoyed wide popularity during their lives. Time, however, has dealt less gently with them. They are, for the most part, forgotten, though it would be reckless to say that their influence died with them. Leading among the names that are presented for recognition this year, is that of Alice Cary. This gentle singer was born on April 26, 1820, she being four years older than the other poet of the family, her sister Phoebe.

The literary history of the Cary sisters is a flat contradiction of the claim that poetry readers in the nineteenth century were unresponsive. Their works, while they were yet comparatively young, ran into numerous editions. They were read. They were discussed. They were quoted. Their poems, after the appearance of their first books, found a ready market. The simplicity and warm humanity that characterized the verses of these two writers made appeal peculiarily to the casual reader. And, as it is the casual reader, rather than the critic or student, who makes for large sales, the Cary collections of poems sold prodigiously. The sisters themselves, however, were more or less indifferent to this end of it. They sang, truly, because song was in their hearts, because they loved to sing. And many of their finer lyrics were indelibly written in the hearts of the stolid, unexpressive citizenry who found answer, in these poems, to their problems.

Among the others the year 1820 brought forth is Theodore O'Hara, whose voice reached its greatest height in "The Bivouac of the Dead". O'Hara was a soldier-lawyer, born in Danville, Kentucky, and it was while a soldier that he underwent the experiences ultimately to find expression in this forceful poem. He died in 1867. Henry Howard Brownell was one of those who enjoyed very considerable recognition during his lifetime. Brownell was born February 6, 1820, at Providence, Rhode Island, and died in 1872. He served in the Civil War,

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at the conclusion of which he published a book of war verse. Brownell was the author of three books of verse in all. Thomas Bailey Aldrich recognized him as a writer of strength and merit, in a preface written for one of the books. Brownell's work was widely published, and his reputation at the time caused Farragut to take him on his trip with the fleet to Europe.

The others among the early Americans of whom this is the centenary year are still more obscure. Albert Mathews, poet-lawyer, wrote fiction for numerous magazines under the name of "Paul Siegvolk" and published several books of verse. His work is represented in Stedman's Anthology of American Poetry. Margaret Preston (Junkin) was another poet born in 1820 who wrote considerable fiction. She was the author of five volumes of poetry and numerous novels. Anson D. F. Randolph, who was born at Woodbridge, New Jersey, was a publisher who wrote exclusively in verse and published often in contemporary periodicals. He, also, is represented in Stedman's Anthology. He died at Westhampton, Long Island, in 1896.

Britain's contributions to poetry in 1820 were still less enduring. Only three names present themselves as worthy of note. William Cox Bennett is the most important of these. He was widely known as a song writer. Bennett was born in Greenwich, October 14, 1820, and died in Blackheath, March 4, 1895. He was the author of many popular lyrics and published about a dozen books of verse, as well as several anthologies. A prolific writer, his work was for a time extremely popular and much quoted. The career of Ebenezer Jones, agitator-poet, born the same year, was fraught with unhappiness. He published a volume of verse, "Studies in Sensation and Event", in 1843, which excited the admiration and approval of Robert Browning and D. G. Rossetti, but was flatly rejected by the public. Disheartened, he abandoned literature and devoted himself to social reform. He wrote several poems of social protest which were powerful and intense. He was born January 25, 1820, in Islington, England, and died in Brentwood, September 14, 1860. Records also mention the name of Menella Bute Smedley, poet and novelist, as having been born the same year.

Truly a frail showing, after so fruitful a year as 1819! Yet they were creators of beauty, these—gentle, unpretentious singers, for the most part—and who can say that they did not fulfil bravely the task of the minor poet, and stir to some purpose the unresponsive chords in the hearts of the people?

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COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

A Peevish Conversation

"WHY," said the Commander-in-Chief, "don't you write something for the Real magazines instead of frivoling away your evenings the way you do going on dancing parties with snips?"

(I may explain that in the special vocabulary of the Commander-in-Chief, a snip is a young person—usually an attractive young person.)

"Because", I answered, "I have reached the age when I have nothing to communicate—nothing, certainly, that the real magazines want to offer to their select public as paid-for reading matter next to advertising."

"But," persisted the Commander-in-Chief, "you know how to write so well that it is a shame you shouldn't do it. After all these years—"

"I know," I said, gracefully accepting the compliment, "I know. It is a fearful anticlimax. Here I have been thirty-odd years mastering a complex and laborious art, only to find that I have no proper use for it. After spending the best part of my life learning how to put words together neatly so as to make them mean exactly what I want to say, neither more nor less, I suddenly find out that I haven't anything to say. You could call it tragic, if you wanted to."

"I call it ridiculous," said the Commander-in-Chief. "The truth is you are too lazy. All you think of is being amused."

"When I was young—very young indeed," I said, "I had lots to say. Or I thought I had. And I used to sit up nights trying to put on paper the things I thought were inside of me. I wrote and wrote and wrote. A frightful mass of words got set down. But the right words were hard to find, and generally they were so mixed up with a multitude of wrong words that it all came to nothing. What is worse, I was not always able to tell the difference, and no end of good postage stamps were wasted sending the stuff away to editors who did not want it."

"But you got to be an editor yourself," said the Commander-in-Chief.

"I did," I admitted. "It took a long time, but it seemed the only way to get what I wrote printed. As an editor I always abused my privilege shamefully. I insisted on using my own stuff, although nobody knew better than myself that no other editor would buy it. In that way I contrived to get a lot of practice.

"And after years and years of that practice, I found that I had, as you say, learned to write. I had got the right words trained so that they came to call not quite inextricably tangled up with the wrong ones—though an unruly flock of the wrong ones came too and rather many of that sort stayed mixed in always. That made writing laborious. Because I had to

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go over things so often to get the wrong words out and to make sure that the right words were in.

"The result—the natural result—was that by the time I had finished I had usually forgot what it was all about. That rather spoiled it. The interest in what I started out to say had slipped so far into the back of my own head that the reader could not get it into his head at all. And there you are. Naturally when I began to realize this truth, I began to stop wanting to write. It is no manner of use writing unless somebody reads your writings. I do not mean, of course, just writing for a living. That is different—like making bricks when you are paid for making them by the hundred and do not care what becomes of them afterward—whether they go into model tenements on the East Side of New York or into imitation Georgian and mock-Colonial palaces with gardens to lure simple-minded city womenfolk out into the already over-populated suburban real estate market that goes by the name of 'the country'."

The Commander-in-Chief looked up challengingly. It is a hobby of hers that we are going to move to the country some day, and she spends hours looking at pictures of small inexpensive mansions set in the midst of lawns and shrubbery—the sort the more unscrupulous illustrated magazines are full of.

"We were not talking of houses," she said. "We were talking of writing. Or rather of NOT writing."

"Of writing", I said firmly, "writing for a living. It is a particularly low form of manual labor, recognized as such by all Soviet governments. And I do it every day. What is worse I have done it every day for years and I suppose I shall do it every day for many more years. The one advantage is that you do not in the least care what you write about. And no more do you care whether you have anything to say. Because you can say what somebody else wants to say and does not quite know how, or what somebody else wants still somebody else to have said. Or even what a lot of people have been saying over and over again since the world began to talk. After all there has got to be somebody to do that sort of thing. And nobody could be better for the job than the fellow who has learned how to write and has nothing to say of his own."

"It's a shame," said the Commander-in-Chief, "it's a perfect shame to get that way. And it is still more of a shame to defend yourself for getting that way. If you would sit down and read once in a while instead of going and dancing with snips at your age—"

"The snips", I said, "are an antidote. When you have nothing to say, you do not have to say it to light-footed fillies. They require only to be danced with. At my age what one needs most is to be kept young. And the company of young persons—"

"At your age," said the Commander-in-Chief severely, "you ought to have better sense."

"Moreover", I continued, "knowing how to do a thing is the only way to be sure it is not worth doing. In those youthful days of mine—and for quite a long time afterward—while I was struggling to learn to write, I used to regard authors with a sentiment surpassing awe. Now I know how the trick is done. Even though I can't do it. Having nothing to say is the hitch there, of course. It is fatal. But the trick is none the less a trick. And the cards of all the tricks are spread out under my eyes every day. When I

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first began to meet authors—real authors who had their names on the title-pages of books—I was thrilled to the bone. The very first one, I remember, was May Sinclair. She was a very plain old maid to look at with lots of rings on her hands. But I was thrilled all the same. Afterward, you remember, there was a regular galaxy. You went along and met most of 'em too—and we were both thrilled. Perhaps you can recall some of their names?"

"There was Kipling", she said eagerly, "and Locke—and Conrad—and Henry James, and De Morgan, and Galsworthy and Wells and Chesterton,—and the Archdeacon of Ely, and the nice historian who was best man at Bernard Shaw's wedding—and Lord Dunsany, of course, and the other Chesterton that smoked the pipe in the carriage and was so annoyed because he couldn't in the subway—and—Arnold Bennett, only I wasn't along—and—"

"That sort of people, generally", I put in, "the people that have whole rows of our book-shelves devoted to them. All that you have mentioned were ready made when we met them. And they impressed me tremendously—as you know. But that isn't the whole story. A lot of other folks I already knew one way and another began to turn into authors over night under my very nose, as it were. Some of them *I* made into authors—or helped make 'em. I could name several, that any regular patron of the circulating libraries would recognize at a glance.

"And *they* weren't any different afterward—after they turned into authors, I mean. Sometimes they were worse. They got their stuff published and—paid for. I published their stuff and paid for it with my trusting employers' money confided to me for the purpose. Some of it was good, some of it was, at least, fair to middlin',—and some of it was just plain bad. The only really distinguishing fact about all of it was that it got paid for. It grew in my mind to seem no more worth while to be an author—after all the dreams of my youth—than to be any other sort of maker of something to sell. In a little while I began rather to look down on authors, because they pulled down so little for what they did sell and so particularly little for what they sold that wasn't made to order for the railway station and subway news-stand trade."

"I don't see why you should turn up your nose at them for that," said the Commander-in-Chief tartly.

"No more I do," I replied, "or I pretend to only because I can't do the stuff myself. But it all comes to the same thing in the end. It is not worth doing except for what you get out of it in cash, and there is no more reason for wanting ardently to be an author than for wanting ardently to make shoes. I wish I did make shoes—a lot of them. At present prices I ought to clean up in a year more than any self-respecting author could accumulate in a lifetime even with the aid of relays of stenographers and a typewriter of his own at home nights."

"You are talking nonsense, and you know it," said the Commander-in-Chief in a manner which disposed of the whole subject. "I just saw the plans of a perfectly dear inexpensive little house in a magazine I picked up in your office. I borrowed it and brought it home to show you. Right here, you see, is the entrance hall, twenty feet by thirty—"

But what's the use?

—H. I. BROCK

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The Long Lane of Bookreviewing

I AM, as you know, a writer by profession—in fact a maker of book-reviews—lately featured on the staff of "Books and the Book Worm". For a long time I have contemplated becoming an author, a creative artist, or whatever you wish to call it. I crave the two boons which the long-suffering English middle class has long since craved, according to Matthew Arnold—the liberty of making a fool of myself and the publicity to show the world how I am doing it. I would be willing to write daily articles for an evening paper—telling how to keep my husband's love—for, say $15,000 a year; I would write headings and *entre* remarks for movies for $75,000 a year; I would conduct a column of advice to lovers for even less, or contribute a page of paragraphs to a magazine of any calibre on what I see about town. But in order to do any of these things it is necessary to serve an apprenticeship — to make one's name known by a few years at being a poet, playwright, short-story writer, or some like form of servitude.

If it had been permitted me to serve time as a soldier or a movie actress, one year would have sufficed to create the desired demand. A movie actress is never at a loss while she can write the little subway placards telling how she keeps her skin young and fair.... A soldier can always write a volume on "How To Come Over The Top", and not only will his royalties amount to a living wage, but he is constantly in receipt of tearful letters from editors urging further endeavors. Right gladly would I write a monthly contribution on "Why We Thought The War Was Lost in 1917", and bask in the sunshine of the return check! As it is, how am I situated? No editor will more than sniff at my article entitled "How I Followed My Husband to Camp". And yet I have been a soldier in a way. All through the war I took a fighting part.

It was in the fall of 1917 in a lonely New England camp that I took to reviewing books in self-defense, and since that time I have withstood attack by a band of authors equal to a Hun army in ferocity if not in numbers. These have included a Turk with the most terrifying name in the world, a famous humorist whose letters are enough to curdle thicker blood than mine for sheer cold-hearted cleverness, and a never-to-be-forgotten pugilist whose fighting days are by no means over. In company with many another of my profession I am in receipt of letters which no file is strong enough to subdue. Surely I may be said to have waged my war. And now it has come to the point where the streets are no longer pleasant marts where one may stroll nonchalantly, but places of overt buying where it is only vouchsafed to run scuttlingly from shop to shop, and never without a false moustache or similar articles of concealment. Society has become a game of carefully shrouded identity where pleasure may be had only by means of ignominy and deceit. A book reviewer's place is, for very safety, in the home.

I wish them to disarm, but I find the old armor clinging about me. It is not easy to become a creative artist even after the mind has been made up to it. Almost I feel it would be easier to remain the destructive laborer which my enemies acclaim me. Daily I put myself in plastic mood, sitting like Booth Tarkington with clean pad

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and dozens of newly sharpened pencils before me, and nothing happens. I listen in at classes of short-story instruction and return to the pad. Nothing happens. I consult well-known authors who tell me to Live...Live... Live...and stories will come. Frankly I don't believe them. I know that I could...Live...for a thousand years and nothing would happen. Can it be that a blight has fallen upon me in punishment for my crimes? Has the Turk exerted the evil eye or the poisoned ring by absent treatment? At any rate I am unable to write. All the perfumes of Araby can never sweeten this hand apparently. Clearly it is meant to destroy. And destruction is not a profitable profession. If it were possible to make $10,000 a year writing articles on why Ibn Mohammed is not a good novelist, I might be content to pursue the dangerous paths of bookreviewing. But it is not.

Supposing then that I can do nothing in the constructive line. I shall go on destroying, because the act of writing is more insidious than poison and more inexorable than death. Soldiers may lay down the sword and go back to their boot-blacking, street-cleaning, or legal practising with only a passing wrench, but a writer, even a penny-a-liner, is doomed from the moment he first allows himself to be wielded by the pen. That is why they say the pen is mightier than the sword.

But if ever I do create...if ever I do...I warn all book reviewers to expect no quarter. Let but a black hand or finger be raised against me and I shall turn and rend—their backs through their editors and their faces through the mails. I shall say that it is clear that they have not read my books before attempting to criticize them; I shall become sarcastic and say that it is not politic or fitting for the man or woman who merely creates to challenge the dictum of the man or woman whose superior mental or artistic powers allow him or her to devote himself or herself to the writing of learned critiques of what others have created; and I shall follow with insults to my heart's content.... All this in the event that I finally think of something to put on the pad. If, on the other hand, destruction is all that I am capable of, I shall go about it more discreetly. Heavier moustaches must be bought and worn day and night, for life is sweet even to its book worms.

—CONSTANCE MURRAY GREENE

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GOOD NOVELS OF SEVERAL KINDS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

IT is pretty generally agreed (and always has been) that critics are a race of marble-browed and horn-spectacled little men whose pleasure it is to goggle intently into the past and to turn a blind eye upon whatever is going on about them. Indeed, if we are to go with Brander Matthews, who ought to be able to speak for himself if anybody can, it would do them no good, as critics, to look about them. In that act the critic would cease to be a critic and decline into a mere reviewer. That is a contention which in the light of history might be disputed: but far be it from us to dispute in this place. You can't dispute and fry fish. However, it is discouraging to have spent a decade or two frying fishes, the freshest to be found in the market, and still to be set down as an importer of mummies. What is the use in being honestly absorbed in the spectacle of literature in the making, if there is something about you that smells of the literary mausoleum? Must you forget and ignore the dead fellows altogether in order to speak intelligently of the living ones? Is it a crime to have a memory that goes back of W. J. Locke and O. Henry?

As for irresponsiveness to fresh merit, what reviewer, however handicapped by standards, wouldn't rather come on a really fine new bit of work by an unknown than languidly inspect and appraise a carload of So-and-So's "latest"? Here for instance is Mr. Phillpotts's new Dartmoor story. He has turned back from the series of romances of industry in Devon, Wales, and Cornwall—of which "Storm in a Teacup" was the last—wherein he instructed readers open to such teaching a lot of things about hop-growing, and slate-quarrying, and paper-making and what not, with the familiar Phillpottsian accessories of rustic frankness, cupidity, passion, canniness, garrulity—above all the last-named, one is tempted to say. He has turned back from this to the less encumbered and instructive theme of human nature on Dartmoor. The publishers are right in calling "Miser's Money" "a fine specimen of Phillpotts's work". I have, I find, some dozen volumes of similar specimens on a valued shelf. I welcome, with a luxurious feeling of certainty, the coming of each successor: but without eagerness. After all, Mr. Phillpotts has said his say about human nature on Dartmoor, and he has little new to offer in type or situation. It is pleasant and comfortable to meet some more of his people now and then—and that is all. "Miser's Money"—here, of course, is one of the hard, cunning, rustic gradgrinds who with us have their counterpart in the New England deacon of melodrama. Here is an ingenuous and not ignoble-

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hearted youth to whom the miser designs to leave his money and his greed. And here are disinterested love and the woman whom at last the youth is to choose—by no means without struggle or anguish, since he is not only of England, but of Dartmoor. Is there more talk in these later stories than in the earlier, or do we weary a little of the familiar bases upon which its rustic acuteness and loquacity seem always to rest?

But Mr. Phillpotts has a delightful and comparatively little known vein which deliberately eschews the advantages and disadvantages of a realistic setting, whether on Dartmoor or elsewhere. "Evander" is in the line of former fantasies like "The Girl and the Faun" and "Delight". It is a kindly fable in which modern types and problems are demurely represented by certain peasants and divinities of ancient Italy. The privilege of the marriage rite has just been extended from the aristocracy to the people. Festus, an honest wood-cutter, and Livia his sweetheart, are the first in their community to take the vows—a curious and somewhat risky experiment in the eyes of their friends and neighbors. Festus is the normal man,—the man in the street, if you like,—good for hard work and hearty living, and worshiper of a god who has no highbrow nonsense about him, the kindly Bacchus. Livia is to take over his god as a matter of course.

At first she makes no difficulty. But there is in the neighborhood a disturbing quantity in the form of one Evander, a worshiper of Apollo. He is a wordy and pretentious fellow, bent upon imposing the correct form of Apollonian enlightenment upon this unawakened countryside. Livia comes under the spell of his fine phrases, and the result is that Evander, with Apollo's backing, runs off with the girl and sets up a free establishment on the other side of the lake from deserted and bewildered Festus. Apollo, god of the highbrows, has conquered—for the time. But friendly Bacchus is not out of it yet, as we presently see.... In the end he gets the better of Apollo in fraternal argument, and protects Livia from the god's vengeance when, wearying of the sonorous Evander, she has gone back to the bosom of trusty Festus. The dialogue is full of witty and amiable satire of our own times, the barb being especially sharp for the "intelligentzia" of all times. It is Apollo himself who says to the over-officious Evander:

> I notice among certain of my followers a disposition to undue elation on the subject of their intelligence. Consider, however, who call you the "intellectuals"? The rank and file of mankind, who, being practically without any intellect whatever, are prone to servile flattery before those who exhibit even a modest evidence thereof. There is no salt in the praise of fools, or significance in the applause of the norm of men. Your mental gymnastics and gyrations; your opinions and ideas; your approval or disapproval—these help not either to remodel the world, or alter the real convictions of anybody. Remember that when the gods design a change on earth, they do not choose the "intellectuals" as their tools but cast about for a man of his hands, whose force can influence his kind, whose voice can make a nation move at his call, whose power can be felt in the hearts of kingdoms. Those who have created the history of the human race ate meat, risked their own lives daily and feared nothing. The "intellectuals" are decorative, even valuable in their way, and I am the last to speak lightly of them, since one and all are mine; but if they have a fault, it is their unintelligent assumption that they really matter.

Gods and immortals are mingled also in "The Substance of a Dream", the latest romantic fantasy of F. W. Bain, a writer who for his unique quality must by this time have won an attentive if not a large audience. He is, says our ruddy old friend "Who's

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Who", Principal and Professor of History and Political Economy in the Deccan College, Poona, India. He has written works which the novel-reader may avoid under titles like "The Principle of Wealth Creation". He reports his recreations, in the intimate British fashion, as golf and philosophy. And he is evidently a student of the classics in Sanskrit and a romantic dreamer. This is the ninth of a series of Hindu romances by his hand. They are supposed to be "translations from the original manuscripts"; but though that legend appears also on the title-page of the present volume, the author blandly discounts it in his witty and ingenious introduction. A great many people, he says, have asked him about the origin of these tales:

> Where do they come from? I do not know. I discovered only the other day that some believe them to have been written by a woman. This appears to be improbable. But who writes them? I cannot tell. They come to me, one by one, suddenly, like a flash of lightning, all together: I see them in the air before me, like a little Bayeux tapestry, complete, from end to end, and write them down, hardly lifting the pen from the paper, straight off "from the MS." I never know, the day before, when one is coming: it arrives, as if shot out of a pistol. Who can tell? They may be all but so many reminiscences of a former birth.

A straight claim of inspiration, in which let us cheerfully put our faith. If such things can befall a professor of political economy, surely there is a chance for any of us. This is the tale of a prince who chose to be a wandering lute-player, and of his fatal passion for a wanton queen. It is, to tell the truth, as much an apology for the wantonness of the one as for the passion of the other. A full gloss upon it and a spirited discourse on love and its relation to life, strongly tinctured with eastern philosophy, may be found in the leisurely introduction which I for one think even more interesting than the beautifully moulded narrative.

"Poor Relations", by Compton Mackenzie, might be called the spree of a realist. A whimsical sort of realist, it is true, but one who has always maintained the appearance of a serious intention to get down to the facts of life and character. Here he simply picks up an amusing situation and lets himself play with it at his ease. The result is a give-away. It gives away, at least, the fact of the far greater difficulty of pulling off a finished comedy than of emitting what will pass readily enough as a realistic novel. Some of us have found the heaped up casual detail and the centrifugal dialogue of "Plasher's Mead" and "Sylvia Scarlett" rather heavy going, and have seemed to be not much farther ahead with anything at the end of the journey. But we might, after all, be mistaken; it would not be safe to fall foul of the shapelessness and inconsequence of a narrative which (it may be) has studiously refrained from obvious form or meaning. But a comedy, even a farcical comedy, has got to begin and end somewhere, and has even got to mean a little something. And it must not, above all, be encumbered with a stick or a shred of detail that can be dispensed with. Mr. Mackenzie has here the material for a short story or, let us say, a well-balanced novelette. But instead of selecting, and sorting, and packing it down, he lets it take possession of him, to the end of a long, rambling, facetious narrative about as finished in structure and subtle in tone as "Helen's Babies". There is of course a lot of amusing stuff in it, no end of satirical material, no end of clever and witty touches. But the book as a book is without form and void. I am not speaking "academically". I don't mean that it fails to live up to some "rules" or others that have been hatched up

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by critics. I mean that it is clumsy and therefore ineffective; and that the ordinary and unacademic reader is pretty sure to weary of it.

The publisher of "Where Angels Fear to Tread" refrains from compromising the book by an original date, and I have just noticed, after putting it among books of the month worth some mention, that it was apparently ("Who's Who" again) the first novel of a writer born some forty years ago and author of half a dozen novels to date. However, it appears to be now first available for American readers and should appeal to those who welcome an unfamiliar touch or flavor above all things. It is an odd story, a comedy not without its tragic shadows. A foolish young English widow escapes the tutelage of her defunct husband's better-bred family, and marries offhand a handsome Italian peasant. The union turns out neither better nor worse than might be expected. Gino has married Lilia for her money, and while he is kind enough to her in his peasant way, he by no means modifies his manners for her, or even cleaves to her only. She dies in giving birth to a son, whom the English relatives magnanimously determine to rescue. Now Gino might have been bought off from marrying Lilia if he had been approached in time, but will not part with his son on any terms. The father-instinct is strong in him, and his healthy peasant obstinacy easily routs the fussy, conventional British advances. He is irresistible as the embodiment of the Italian character and tradition, just as Philip, the defeated, is irrefutable as a Briton. Gino is worth studying as a hint toward the comprehension of our Italian cousin, whether the peanut man on the corner, or a D'Annunzio.

"A Place in the World" is more lightly in the vein of international comedy. It has an adventuress-heroine, Iris Iranovna, who suddenly becomes next-door neighbor to the Cumbers, fit denizens of their respectable middle-class suburb of London. Scenting sport, she promptly calls on them, and the interview begins thus:

> "Do you come from Russia?" hazarded Mrs. Cumbers timidly.
>
> "My father was a Russian, but I doubt if my mother would know him by sight now. He was one of these here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow fathers. I never saw him in my life. And—" she laughed merrily, "I was divorced by a Russian, too, so I suppose I'm as Russian as anything."
>
> "Charming people, Russians," murmured the Reverend John, wondering how long it would be before Henry Cumbers exploded. "I knew a most fascinating Russian in San Francisco. A most cultured man—wonderful manners, too. Unfortunately he poisoned his mother and they had to get rid of him."
>
> "What did he poison her for?" asked Tristram.
>
> "Oh, money, of course," said Iris. "I always feel I could respect a man who poisoned his wife because she was ugly."
>
> "Yes," said the clergyman quite seriously, "it is extraordinary that beauty is always considered a luxury...whereas, of course, it's a necessity."

There you have the pitch of the composition, and may accommodate yourself to it according to your taste and temper.... Isn't it a little dull of the "new novelists" of Britain to make such monotonous use of the clergy in their work? It is impossible to believe that all English parsons are either solemn and pompous asses on the one hand (like the Reverend Lawrence in "Poor Relations" and Mr. Galsworthy's recent victim, whatever his name was), or self-consciously "human" flibbertigibbets like our Reverend John on the other. There is something piquant in the clergyman who will not stand on his cloth; but what a difference between recognizing the unhampered humanity of a Dr. Lavendar and snickering at the Fa-

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ther William gambols of a Reverend John. However, let us not fail to salute this as an amusing comedy of its somewhat fantastic kind.

Recent months have produced an uncommon number of novels dealing freely or cavalierly with the relations of sex. Here is "The Marbeck Inn", a book full of clever detail but somehow without any final whereabouts. After two hundred pages of satirical realism about the vulgar and prospering Sam, suddenly appears an Effie who rushes into physical relations with him for the sake of his soul. You are called on to admire Effie immensely, at horribly short notice, and at the same moment you are called on to believe that she conceives a grand passion for the egregious Sam. If you can manage this, the rest of the story may hold you. For myself, I am unable to like or believe much in either Sam or his Effie, and can't feel that I ought to have been bothered with them, despite the craftsmanship of their sponsor. This also I confess to feeling more or less about two first novels of able workmanship, "The Swing of the Pendulum" and "Peter Kindred". Both stories begin in the atmosphere of college life, and go on into the years of orientation. Both, in different ways, are somewhat excessively sex-conscious.

"The Swing of the Pendulum" begins at the moment of graduation from a large western university of a clever and ambitious girl, Jean Norris. She is very much the modern product, contemptuous of the old-fashioned woman, bent upon being her own mistress and making her own way. Quite realistically, she marries the first bounder that offers. Revolting at last from his weakness and infidelity, she leaves him and goes East to seek her fortune. East of course means New York. Jean develops an effective personality and power as organizer which she applies to a national movement for women. Her public career is notable. Meanwhile her private life proceeds somewhat deviously along the track of the self-determined woman of modern—fiction, shall we say? Like Effie in "The Marbeck Inn" she becomes mistress of an unhappily married man and has no qualms about it. They part not because they cannot hope to marry, but because he will not give his mistress a child. Thereafter we attend Jean along some unheartened years; till at last she finds refuge in marriage (at least we suppose it is to be marriage) with a very nice fellow some years older than she. There is a good deal of fine characterization in this book; the dialogue is extraordinarily natural. But the prevailing atmosphere is sultry with sex; the middle-aged reader, at least, may find the performance as a whole both strained and wearisome. So also of "Peter Kindred". Exeter, Harvard, New York, is the sequence here. An intense young egotist is Peter, with his nose in the clouds and scant civility for inferiors like his parents. Unluckily there is not quite enough "*to* him" to command and hold our interest and concern at the exacted pitch. His Joan loves him, but few others go that length. As for the long-drawn limbo of his marital experience, it is a conception as ingenuous as anything to be found in the sex-lore of "The Young Visiters". Whatever their immaturities, these are notable "first books", excellently "written", and full of the wistful spirit of the honest seeker after a life worth living.

Readers of E. L. Grant Watson's

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earlier books will be prepared for nothing conventional in "Deliverance". It deals with the sex life of a woman from childhood to the hour of her ultimate deliverance. For that is the "idea" in the story—that the great thing is to prove oneself independent of the body and its claims: "that the soul of a man or woman might stand alone, self-respecting and tender, happy in its rich desire to give, always too proud to make claims upon another." Susan the virginal shrinks from the indiscriminate contacts of youth. In due season she gives herself happily to a mate, or to one with whose spirit she feels akin. They ratify their relation by marriage because, says her Tom, it is an unnecessary nuisance to do the unusual thing. But both hold themselves theoretically free, and Tom presently acts upon the theory. The situation is precisely that upon which the girl in "The Swing of the Pendulum" bases her flight from her husband. For Susan it is not so vital a matter. The important thing is that she shall be mistress of her own soul. It is she and not Tom's new mistress who reaps peace of the episode. In motherhood and in freedom from any bond of sex she finds self-realization. She has won clear of youth's obsession: a freedwoman of love. However one takes it, it is a novel exposition; there is much reality in these persons, not least in the figure of Susan's irresponsible and almost incorrigible father.

"Bertram Cope's Year" is a welcome addition to the series of studies of American life and character which have come all too intermittently and charily from the hand of Henry B. Fuller. Its overt action is slight, there is no plot. It is exactly what its title declares it: the chronicle of a year out of the life of an attractive if not earth-shaking young American who happens to be trying out his powers as instructor in a western university. He is not long out of this very university; but returning as a member of the faculty after a little experience at teaching elsewhere, he finds himself on altogether new ground. He becomes an object of pathetically burning interest to two middle-aged people: a well-to-do widow; and a modest dilettante bachelor—the sort of wistful elderly parasite to be found in any college community. The widow rather cultivates young men, on general principles. Bertram Cope makes special appeal to her, apparently, by reason of his wholesome physique and downright nature. She keeps about her also a little coterie of her own sex —"her girls". Bertram becomes entangled with one of these, a clinging vine, but escapes pretty promptly. A second appears to have gained a sort of lien on his heart or his future when, at the year's end, he passes on from Churchton to a new post in an eastern university. The curtain slips quietly down on widow Medora and wistful Randolph, admitting to each other in confidence that they are out of it. In their little contest for Bertram's favor both have been defeated. "The young", sighs Medora, "at best, only tolerate us. We are but the platform they dance on,—the ladder they climb by."... "After all, he was a charming chap," concludes Randolph. ... The kind of novel which must be enjoyed not for its matter so much as for its quality, its richness of texture and subtlety of atmosphere. It has distinction, is as finely wrought in its way as a Howells novel or a Cable. It would be extremely irritating to the customer looking for a rattling good story.

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Finally I must make mention of an extraordinary and tragic book, "The Clanking of Chains", by Brinsley MacNamara. Like his earlier story, "The Valley of the Squinting Windows", it takes a gloomy view of the Irish character and capabilities. It is a story of wild aspiration smothered in sordid stupidity. Michael Dempsey, the shop-boy of Ballycullen, represents the insurgent heart of an Ireland brooding upon ancient wrongs and seeking to build a glorious future upon revenge against England. He studies the old stories of oppression, steeps himself in the romantic faith, the love of an Ireland pure and free—"the dear dark head" of the lovely Kathleen ni Houlihan. But Ballycullen is a place of squalor and of mean thoughts, dominated by its publicans, suspicious of high or even honest purpose. There is nothing for him there in the end. He can only prepare like legions of predecessors to go forth from Ballycullen and from Ireland in search of some cleaner and higher-souled dwelling place. Even sorrow has left him; and as at the last he burns the memorials of his passion for Ireland "he felt somehow that this was no doleful act of renunciation and that none of the ashes of his soul commingled with the dust of all his dreaming for love of Ireland...." A sorrowful book, in which a devoted son seems condemned to utter with flashing eye and a kind of broken resonance, his despair of the land that bore him.

Miser's Money. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Co.

Evander. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Co.

The Substance of a Dream. By F. W. Bain. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Poor Relations. By Compton Mackenzie. Harper and Bros.

Where Angels Fear to Tread. By E. M. Forster. Alfred A. Knopf.

A Place in the World. By John Hastings Turner. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Marbeck Inn. By Harold Brighouse. Little, Brown and Co.

The Swing of the Pendulum. By Adriana Spadoni. Boni and Liveright.

Peter Kindred. By Robert Nathan. Duffield and Co.

Deliverance. By E. L. Grant Watson. Alfred A. Knopf.

Bertram Cope's Year. By Henry B. Fuller. Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

The Clanking of Chains. By Brinsley MacNamara. Brentano's.

CHIEFLY ABOUT BUGS

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE great Fabre was endowed with infinite patience and great literary charm, but all save the most casual of his readers must always be aware that his refusal to allow more than intuitive instinct to insects was due less to scientific caution than to scientific preconceptions. Phil and Nellie Rau, of St. Louis, in their book, "Wasp Studies Afield", cannot be said to show less patience than the great Frenchman himself, though their literary charm is less. But they are also less troubled by preconceptions, more attentive to the variations, and they have profited by the modern trend of psychological investigation. The results of their field studies of both solitary and social wasps, and of such experiments as can be conducted in

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the field, or the field laboratory, dispel not a little of that mystery which was always Fabre's final "Solution". Their experiments with *Polistes Pallipes*, for example (the social wasps which build their paper houses on our barns), tend quite conclusively to show that this wasp develops a place memory by experience in flying about; and those who are removed far from the nest without such experience cannot get home, while the experienced ones (especially the queens, who live more than one year), can often find their way back from as much as two miles away. There is no more "mystery" here than in the education of a child.

These American authors are much more matter of fact in their narration than Fabre, and seemingly make fewer human analogies (it is his delicate humanizing of the bugs, in a quite legitimate sense, which so endears Fabre to the unscientific reader); yet they are no less surely adding their firm stone to the slowly rising structure of the great and baffling science of psychology, which we now know cannot house man alone. Indeed, at times one is tempted to exclaim, "The proper study of mankind is bugs".

Fabre's chapters on "The Sacred Beetle" and similar bugs, translated out of the "Souvenirs" by Alexander de Mattos, have been added to the growing series of English translations from his master-work. One need hardly say more than that Fabre makes the dung beetles a savory subject! His was a magic pen.

Two bug books for young folks are before us. One of them, "Knowing Insects through Stories", by Floyd Bralliar, is, in spite of a clumsy title, a most excellent book, excellently illustrated. It is an introduction to a study of our American moths and butterflies which can both entertain a boy and, at the same time, gently inoculate him with genuine scientific classification, without any resort to the too prevalent method of "fiction"—i.e. making the insects talk like Rollo and his papa. The other book, called "'Busy', the Life of an Ant", falls plump into a perfect wallow of pathetic fallacy, even in the illustrations, and we discover, to our astonishment, that ants converse at great length in the English language, though no evidence is presented that they have as yet discovered the art of printing. The frontispiece, showing two ants viewing the world for the first time, might well serve as an illustration for Keats's sonnet, "On First Reading Chapman's Homer". We don't think this is quite fair, either to the children or the ants.

Peter McArthur, the Canadian farmer-journalist, is a humorist, not a man of science. His collection of little farm essays, "The Red Cow", however, is not lacking in shrewd observation of animal behavior, though he makes no deductions therefrom. His adventures in trying to feed Beatrice, the pig, are highly mirthful, and laughter is the end sought in his account. But nevertheless his intimate and laughably affectionate records of the behavior of his farm animals have such a ring of veracity that they do have their actual value in throwing a ray on the problem of animal psychology. It would doubtless please his publishers better if one should say that his book is three hundred pages of chuckle (it is). But we are scientifically inclined just now.

Finally, we find and open a book with the somewhat too sentimental title, "On the Manuscripts of God", by Ellen Burns Sherman. Even here

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there is a chapter on bugs—on the little beetle that etches pine branches into wonderful totem poles. But for the most part the book is a pleasant, gently whimsical at times, and always deftly and freshly observed record of such things as trees, brooks, woodland sounds, the poetry and overtones of nature, not her science. This field has been often worked—some will say overworked. Yet its appeal is ever new, and the worker is justified who can bring to the task some definite contribution of insight or charm. Miss Sherman brings sensitiveness, a quietly religious fervor, and a finely wrought prose. She is not afraid to be "old-fashioned", and to write rhythmically, loving at times an ornate word, packing her sentences and patting them down. We like such prose. It is a relief from too much journalism. We rejoice to find in Miss Sherman's book the whiff of an almost forgotten odor—the odor of the gardens of Hesperides where Sir Thomas Browne once wandered.

Wasp Studies Afield. By Phil and Nellie Rau. Princeton University Press.
The Sacred Beetle and Others. By J. Henri Fabre. Dodd, Mead and Co.
Knowing Insects through Stories. By Floyd Bralliar. Funk and Wagnalls Co.
"Busy", the Life of an Ant. By Walter F. McCaleb. Harper and Bros.
The Red Cow and Her Friends. By Peter McArthur. John Lane Co.
On the Manuscripts of God. By Ellen Burns Sherman. The Abingdon Press.

BLIND MOUTHS

BY STARK YOUNG

LAST year a professor well known as a teacher of a certain form of writing said to me that his worst trouble with student writers was in "getting them to keep out their individuality". So far this is one of the most depressing remarks I have heard out of the colleges. It must be obvious that one of the hopes of our literature lies in these young people. We rest on their help to raise somewhat the present dead level that reigns in literature, with its little bit for everybody. They revivify with wild youth bursting through old ways. They disregard reverence and the established methods and profitable formularies; they force older writings to stand or fall, as everything in the world does, by their vitality. Keeping the individuality of young writers out from their writing means keeping them out.

Mr. Schnittkind's books of selections from college writings, especially short stories—the book of poems is rather better, less connected with practical temptations—set the question going in my mind again. The title of "the best college short stories" is obviously misleading. If you select twenty-two stories from almost as many colleges, you are selecting partly by a mere distribution, since a quarter of the best might actually be found in one college. But Mr. Schnittkind's plan is better for our purpose. It gives us a better idea of the field. The stories are followed by a group of kindly letters from magazine editors, intended to help bridge the gap be-

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tween the editors and the young authors. The last section of all contains "an autobiographic symposium by twenty-eight famous authors of short stories, giving an account of their struggle for literary fame and the steps they took to attain it"; a ridiculous mass of stuff, most of the writers being of no interest whatever and most of their remarks being appallingly barren and cheap.

Can writing of any value be taught? Certainly this collection of stories puts edge on the question. Obviously the common decencies, the etiquette of writing, can be taught by drill. But one wonders about literature. Van Dyke was taught by Rubens, Plato by Socrates. But Rubens and Socrates were great creators; and what great creative figure teaches writing? It is more likely that great books are the teachers for a writer; reading-classes in literature, if you must have classes, not those in themes and short stories. Doubtless rules may be observed. One may be taught to be a member of a literary school even, or a literary factory. One may become expert in phases of a craft. And for the dull such a training may be good. It teaches them a certain mechanism that may serve to make dulness endurable; though the same mechanism has the doubtful moral function of preserving the unfit. Teaching may give great talents a chance to imitate men they will absorb or free themselves from, as they come at length to their own.

But between the top and the bottom, for the majority of students that is, the argument for teaching writing grows weaker. To the commonplace it may give a uniform mediocrity that at least puts them in line, sometimes the market line. But for many gifted though secondary souls, this teaching how to do the trick merely sets up hurdles to be taken. It often ends by making what might have been a small originality turn out mere imitation. In writing more than anywhere else Spenser's saying that "soul is form and doth the body make" is true. A content that does not write itself, does not dictate its form, is never written. And yet, absurdly enough, teachers with pretty much nothing to say are often strong on form devices. At any rate, whatever we may say about the possibility of teaching a man how to write, we may at least say, surely, that after all a man must write his own work. When you show him how to write a thing, it only means that he has written not his own thing but something else. This thing may be good, but his own is still unwritten.

But say that writing can be taught. If writing can be taught, then, what sort should the teaching be? In the twenty-two stories brought together by Mr. Schnittkind, Miss Abrahamson of the University of Minnesota has a story, "The Tomte Gubbe", with something that hovers always over it and haunts the mind. And Mr. Shawcross of Brown University has put into "The Krotchet Kid" some of the talk, the half-light and quick shadows, the poignant and reckless idealism and slap-dash of certain high-souled and splashing college boys; some of it almost as good as the same kind of thing in Mr. Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man". And Miss Grossman of Hunter College has no end of promise in the humor of "The *S* in Fish Means Sugar". But the collection for the most part is discouraging. It suggests a lot of teachers throughout the country who are teaching students how to play the game. Consciously or not, many of these teachers are only pimping for com-

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mercial journalism. They know sometimes the practical field, or use textbooks that seem to; they know certain editors; know what tricks are in demand. Study the magazines, they advise, and see what is wanted. They may be pitied somewhat, for many of them are pursued, like their schools, by the vulgar pressure "to make good" —in the vulgar sense of the phrase. And such a volume as Mr. Schnittkind's helps toward the same cause.

I may surmise that better things are done by young writers, if we could only see them. But here in this book with its even and fluent vacuity and its account of the ideals of our literary salesmen, here, as in certain magazines, is the reward for the sharp-sighted among the young. I read through all these pages of stories, mostly unreal and foolish—and often filled with the exhausting and evasive and facile patter of girl students, more foolish than ever—with falling spirits. If they were even crude it would mean something; or if they were extravagant, or dumb, or excessive with the promise of excessiveness that Coleridge talks about. But they are like tiresome and knowing children who have learned to make themselves approved of their prosaic elders. I read and read and wonder with Wordsworth "whither has fled the glory and the dream?" Where is passion, despair, foolish longings, egotism, aspirations? Where are the wild hearts or the morose, the hours tortured with doubts, the growing-pains, the resentment felt toward fixed order, the sense of loneliness, of inextinguishable joy? And who helped teach them to leave out all this? I want to quote them Sir Anthony: "Come, Jack, you've been lying, han't you? Come, you sly dog! I'll never forgive you if you han't been lying!" I can never forgive these young story writers if these smooth and fluent affairs they have set down have not lied about their authors.

I know of course that the last and hardest thing in art is to express one's self, to leave off imitation of things outside; and I know that young people are reticent about themselves, shy of their dreams, secret of their baseness, sometimes wistful, sometimes brutal, often inarticulate. Let that pass as part of the modesty of nature. But they should at least be encouraged to feel that for them expression in art concerns only these realities of their own. They can at least be taught not to be foolish but not to be silent.

Part of the blame may be put on the publishing market; that is another discussion. But teachers are not bound by market conditions. They do not have to understudy the public and the editors. We get now a melancholy picture of ladies with pince-nez and blue pencil and of gentle, fastidious men — correcting, fancying themselves editors perhaps, conferring with young writers, judging, criticizing, re-arranging the life of what has been written, unable to do anything themselves, but knowing how another mind, steaming over with zest or beauty or adventure, is to turn the trick. Auditors and interested friends they might be, Mæcenases giving freely of their patient ears. But it is hard to keep one's self out like that. And now and then the acceptance of a story by some magazine comes for a reward, to be held up as a goal of endeavors and a warning to such as will not learn their trade properly. The excuse for such teachers is slight. They are not trying to make literary journeymen, hacks or artisans; such as these can learn their craft better in the regular channels of the trade;

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which may be after all the better way for everybody, either that or solitary dream and effort.

The teacher's business is largely in the other direction. He needs to offset the temptations of an immediate or mechanical or extraneous, often a prostitutional, success. Every student needs most of all the sense of the possibilities of his own self. Among teachers the sinner is the man who does not expand and bring to some sort of expression the nature of each individual man that he teaches. Every student needs to be taught Ibsen's remark when they told him that his plays would never go in his own country: "If the taste of Norway does not like my work, the taste of Norway will have to change"; to be told that this may be the losing game but is the only game worth anything. If he is not willing to play it so, let him choose another business; there is nothing the matter with architecture or banking or the church or insurance. Students should be helped toward their insolence, passion, wayward vision, enthusiasm, devotion, fury, toward their fire or sentiment, gentle affection, boisterous humor or idle nothings; that is the business of the teacher, if anything is to come out of the teaching of those who want to write. For of all the forms of prudence, of practical ways of getting on, of selling one's stuff or playing the game, there are endless lessons on every news-stand. It is only too easy for a gifted beginner to get the cue for trying to follow in the steps of literary big business.

Meantime I read these pages of stories and wonder what Chekhov would think of the teaching behind it all, or what Dante would think, or Shakespeare, or Whitman, or Thoreau or any one who cares about life and knows what it means secretly to every man according to his depth. I read and wonder if art exists in spite of the colleges, as I heard a great artist say once. And meantime in front of me there is the line of these terribly adequate young people of ours, each one doing with disconcerting expertness an almost vacant thing.

The Best College Short Stories. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind. Introduction by Edward J. O'Brien. The Stratford Co.

The Poets of the Future. A College Anthology for 1917-1918. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind. The Stratford Co.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

MEMORIES OF MEREDITH

By James J. Daly

WHEN she was still little Alice Brandreth, aged thirteen, Lady Butcher began a friendship with George Meredith which lasted till his death, a period of forty-one years. They were neighbors as well as friends. Numerous family gatherings, private Shakespearian recitals in which both figured as promoters and actors, picnics, long walks and drives in the country, literary discussions—all these would seem to afford material for a large volume. There were, moreover, letters and diaries to draw from. Lady Butcher's book contains a hundred and fifty pages and can be read in an hour and a half. She is to be congratulated on her heroic self-restraint. The proud reserve of her famous friend was still potent to discourage talkativeness at his expense.

Not that the little book is toned down to colorlessness. No space is wasted on the insignificant. We enjoy here, we are made to feel, the cream of several volumes. If there is nothing particularly revealing, we obtain at least interesting confirmation of the impressions made by Meredith himself through his novels and poems. Information is sparingly dispensed and is not always news. We are told once more that Meredith attached a higher value to his poems than to his novels, that "Beauchamp's Career" was his favorite novel, that Swinburne was the original of Tracy Runningbrook in "Sandra Belloni". It may not be so well known that Renée in "Beauchamp's Career" was his best beloved character, and that Lady Butcher is Cecilia Halkett in the same novel.

It is interesting to discover that Meredith, whose pen was the first great English pen to pry curiously among the reticences, was always nervous about giving offense to young and innocent minds. He could not enjoy a witty and wicked French play on one occasion because of the thought that young people were in the audience. He believed that the reading of young girls ought to be carefully censored, and he disapproved of de Maupassant for general circulation. He had no use for women who never kneeled in prayer; and he never parted from Lady Butcher during those forty-one years without a fervent "God bless you".

As the literary styles seem to go at present, perhaps nothing so effectually places Meredith in the "yellow yesterdays of time" as the reverent seriousness which, with questionable judgment, he felt obliged to conceal partially under fantastic mockeries. One feels that Meredith was better than his books. Lady Butcher expresses a profound criticism of Meredith when she regrets his early association

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with Thomas Love Peacock. Meredith accepted Lessing's dislike of certainties, as a working philosophy, and resolved to be his own prophet in a world where one doubt was as good or as bad as another.

> Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
> When hot for certainties in this our life!

It is a compliment to his intellectual and moral powers and habits that he was able to discover a few of the eternal certainties for himself.

Meredith's mental energy raises him above his modernistic successors and disciples, at the cost frequently of his art. Lady Butcher notes that she preferred many of his stories, in the form in which he told them to her before writing them out, to the finished product with its heavy encrustations of wisdom and satire. He played the sedulous chorus to his own creations; and it was not a chorus after the Greek manner, reflecting the reactions of ordinary, everyday people.

> Wit that strives to speak the popular voice
> Puts on its nightcap and puts out the light.

And yet Lady Butcher tells how he solemnly warned her against ever falling into the ineptitude of whispering to herself, "Not I as common men!" There are many Meredithian touches in this little book. Once the great man turned on the young Alice Brandreth: "Make up your mind, did you say? Make up your *mind?* You haven't got one yet. You are all around the clock in twenty-four hours." Speaking of his critics to her son: "They are always abusing me. I have been observing them. It is the crueller process." We have to thank Lady Butcher for a pleasant little book. She might have made her self-restraint perfect, and added a tone of originality to her work, if she had omitted the usual gibe at the crude Americans who hasten to pay homage to English idols. Every American who visits an Englishman in his castle must do so, it seems, at the risk of his self-respect. And in the present instance the derision is especially unjust. Are we not the original discoverers of George Meredith?

Memories of George Meredith, O.M. By Lady Butcher. With three illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons.

LOAF, AND INVITE YOUR SOUL*

By Maurice Francis Egan

IT is rather distracting to receive these two books at the same time. If you have a well-developed sense of order, you would probably prefer to finish one before beginning the other; but that is very difficult; it is even more difficult to begin at the beginning of either. You dip into "Peeps at People" and find "As To Office Boys". You chuckle; but you find that "As To Office Boys" is only an appetizer, and you long for a *pièce de résistance* and you put your teeth into "At Mrs. Wigger's", in "Broome Street Straws", which is the fatter volume of the two.

Then you do not get back to "Peeps at People" again until you have exhausted "Broome Street Straws" and feel that you must have more of the delicious flavor of Robert Cortes Holliday's manner. It is the fashion to compare this unique American essayist with other essayists of the past;

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*A certain (perhaps not unbecoming) modesty made Mr. Holliday frown upon the publication in THE BOOKMAN of this review of his two books. His weakness in the face of the ethical problem involved has been a grief to his associates for several months. Now, however, that he is in the West for an extended trip for the magazine, the case is surprisingly simple—to us. Also, there is nothing he can do about it. That always helps.—THE EDITORS.

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and, in reviewing his books, one feels the literary necessity of finding some comparison or other. It is expected, of course. Now, it seems to me that if "Peeps at People" is like any other written thing on earth, it resembles Miss Mitford's series of sketches called "Our Village". It is true that Miss Mitford writes of the country, and a quiet country, while Mr. Holliday writes of the city, and a tumultuous city; but since I must make a comparison, owing to the solemn demands of the exigencies of Comparative Literature, let it be Miss Mitford. But "Broome Street Straws" escapes comparison; or, shall we,—all of us,—in order to be consistent, measure "The Romance of Destiny" with Balzac's "César Birotteau" or "The Rise of Silas Lapham"? This process restores one's self-respect and one can go on writing about Mr. Holliday's books without fear or favor.

Mr. Holliday notices this necessity himself in "An Article Without An Idea":

> One word more as to essays. The mantle of the illustrious dead is always descending upon the peculiar cove who essays to write an essay. For a considerable spell in this country it was quite the thing to wrap any one who announced that that which he had written was an essay in the mantle of Dr. Holmes. Now he is likely to get into the old clothes of Charles Lamb (Oh, Elia, of course!), of "R. L. S.", of the author of "The Reveries of a Bachelor", etc., etc., etc.

And then, having tangled up Christopher Morley in the hose and doublet of Montaigne, he unwraps him!

The business man of the present—that is, the real business man of the present—engages experts in efficiency who can determine whether his employees are psychically prepared to undertake the work that suits them best. The publishers, if they were quite abreast of their times, ought to have a similar mental preparation which could put the reader into the proper mood for enjoying each book. Improving book-shelves, which imply courses of reading, are entirely unmodern. What we demand now is such a delicate arrangement of books that each book will put us in the mood for pleasantly savoring the next. Mr. Holliday, though not a publisher, has perhaps unconsciously applied this truth. You may have a vacant mind and still delight in "Peeps at People". Any girl in the subway, chewing gum, with her hair over her ears, and very high heels, is capable of chuckling over "Peeps at People". It is not necessary that she should know anything to enjoy it. It is a series of iridescent bubbles from the pipe of a philosopher; it is as light as air and seemingly as easy in motion; but its bubbles reflect the earth and air, and have needed very careful mental, chemical combinations to make them.

Take "A Nice Taste in Murders", for instance; it is a little nocturne in pastel; you can hear Caroline playing the ghostly flute! Or take "The Forgetful Tailor",—who has not known him, but who wants to know him? And "A Nice Man"! it recalls the inimitable Dixie, in the old days of "Adonis" being charming to all the customers at the village shop; and it is from life. For the consolation of the many it may be safely asserted that any reader may honestly confess that he has "a vacant mind" by a series of loud laughs after reading "The Case of Mr. Woolen", and acquire no blame!

But with "Broome Street Straws" it is different. It is not for those who run and read. You must have relished many books to get the full flavor of "Broome Street Straws", in which Mr.

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Holliday shows that he is not only a most sympathetic scholar, but a very tolerant gentleman. He should have known Horatius Flaccus. He should have talked over the wine of Gascony with Montaigne. Dr. Johnson would have found him an interesting companion, if the great lexicographer could have been persuaded that many of his expressions were drawn from the language of the Red Indians, and not intended to be the language spoken at the Cheshire Cheese! Only that would have made him forgive them. In all this charming array of what may be called "essays", but which are unlike all other essays that we have read, there is only one which seems rather forced, and that is "Tarkington-apolis". It is no doubt good literary appreciation, but it has neither the atmosphere nor the feeling that makes so satisfactory the work of this confirmed "loafer in literature":

Mr. Holliday remarks:

> It is said that essays are coming in again. Every once in a while somebody says that. It is like prophecies concerning the immediate end of the world. However, it (either one of these prophecies) may be so this time. Still, as to essays, in view of the economy of ideas now going, as hand in hand we have seen is the case, that likelihood does not seem so probable. Because, whereas you can write an excellent article about something with only one idea, and a pretty fair one (such as this) with no idea at all, to write the best sort of essay, which is about nothing much, you really need any number of ideas.

Now, when Mr. Holliday becomes logical or dogmatic, he is always wrong; and he is particularly wrong in this rather doctrinal assertion. The kind of essay he writes has nothing whatever to do with ideas. Its value, its charm, its reason to be delightful, is entirely due to a certain temperamental way of looking at life, disciplined by culture, inspired by love of the real beauty of living, and to an irrepressible enjoyment of everything that is normally human. You have only to read—but you ought to be in the mood—the paper called "As to Visits" to understand the depth, the fine feeling, and the subdued glow of humor which is near to that real pathos which is an integral part of Mr. Holliday's best work. One need offer no excuse for quoting this paragraph:

> If birds of a feather flock together, if a man may be known by the company he keeps, if anything represents an individual or a house, it is his or its books. A man's deeds, even, do not speak himself; they are subject to the infirmities of opportunity, of chance, of mistake, of his capacity, of adversity, of misconstruction in the minds of others; his company may not at all represent him—by circumstance he may be denied that he would choose; but he reads what he likes. By his books you may know him!
>
> Any volume on these shelves before this guest is one that, had an astute man knowingly but another week before him in this world, which he would husband well, he might pick at random to read before he would go. He would extend his life as much as possible in one week.
>
> Friend, is not what you have left to you of life but a kind of a week, more or less? You may have to give you good measure, say, twenty-five years. If you should begin tonight and be able to read straight on, doing nothing else, in that pitiful time how many books could you read? How many that would a kingdom to you be must you leave unread? Before, then, all the wealth of this world is, as if by some juggler's trick, snatched from you, be the astute one who has but another week in which to turn over this world's treasures. Do not sit like one simple eating peanuts at the greater fair. It will soon be night, when you must go home. Take with you, dear child, in your spirit the best of the big show.
>
> Even so.
>
> One who went a-visiting had never read "The Virginians". Death might have taken him thus!

Mr. Holliday puts his finger on the defect in modern literature when he says that subtlety and psychology, in the modern sense, and mere technique can never grip us as the work of Harry Fielding and Oliver Goldsmith and Lamb, and "the Good Sir Walter",

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and Dickens, and Thackeray held us. None of the modern exquisite pipings, like the latest tunes of Anatole France, or Mr. Bennett, or Booth Tarkington, or Mrs. Edith Wharton, or even Mr. Swinnerton, or Hugh Walpole, or the late Henry James, or the resurgent Mr. Howells have the depth, the tenderness, the warmth, the bigness, the fidelity of these immortal interpreters of the heart of humanity. The finest of our writers of today lack, he says, that greatness of heart of which the moderns, in their curious sophistication and self-consciousness, are afraid; but they likewise lack faith in that "far-off, divine event to which the whole creation tends".

There are many chuckles and some startling truths to be got out of human beings; having lived continuously for some time in New York, the essayist had almost forgotten what real human beings are like. Everybody in New York is extraordinary; if people are artists or actors or colossal millionaires or abject paupers or mighty editors or fearless gunmen or anything amazingly unusual, they at once become part of the metropolis. One can only find natural, wholesome human beings in "the provinces", and there it is that Mr. Holliday finds them. There is one peculiarity he remarks: he notices that in the advertisements male human beings are represented as always attracted by clothes of a "distinctive" or "different" design; and yet when one meets them upon the street, they all seem to be dressed very much alike! In fact, this very short essay bristles with paradoxes, founded on careful observations yet unexplained by the author. The object of the human being outside of New York is, he thinks, to forget his own existence: "I have seen," he says, "a company of human beings successfully allay a perception of their own existence for hours by industriously cranking up a Victrola. The dance is likewise employed."

Does anybody remember a story called "Aurelia in Arcadia", written about the same time as "The Madness of Philip"? Then every monthly issue of a magazine introduced to the world a new author of value. The philosophy of this story was that the child of the city, so often pitied and patronized, had compensations of her own; but Aurelia, although she plead in vain, was never taken seriously by the settlement workers or the uplifters. A few of us felt the validity of her mood when she heard the dismal croaking of the frogs in the twilight, and turned to the stolid and tired peasants—who were slumbering the evening hours away in their dismal rooms—and asked artlessly, "Be yez dummies?"

We who sympathized with Aurelia when she returned to the real Arcadia of New York, and was permitted to dance to the music of the street-organ and eat olives offered her by the kindly bartender, find ourselves justified importantly in "To the Glory of Cities".

"It's a very pleasant thing for one long in the country pent to escape to the city for a breath of fresh air. Indeed, it's a life-saver." To be twenty-five miles from New York in the country and to be too poor to go into town every day, is a fate which many of us would sympathetically deplore. This unwilling autocthon had a wife, too, in delicate health, and, in the hot weather, he sometimes feared to lose her before she could be moved back again to the city. He, however, man-

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aged to get her into town one Sunday for "a square meal at Child's" and "she has been better ever since". Nothing but a withering, stifling blanket of heat in the country; nothing to be seen except trees; now and then a lonely walker drags his weary length along. You envy the happy party of motorists from the city; and the insects of "more kind than you ever heard of", and the dust; "your feet hurt like sin"; but oh, the happy city, where people "may eat watermelons and other of the earth's yield forbidden, until goodness knows when, in the country". On the golden urban pavement once more this happy rustic couple felt the cool breeze blowing across Manhattan again, and almost believed they were in the golden streets of Jerusalem!

How true it all is, and how simple and exaggerated is Mr. Holliday's statement of the truth! It is audacious, to be sure; but who that has been doomed to live through long July days in any rustic corner from which all the fruits in season are sent to market, and nothing unseasonable is obtainable, can refrain from thanking this delicately perceptive essayist for interpreting the feelings of those who for so long have been compelled by convention to conceal them?

Another subtle interpretation, of the average, but unexpressed human thought is "Riding in Cars". For a short period of unadulterated delight there are the two pages on Omar Khayyam as a gift book. We must leave "Broome Street Straws" with deep regret, grateful—yet somewhat irritated, that it does not lead at once to another and succeeding volume.

Broome Street Straws. By Robert Cortes Holliday. George H. Doran Company.
Peeps at People. By Robert Cortes Holliday. George H. Doran Company.

"TRUSTY, DUSKY, VIVID, TRUE"

By Christopher Morley

THERE is a little village on the skirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau (heavenly region of springtime and romance!) where the crystal-green eddies of the Loing slip under an old grey bridge with sharp angled piers of stone. Near the bridge is a quiet little inn, one of the many happy places in that country long frequented by artists for painting and *"villégiature"*. Behind the inn is a garden beside the river-bank. The *salle à manger*, as in so many of those inns at Barbizon, Moret, and the other Fontainebleau villages, is paneled and frescoed with humorous and high-spirited impromptus done by visiting painters.

In the summer of 1876 an anxious rumor passed among the artist colonies. It was said that an American lady and her two children had arrived at Grez, and the young bohemians who regarded this region as their own sacred retreat were startled and alarmed. Were their chosen haunts to be invaded by tourists—and tourists of the disturbing sex? Among three happy irresponsibles this humorous anxiety was particularly acute. One of the trio was sent over to Grez as a scout, to spy out the situation and report. The emissary went, and failed to return. A second explorer was dispatched to study the problem. He too was swallowed up in silence. The third, impatiently waiting tidings from his faithless friends, set out to make an end of this mystery. He reached the inn at dusk: it was a gentle summer evening; the windows were open to the tender air; lamps were lit within, and a merry party sat

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at dinner. Through the open window the suspicious venturer saw the recreant ambassadors, gay with laughter. And there, sitting in the lamplight, was the American lady—a slender, thoughtful enchantress with eyes as dark and glowing as the wine. Thus it was that Robert Louis Stevenson first saw Fanny Osbourne.

"The Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson", written by her sister Mrs. Sanchez (the mother of "little Louis Sanchez on the beach at Monterey" remembered by all lovers of "A Child's Garden of Verses") is a delightful book, and sets one musing on the appealing story of these two stormy petrels, so nobly fitted for one another and so happily mated in heart and mind. The early adventures of R. L. S. seem tame enough compared to the astounding vicissitudes of Fanny Van de Grift's career. She came of old Dutch and Swedish blood, settled in Pennsylvania since the seventeenth century. Her parents were married in Philadelphia in 1837. It seems quaint that the two staidest cities of the Anglo-Saxon world—Philadelphia and Edinburgh—should have produced this pair of romantic wanderers.

Married at seventeen (in 1857) Fanny Osbourne early knew many of the surprises of life. Her husband served as a captain in what used to be known as "The War", and afterward she followed him across Panama to California. She went through the hardships of a mining camp in Nevada. Her husband was unfaithful: he disappeared, and she thought herself a widow. She worked for a dressmaker in Frisco. He returned, and there was a temporary reconciliation. Finally, seeing no possibility of domestic happiness, with her accustomed courage she made a fresh start. She took her children to Belgium and France to study art, in 1875. R. L. S. appeared at Grez in 1876. "There is a young Scotchman here, a Mr. Stevenson," wrote her eighteen-year-old daughter Isobel from Grez. "He is such a nice-looking ugly man, and I would rather listen to him talk than read the most interesting book.... Mama is ever so much better and is getting prettier every day."

To the Stevensonian, this book is a mine of delight. It sets down what has never before been sufficiently made clear, that Mrs. Stevenson was, in her own way, as remarkable and as gifted as her husband. A woman of extraordinary charm and beauty, fearless, generous, and mistress of every emergency, she saved Louis's life a hundred times over. Vivid and enchanting as the tiger lily which was her favorite emblem, she was a noble partner for the most loved writer of his age, and the fit recipient of the most perfect love poem of our time.

The Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. By Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN ITALIAN YEAR

By James C. Grey

IT was one of Charles Waterton's blunt comments on Italy when he visited that country one hundred years ago, that "the Italians would confer a vast benefit on society if they would depose more fertilizing matter in their fields and less in their streets". Italy has changed little since then in the opinion of Dr. Joseph Collins, whose "My Italian Year" is a record of his observations while in military service in Italy.

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"I don't profess to know the Italians or to understand them," he tells us, but he is what the Italians themselves call "simpatico" and he claims a friend's right to be candid and critical. "They are not haughty, unyielding, as the English. They are not assertive, boastful, as the Americans. They are not predatory, self-assertive, as the French. They display a certain satisfaction with themselves and with their accomplishments, which may best be called conceit"; a summary of the Italian character which may serve as a commentary on the young kingdom's political motto "L'Italia fara da se".

An excellent journalist was lost when Dr. Collins took up the study of medicine. The disjointed essays that go to make up this volume are occasional letters written home during the war, describing the things his eyes saw and his hands handled. He loves Italy, but he would have her wash her face: "When I went there the following day, I found the customary thing —filth and more filth and still more filth", and he is annoyed with an intelligent woman who replied to his discourse on cleanliness: "The bath only brings the filth into relief." His panacea for all this evil is education. "Thrust education on *il popolo,* and Italians will take a leading place among the successful nations of the world." There is the American peeping out: success measured in terms of business aggression, which he hides in an epigram by saying that after the war Italy must make a new alliance with Hygeia and Vulcan. Yet Dr. Collins is not blind to the light that never was on land or sea; and while he preaches the doctrine of cultivating one's garden in its material sense, he loves to stand on Monte Mario and look out over the Eternal City and the mist-blanketed Campagna to Horace's snow-capped Soracte riding over the plain like a battleship at anchor.

The present volume will probably irritate many friends of Italy, but it brings a fresh, optimistic mind to bear on its problems and it stimulates thought. Its most valuable chapters are those that deal with Italian domestic policies and the government machine, about which so little is known on this side of the Atlantic.

Melrose is seen best by moonlight. Italy is best seen on foot. When the doctor visits Italy again, let him leave his motor-car behind, and then write another book. In the Platonic heaven, where the patterns of all that is on earth are laid up, there must be the personified idea of Italy—the Italy that wins to her heart even modern medical men who see her only through the dust-cloud of a flying automobile. Go back, Dr. Collins, and write another book. You owe it to a number of us who are not so fortunate; and meanwhile, if you bring out another edition of "My Italian Year", ask the proofreader to exercise a little more care. *Cecilia Metella* is spelled correctly on page 299 only. Monte Pincio is not Monte Pinci*ani.* St. Sebastian's Gate is San Sebastin*o,* and the nameless column with the buried base in the Forum is the Column of Phocas, not Phoca's Column. Even though you confess that going to church has a pernicious influence on you, it should not so affect the typesetter as to turn *Ite: Missa Est* into *Ita: Messa Est;* and while the Italian Contadino may be gullible in many ways, if you told him, as you do on page 301, that he looks on the Pope as "impeccable", his answer would be "Magari!"

The Great War was Janus-faced, or double-natured. It was an event that happened to the world around us and it was an event that happened to the

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minds of the men who went through it. Not many of those who went through it have given us such an interesting record as this. There have been many exhibitions of war pictures; it is time we had an exhibition of war books that are worth while. "My Italian Year" will deserve a place among them.

My Italian Year. By Joseph Collins. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"WOMAN HATERS"

By Isaac Goldberg

DESPITE its title, the latest novel by the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is by no means a misogynistic work. "Los Enemigos de la Mujer", which arrived upon these shores from Spain only a few days after its author, continues the style of its two predecessors; since this Spaniard's novels are peculiarly contemporary to his own travels and the thoughts inspired by the world about him, there is less war in "The Enemies of Women" than in "The Four Horsemen" or "Mare Nostrum", and more of that vision which seeks to see beyond battlefields into the uncertain future.

Why "The Enemies of Women"? That is the name of a small society of men who gather about Prince Lubimoff at his villa near the Casino of Monte Carlo; the prince, with a past that includes every form of sybaritism, has tired of women and considers himself apart from the world and its problems, chief of which—at the time the book opens—is the war. To his men companions he offers the hospitality of his villa and grounds—almost the only remainder of a vast fortune—provided that the fair sex be held taboo within the walls of this sanctuary. Women, indeed, are to be as alien to his thoughts as the war itself.

But he does not reckon with his hostess, or rather, the impulsive, passionate Alicia, whose past is not entirely unrelated to his own; they have both been creatures of whim and passion, having inherited their traits from a mixed ancestry, and they are in a manner related. Years before, as children, they have quarreled; somewhat later, she had attempted to break down his obstinate resistance, and failed. When the war brings them together they are both financially embarrassed; he has tired even of gambling, while she plunges into it madly.

The "woman-haters" fare ill; one by one they yield, and the prince himself succumbs to Alicia. But too late. A son born out of wedlock has died as a war prisoner in a German camp; she finally confides her secret to him, and is led to expiation by a self-sacrificing English war-nurse. The prince himself, through the same nurse, comes to a realization of his duty, volunteers in the Foreign Legion, and loses an arm in the conflict that he had thought to hold aloof from. In short, a victory for both woman and the idealism symbolized by the war, into which the men are brought by the women. Alicia, in the end, follows her son.

The author is rich in praise of America's disinterested entrance into the conflict, even as the book is replete with the descriptive and interpretative passages that form a distinguishing feature of Blasco Ibáñez's numerous works. In respect of characterization "Los Enemigos de la Mujer" is an advance over its imme-

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diate antecedents; the prince and Alicia, though queer creatures at best, dwelling in a society that knows only pleasure and the pursuits of a decadent milieu, are far more convincing than the analogous figures in "The Four Horsemen" or "Mare Nostrum"; the general theme of the novel resembles that of these two in its motif of retribution, but it looks and progresses beyond the strife into an era where man may possibly broaden his conception of patriotism into an international citizenship. Not any too optimistically, to tell the truth, but fearlessly enough. "Los Enemigos de la Mujer" completes, as it were, a powerful war trilogy, and maintains the new prestige that has come to this sturdy Valencian with the four horsemen that have galloped around the world.

Los Enemigos de la Mujer. Prometeo Sociedad Editorial. Germanías, 33, Valencia. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. English translation published by E. P. Dutton and Co.

COLORFUL IMPRESSIONS OF THE GRAND CANYON

By LeRoy Jeffers

IT is a curious fact that exceedingly few travelers are more than superficially acquainted with our new national park, the Grand Canyon. In the interest of its geological story, in the wealth of its marvelous coloring, and in its vast and silent grandeur, it immeasurably surpasses all other canyons known to man. But as yet it is ordinarily accessible only here and there at points along its southern rim, while only two or three trails into its depths are kept in repair. Many trails should be built that closely follow the rim, and artistic chalets should be constructed at suitable points.

At no distant day the capes and promontories of the northern rim will become world famous. A few years ago probably less than a score of adventurers had visited some of its points. In the far western section, Dutton Point and the great north-west viewpoint on Powell Plateau, to which there was no trail, are unique and satisfying in the highest degree. Point Sublime of Captain Dutton boldly reaches far into the Canyon with a comprehensive eastern outlook; while Bright Angel Point, opposite El Tovar, is the terminus of the only road to the northern rim in the entire 213 miles of the canyon. The Park Service proposes to bridge the Colorado at Bright Angel, linking the trails on either side of the river, and making it practicable to reach the recently established Wiley camp, which offers the only accommodation on the northern side for the traveler without a pack train. From this central camp at Bright Angel Point one may visit Cape Royal and Cape Final, southeastern points about which the river swings from the north to the west. From the latter there is a superb view of the rare Algonkian strata near the river. Continuing to the north one comes to Atoko and Skiddoo points, the latter being unfortunately locally named, but curiously having no bench mark although it is 8,500 feet, the highest at the canyon. In the amphitheatre beneath one are magnificently colored temples, while no other outlooks offer such superb sunset views of the Painted Desert. Down the precipitous northern slope of Saddle Mountain one may descend to the burning desert of the Marble Platform and peer into the depths of the Marble Canyon.

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The book of the northern rim has yet to be written, but Professor Van Dyke has studied the scenery from the southern side and in his recently published book "The Grand Canyon of the Colorado", gives us a popular account of the geology of the region. He protests against the naming of the great temples and buttes of the canyon after the gods of India. The views from a number of the southern points are described and details are given of the principal trails to the river. Reference is made to the animals, birds, and trees, and to the discoverers and prehistoric inhabitants of the canyon.

In other books of poetic beauty the author has given us colorful descriptions of the desert, the sea, and the mountains. In this region of the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert there is a more marvelous display of color in landscape and sky than I have found elsewhere. Perhaps this is summed up to best advantage in Professor Van Dyke's impressions of sunset and sunrise from Lincoln and Navaho Points. At Desert View (Navaho Point) one may commune with the soul of the Canyon and the desert. Here one may linger alone at twilight watching the great transfiguration. While the distant temples are lit by the holy alpine glow, the great curtain of night rises slowly from the purple depths of the canyon. Up the wall of the Desert Palisades and far across the Painted Desert the shadow travels, seeming to pause before the Echo Cliffs while they turn to a heavenly pink, and then it passes over to awaken line after line of cliffs beyond. Weirdly white in the distance are the high white mesas. Over the desert the west is rich with crimson, purple, and gold.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado. By John C. Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A PLAIN, UNVARNISHED TALE

By John Seymour Wood

WE may almost call "Villa Elsa", by Stuart Henry, a document in the case—one of greater detail than "Christine" or "The Pastor's Wife". It is the actual, everyday family life of the middle-class German before the war—nothing glossed over, nothing exaggerated or fanciful. It is Mr. Henry's personal experience expressed in the form of a novel, and the chief merit of the book is that the reader is bound to feel its truth. There is no attempt at fine writing or that easy familiarity with aristocratic court life, so often affected by English novelists, which, while it adds a gloss to the story, never wears the features of actual experience. It is very easy to write "My friend, von Ludendorff, observed to me at the Potsdam Court ball, etc."...or, "The Emperor asked von Tirpitz to leave us alone, as he had some private matters to communicate, etc."

It is not so easy to chronicle the everyday life of the middle-class Germans as it really occurs. We believed the Germans were kindly, gentle, honest, and scrupulous. We knew not the truth. We read and admired Gœthe, Schiller, Lessing, and Heine. We never heard of Treitschke. We crowded to hear the sublime music of Wagner,—and Beethoven and Schumann were our daily musical food. But what William made of his countrymen, the last forty years, was not even surmised. To that arch criminal and his genius for evil and misrule must be attributed most of the hideous German Kultur. Through his numerous bureaus, he kept his hand on the development of each child.

He directed the system of "hate"

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for every other nation, and chose the vôcation of each individual. From the old style German, good-natured, kindly, and honest, he made them over into hateful and even disgusting Huns. In other words, he made them all Prussians, and in each family he placed a government spy. The evil that William did to Germany is far greater than he accomplished in the war against any of the "hated" nations.

The Bucher family lived in Loschwitz, a suburb of Dresden (while, we remember, Christine lived in Berlin, and Ingeborg, the Pastor's Wife, in Kokensee, a small village of East Prussia). In the habits and activities of Villa Elsa will be found the essence of Prussianism as normally developed by government. Since the war the Germans have not changed, they have not exorcised Kultur. If by any piece of good fortune, Mr. Henry's book should be caused to circulate among them, they will see, as in a mirror, some of the reasons why they are detested and despised by all civilized nations. They themselves are Huns today in their private life, have more or less abandoned civilization, and are taught to hate all advanced countries. They may be honest among themselves, but they are horribly dishonest and dangerous to foreign visitors in their midst. They have been taught to be jealous, mean spirited, and full of bitterest antipathy. They have not been humbled by defeat, and Villa Elsa and its disagreeable inmates are typical of middle-class life in Germany today.

Herr Bucher, the father, is a stolid, unwashed, collarless, healthy and obese German "Vater"; his wife, Frau Bucher, is coarse, red-faced, heavy-handed, snarling and shouting, at the top of her lungs, her fierce hatred of England. Elsa, the only daughter, has the usual tow hair, is stupidly healthy, reads Heine, tries to be sentimental, but is essentially matter of fact. Rudolph, the eldest son, is in secret a government spy, reporting upon their visitor, Gard Kirtley, from America. He is a spruce young engineer, militaristic, dissolute, despising all decent women, and continually hinting of *Der Tag*. Ernst, a pale boy of fifteen, studies eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, quotes falsified history, and particularly discredits all American institutions.

The atrocious table manners, the lack of bathing and cleanliness, the keeping of huge fierce dogs who are mercilessly kicked about, the rows and quarrels—all indicate a state of civilization bordering closely on the tenement-house life of a bargee in our own country. Yet these Buchers are all highly instructed, if not educated. Gard Kirtley believes he has fallen in love with Elsa, but her stolid indifference and phlegmatic stupidity finally overpower him. She does not know how to talk, or to flirt, and she sits like a fat sheep all day long over her studies and music and worsted work, yearning to be the mother of a large family of German children. Incidentally, she is supposed to be engaged to a young musician who has many immoral relations with common servants, maids, and waitresses, of which Elsa apparently does not at all disapprove.

The State and not Herr Bucher, is her real father, directing her and her brothers' vocation and hours of study. This is the reason they brag and boast of their beloved "Vaterland". The State regulates everything, and sees to it that if its citizens will only work at whatever they are ordered to do, they will not suffer in their old age from lack of pensions. They are thus

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continually *instructed*, but never *educated*.

They haven't the slightest qualm about throwing Gard's Americanism in his face or insulting him in the most indecent way in company. For instance one day the Herr Bucher vociferated:—"What is your country? It is nichts—nichts—it is not a country—it is a ragout—a potpourri—a mess. We do not recognize such a country. It has no beginnings—no traditions—no unity of blood—no ideals." He choked over a huge sausage, and the Frau flared forth with terrible gutturals, while attempting to crack a nut between her badly-cared-for teeth:—"The Americans are the offscourings of Europe; they were criminals, atheists, diseased people, failures—who were sent away from Europe. So they go and try to found a new race—a new nation. They try, but they fail of course." When the Frau got out of breath, with her mouth stuffed full of sausage and nuts, little Ernst began with a milder, more judicial air:—"Don't you think, Herr Kirtley, it stands to reason that a reigning family, which is admitted to be honest and has practised ruling for centuries, knows better how to govern a race than the always new and untried persons who keep taking up the reigns of government in a democracy? Americans can never tell far ahead who is to rule. There are changes all the time. How can the citizen prepare for the future? How can he prepare long ahead as we do? This is the reason things are so steady here, and so uncertain and wobbling in America. This uncertainty hanging over a republic unsettles its population. You have panics, lynchings, graft—we are free from such scourges."

The young Ernst might truly say that our law-makers in America are seldom very worthy—that our legislatures can be bought—and that we sometimes put over very senseless laws. Nevertheless, we believe that we are a free people although we are essentially governed by a certain class, not always favorable to our best interests. As the author says, it was thought that "German discipline would have a bracing effect on a casual slack American youth, whose latent capabilities were never likely to be called on in the comparatively hit-and-miss organization of Yankee life."

But Gard, the American, was sadly disillusioned. The "discipline" of German government methods in home life; the brutal "disciplinary" mangling by his officers of little Ernst; the employment of Rudolph as a secret household spy, and the final outrages put upon the young American in escaping from this barbarous family into Holland, must be read to be realized and appreciated.

The Germans are not "square"; they are even now concealing their funds; hiding their ability to make reparation; sending secret missions to Lenin and to Japan.

To all German lovers and pro-Germans, who are now palliating their abominable Hunnish methods of warfare, or pitying them for the "starvation" and "penury" they allege they are suffering, I urge: Read "Villa Elsa", and be made wise.

Mr. Henry's remedy for this outrageous Kultur may not be accepted by the reader. What it is—let the curious read this excellent book and discover for themselves.

Villa Elsa, A Story of German Family Life. By Stuart Henry. E. P. Dutton and Co.

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THE LESSON OF THE MASTER

BY JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

WHEN the correspondence of Gustave Flaubert was published, Henry James wrote of his letters that "his private style...was as unchastened as his final form was faultless". The style which Flaubert hoped to "set roaring" is missing in his private epistles, wherein he disports himself like a walrus of genius; splashing, spouting, enjoying himself generally; wherein he is copious, extravagant, formless. In the newly published "Letters of Henry James", selected and edited by Percy Lubbock, we come upon another James, one whom the most fervent Jacobean may have dimly suspected, though could hardly realize as a palpable image. A Henry James in a mood unbuttoned writing large, loose, luminous sentences, amiable, responsive to the remotest suggestion of a friend: a James far removed from our preconceived picture of him as an implacable Bonze of art, a stern Mandarin of letters inhabiting his austere tower of ivory, facing the setting sun, absolutely impervious to the call of the human knocking at the barred door beneath. Henry James had a genius for friendship and the old legend may be now sent to limbo, together with the legend of the impassability of Flaubert and Anatole France. Both these Frenchmen hurried from their towers when they were called upon; the one when his beloved niece Caroline Commanville was in pecuniary trouble—her husband met with ill-luck in business and the author of "Madame Bovary" assigned his entire fortune to him; the other went to the rescue of Dreyfus, went down in the heat and dust of the arena, locking up his tower and throwing the key away forever.

In the case of Henry James the nonsense extant had presented us with the portrait of half clubman, half literary dandy solemnly sipping tea in the company of duchesses. The real Henry James is in his art; the Henry James of the social scene in his letters. Make no mistake about that. He only lived for the art of fiction. To nourish the rich denseness of his medium he plunged the roots into the warmest, fattest social soil, English life. These letters fill in the lacuna between his chiseled pages and the man himself. A thousand shafts of light illumine his characters, even more than the prefaces to the New York edition. He permits himself the luxury of gossiping with his correspondents—W. D. Howells, Paul Bourget, Edith Wharton, Daudet, Edmund Gosse, William James, Robert Louis Stevenson, H. G. Wells, Mrs. Ward among the rest—not only about his own books but also about theirs. The most unflinchingly sincere of critics, he is yet the most lovable. It is not difficult, after reading these truly "human documents", to understand the

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love he aroused in his friends and relatives, the adoration of his brother and sister, his niece, "Polly", and nephew, young Henry James. He was well-nigh the typical "Uncle" of fiction and footlights, expansive, florid of speech, generous to prodigality. In fine, an opulent but exquisitely sensitive nature.

Another "legend" that goes by the board is the "New England conscience" which still sits like a nightmare in the consciousness of some critics. He was born in New York but his "weltanschauung" is cosmopolitan. He is the first of American cosmopolitans. This quality of temperament lent him acuity when judging his countrymen. He did live in Boston and Cambridge, but his soul couldn't tarry long in the New England atmosphere. It was the clairvoyance of hatred that prompted his New England fiction, which was followed by the usual uncritical lumping of the writer with his writings, confounding James and the puritans—he the least puritanical of men. The same has happened in the case of Mr. Howells. The driver of fat oxen must, of necessity, be fat, according to this jumbling of widely sundered substances. Antipathies are, indeed, reciprocal.

Henry James belonged to the aristocracy of nerves, but he never celebrated the solemn liturgy of the Ego as did Maurice Barrès. His technique in that castle of chimeras, which is great fiction, was essentially Gallic, a technique learned at Paris and in the ateliers of writers whose art was his envy, whose themes went against his finer grain. We see him suffering from veritable seasickness of the soul when he writes of Charles Baudelaire in that early and rather immature volume, "French Poets and Novelists"; perhaps Bourget is right, fear is a form of hatred. As much as he admired Flaubert his reservations were many in the three essays he devoted to the man, a writer to whom he owes some of his own formal excellences, sense of style, and technical données. And the asperity of his criticism concerning Flaubert grew with the years. (Read "French Poets and Novelists", "Essays in London and Elsewhere", and "Notes on Novelists" for the three Flauberts.) For Zola and the naturalists he had naught but dislike. One forgives him at this juncture, but that he "missed" Baudelaire, as Sainte-Beuve "missed" Balzac and Flaubert, must be set down to the ultra-fastidiousness of the American. It had nothing to do with New England. The sewermen of French fiction jarred his nerves, as did the so-called symbolist group that followed the naturalists, with their cantatas of epileptics and visionaries. He said of Zola: "When you have no taste you have no discretion, which is the conscience of taste, and when you have no discretion you perpetrate books like 'Rome'."

Physical love as a theme is at once too primitive, simple, and too arrestingly definite; a sensation, not a sentiment.

Possibly for that reason there is no mention of Stendhal either in his books or published correspondence. I discovered by a circuitous route what James thought of Henri Beyle, discovered that he detested the genius from Grenoble because of his coarseness, also because of his lack of style—which was Flaubert's chief ground for disliking him. In a letter from the late John La Farge to me he speaks of meeting Henry James at Rome and of the contemptuous manner in which he alluded to Stendhal, probably to the "Promenades". Why this *arrière-pensée*, which is all the more curious as Taine, Henry James, George Meredith, Paul Bourget, Fromentin, Mérimée, Tolstoi,

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Maurice Barrès, D'Annunzio, Edith Wharton, and other "moderns" went to the Beyle school of analysis. Tolstoi acknowledged it in a memorable passage. So Bourget, who resurrected this exacerbated and aggressive thinker in the early 'eighties. The complete effacement of Beyle in the writings of Meredith and James is paralleled by Nietzsche's avoidance of all reference to Max Stirner. You would fancy that the author of the most perfect breviary of destruction ever penned, "The Ego and his Own", had not been read by Nietzsche, when in reality that book is the keystone of Nietzsche's house of philosophy. Without Stendhal-Beyle the entire school of analytical fiction would not have existed in its present flowering, though Stendhal himself stemmed from Marivaux, Choderlos de Laclos, and Benjamin Constant.

II

The appreciation of "La Duchesse Bleue" by James warms the heart cockles of the present reviewer. The author, Paul Bourget, who was not unaffected by James, has never had his due from the English-reading world. The veiled hypocrisy that permits us to swallow the vulgar enormities of Zola because of his humbug "humanitarianism", draws a taut line about the finished art of Bourget, who even if he is frank is always the moralist; not a preacher but a moralist whose morals are implicit. Need I speak of "Cosmopolis", "La Duchesse Bleue", "Le Disciple" — a masterpiece — or "Physiologie de l'Amour moderne"? They were comrades, James and Bourget. The attitude of the American novelist toward the sex-question may be not unknown to our readers. He is said to have remarked casually that he had reached the period in his art when he could say everything. As a matter of fact what he did say of love was so triturated, subtilized in his delicate analytical machine, and then so painted over with his polyphonic prose, that the most audacious, thrilling, or revolutionary idea concerning, not the tender, but the "tough" passion—as William James might have said—would be, for the average reader (if he really exists), as if written in Sanskrit. His adulteries are atmospheric. A collective title for the love-element in the revised edition might be: "Time, Space, and the Other Woman". Henry James possessed the cosmical vision in common with his brother William, inherited, if acquired traits can be transmitted, from their Swedenborgian father. The "two vanities exasperated by their sex", of which Bourget writes in his "Physiologie", is far from the James complex. The early influence of Turgenev persisted longer in his feminine portraits than Flaubert's.

His cultures were richer, more versatile than those of his contemporaries. He is, to use his own telling phrase, one of Balzac's grandsons. He wrote of Turgenev that "he had his reservations and discriminations, and he had, above all, the great back-garden of his Slav imagination, and his Germanic culture, into which the door stood open, and the grandsons of Balzac were not, I think, particularly free to accompany him." But Henry James could, and did accompany him, for he had the Germanic as well as the Gallic culture; Gœthe and Heine he speaks of even during the dark days of 1914. He finally found the French circle as narrow, noisy, doctrinaire as Turgenev. He admired the art of Flaubert, de Goncourt, Maupassant, Daudet, but revolted at their particular application of this art to sundry phases of life. Catholic as were his sympathies in the matter of literary art,—the province

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which to him was all life, all imagination,—nevertheless he was not a virtuoso of the ugly, like Huysmans for example, and he instinctively avoided the crudities of his French contemporaries. A question of temperament, of tactile sensibility, of sensitive rejections, of the tact of omission, as Walter Pater has it. That is why he finally selected England as a proving-ground for his observation and experimenting in life and fiction. He was compact of imagination.

For him the puritan temperament has a "faintly acrid perfume". Life itself is peopled by "parrots and monkeys, monkeys and parrots". Toward the last when neglected by press and public, his attempts at playwriting a failure, a strain of gentle pessimism steals through his correspondence. But his almost miraculous sense of humor —don't rub your eyes!—and American humor at that, saves him from the spiritual doldrum of so many artistic people. He never posed as genius misunderstood. Particularly in his letters to William James we find him philosophically accepting the situation, making artistic capital of it. His figure in the carpet is the leading-motive that flashed out at intervals throughout the vast symphony of his fiction. Elsewhere I have described it as fiction for the future. "The Wings of the Dove", "The Ambassadors", and "The Golden Bowl" are like the faintly audible tread of destiny behind the arras of life. The reverberations are almost microphonic; it is spiritual string-music, with the crescendo and climax not absent. We must go to other novelists for the roast beef and ale. The Jacobean cuisine is for cultured palates, and most precious is the bouquet of his wine. But characterization and the power of narration inform his every book. To use his own expression, he "never saved for the next book". And humor, his American heritage, the delicate and thrice-delicious humor we vainly look for in Flaubert, de Goncourt and the rest of his famous cénacle—Daudet alone excepted. An ironist, too, yet not a ferocious one. His is the irony of a supersubtle poet.

The editor, Mr. Lubbock, has compassed a dangerous undertaking in his selection and, while he offers many letters which illustrate the social side of his hero, he justly lays stress on the inclusion of literary themes. James is wholly preoccupied with form. The lack of it is the unforgivable sin against the Holy Ghost of art. In his letters to Hugh Walpole he emphasizes the magnitude of the offense. He banishes from the pale of his sympathies two such men as Tolstoi and Dostoyevsky because of their formlessness, and, by the same token, he admits lesser lights because of their devotion to the formal. His limitations but proclaim the master. Thomas Hardy annoys him by reason of his mediocre prose. Kipling at first intrigued his fancy, but his admiration faded as the imperialistic jingo and singer of barracks and barrooms came into view. He achieves the portrait of Walter Pater in a felicitous phrase—and the pages of these volumes are thick with felicities—"faint, pale, embarrassed, exquisite Pater"; and he writes to Gosse that Pater "is not of the little day—but of the longer time". George Meredith teases, exasperates him with his wanton humors, his general emptiness in the later novels. (Perhaps the gossip about the relations of James and Meredith is founded on fact, "The Lesson of the Master" is autobiographical.) There was never a genuine rapprochement with Meredith. For H. G. Wells, his extraordinary versatility and vitality, James has a liking, but when in

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the case of the egregious "Boon" he feels that his friend is merely chattering, he reminds him of art and its responsibilities. His admiration for George Eliot, that great fossil dinosaur of mid-Victorian fiction, with her excess moralic acid, is incomprehensible. He also experiences the "emotion of recognition" for Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose fiction is a combination of pulpit and petticoats that is disheartening. In the case of Edith Wharton, the "dear Edith" of his Letters, he is on firmer ground. The exquisite mosaic art of this gifted woman, above all the splendid soul that shines through the bars of her prose-music, could not but attract Henry James. Wise, witty, communicative is his correspondence with the author of "The Custom of the Country"—to our way of thinking her masterpiece of irony and evocation.

He saw through the hole in the American millstone, social and political. Despite his change of citizenship he remained invincibly American. Rage, horror, indignation, fills the last section of these letters. The war literally killed him. He had gone through the Franco-American conflict, and, while he was hopeful till his death, there lurked in his brain the unacknowledged fear of another 1870 catastrophe. He every now and then gives us portraits of our alleged great men, the political idols of the hour, who crumble like chalk in the blast of his epigrammatic prose. The tardy entrance of the United States into the combat forced him to become a British subject, for he was not the sort of man who compromises with his conscience. And what a sturdy, sincere conscience it was! He conceived his fiction-world as a picture, as an image, rather than an idea. He was a visualist, not an auditive, as the psychiatrists define it. He was tone-deaf. He tells us so, but he had the inner ear for the finest nuances of prose. His third manner is polyphonic, no doubt matured by his habit of dictating. Now, the pen inhibits. In dictation the temptation to digress is irresistible; yet James, notwithstanding the multiple messages he sends along the single wire of prose, never loses the thread of his discourse, though I confess his readers may. Like Robert Browning he made of a perilous method an unbelievable triumph. His prose is literally many-voiced. It contains "second intentions", in it may be overheard the interior dialogue. In this matter of polyphony he is both a pioneer and the last of his kind.

It is not advisable to make extracts here from these Letters, which bid fair to become a classic in English literature. Their wealth for the student and amateur of literary art is incalculable. And they best serve as an introduction to the life and work of that unique artist and mystic, Henry James, whose chief glory is his imagination.

The Letters of Henry James. Selected and edited by Percy Lubbock. Two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

IT is remarkable to note, in the wave of popular interest which has placed Psychic Phenomena far above Prohibition as the topic of all discussion, that the "ayes have it" by an overwhelming majority. The great demand is, quite apparently, for proof of some life beyond. And no popular demand goes long unsatisfied. What opposition there is, on the other hand, goes its scornful way, refusing even to recognize the new belief by the compliment of concerted attack. The result is that while the latest books on the subject hold a wealth of evidence, they lack the strength which opposition brings. Henry Holt and Company will publish shortly a Psychic Series, which taken as a whole makes a most authoritative and informing group of facts. Henry Holt, the head of the firm, is himself represented by a volume of "Essays on Psychical Research", a collection of contributions to "The Unpartisan Review". In addition there will be "Researches in Spiritualism" by Sir William Crookes, "The Ear of Dionysius" by the Honorable Gerald Balfour, "After-Death Communications" by L. M. Bazett, with others added from time to time. Considered in conjunction with the works of Sir Oliver Lodge, and with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's advanced theories, they present a formidable array of evidence in the case for Spiritualism. On the side of the opposition "The Case Against Spiritualism", by Jane T. Stoddart, is practically the only authoritative attack of the movement. No worthy cause is ever injured by well-considered criticism. It is rather unfortunate that more writers have not aided the ultimate growth of a theory,—that may, one day, open up entirely new vistas of the universe,—by attacking the underbrush of charlatan "spiritualists" who are springing up unchecked around the few giants of scientific and spiritist thought.

* * * *

What is probably the most important and most eagerly awaited event of the spring is the publication, in April, by Charles Scribner's Sons, of the "Letters of Henry James". It is surprising to most of us (who always considered that a man so dedicated to his art, as was this famous author, could not, in the very nature of things keep contact—at least intimate contact—with his fellows) to find in these letters a real "man's man", filled with enthusiasm, buoyant, witty, capable of deep friendship and extraordinary interest. They reveal a man's struggle to adapt himself to an alien life,—a sensitive man, somewhat embittered by the failure of the many to recognize his very real genius, somewhat discouraged by his failure as a playwright,—a man who nevertheless emerged triumphant in his last years, confident that he had finally reached the goal which long before he

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had set for himself. Nor is their intimate nature the only surprise which the letters hold for those who were chiefly familiar with the gravity and crystal-clear literary preoccupation of his later work. In them Henry James has raised the art of letter-writing to a point of excellence hitherto undreamed of. Indeed, they are not letters in our sense of the word, but brilliant essays, sketches, kaleidoscopic pictures of famous people and events, of places and times. They are as readable as the letters of Thackeray. The editing by Percy Lubbock is most admirably done, including as it does numerous short notes which very definitely tie up the various letters with the various phases of Henry James's career.

* * * *

There was a morning, not many months ago, when the world, hastening to its morning paper, searched vainly for news of two lion-hearted adventurers who swore to leap the Atlantic "without a stop". I can still feel in reminiscence the great flood of relief and wonder that accompanied the long-delayed news of their final success. Sir Arthur Whitten Brown and John Alcock—the latter killed since in an unimportant land flight—had accomplished the seemingly impossible. With cool effrontery they faced the Atlantic Ocean and reduced it to an impotent pond sixteen hours in width. Sir Arthur has written the story of that great adventure, "Flying the Atlantic in Sixteen Hours", soon to be published by Frederick A. Stokes Company. Jules Verne at the height of his genius never imagined anything half as thrilling as that dash across the black Atlantic, sliding, falling, boring through hail and sleet and dense masses of vapor, guiding by dead reckoning alone, until the adventurers crashed at last into an Irish bog, and were taken, more dead than alive, to receive in London the reward the world gives to the brave.

* * * *

The Three Hundredth Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims has turned the nation's historical eye very definitely back from questions of treaty and trade to the more romantic, if not more dangerous, days of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Using Governor Bradford's long-lost History of the Plymouth Plantation and other authentic records as a basis, Frank M. Gregg will publish this month, through George H. Doran Company, a graphic historical romance of the Pilgrims. The difficulties of sailing and the loss of the "Speedwell", the landing, the fire, the great sickness and the founding of Thanksgiving day are intimately woven around the story of Cavalier Beaumont's love for the "Separatist" maiden. It is a rare combination of historical accuracy and literary art.

John T. Faris will publish, through the same firm, a story of the pioneers of America. "On the Trail of the Pioneers" is a story of America's greatest struggle to push across the Alleghenies, with an historically accurate account of the route which the emigrants took, the sections to which they went and why, the pitched battles with the Indians,—an irresistible tide moving by flat-boat, emigrant wagon and trail over the mountains and into the land of promise and plenty.

* * * *

What John T. Faris is doing for the history of Pennsylvania and the Middle West, Professor Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, is accomplishing for the earlier—but no less important—movement into the regions farther south,

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Professor Henderson has evidently been deeply interested for a number of years in the heroic men and women who, early in the eighteenth century, crossed into the trackless forests of Kentucky and Tennessee. "The Conquest of the Old Southwest", to be published by the Century Company, shows a most unusual breadth of information. Daniel Boone, Robert Wade, Hugh Waddell, John Perkins, Richard Henderson, George Washington—all leaders of the pioneer movement—as well as Dragging Canoe, the Cherokee Chief, fill the story with the thrill of their struggle for existence. Of this august company, Daniel Boone stands easily first as a dauntless leader. Many readers will be as surprised as was the writer of these notes to find that Boone, the man, even outdoes the Boone of romance. In the first move into the Kentucky wilderness Daniel Boone led the advance party, commissioned to blaze the trail. It was his dauntless courage, his unwavering resolve to go forward in the face of all dangers, which carried through the armed "trek" to a successful conclusion. This historic letter reveals the dogged resolution which held Boone and his men to their task in the face of black disaster:

Dear Colonel: After my compliments to you, I shall acquaint you of our misfortunes. On March the 25 a party of Indians fired on my Company about half an hour before day, and killed Mr. Twitty and his negro, and wounded Mr. Walker very deeply, but I hope he will recover.

On March the 28 as we were hunting for provisions, we found Samuel Tate's son, who gave us an account that the Indians fired on their camp on the 27th day. My brother and I went down and found two men killed and scalped, Thomas McDowell and Jeremiah McFeters. I have sent a man down to all the lower companies in order to gather them all at the mouth of Otter Creek.

My advice to you, Sir, is to come or send as soon as possible. Your company is desired greatly, for the people are very uneasy, but are willing to stay and venture their lives with you, and now is the time to flusterate their (the Indians') intentions, and keep the country, whilst we are in it. If we give way to them now, it will ever be the case. This day we start from the battle ground, for the mouth of Otter Creek, where we shall immediately erect a Fort, which will be done before you can come or send, then we can send ten men to meet you, if you send for them.

I am, Sir, your most obedient,
Omble Sarvent,
DANIEL BOONE

These three historical books hold a wealth of romance—the romance of a time in which the very fact of existence was a remarkable—and often abruptly ended—adventure.

—S. M. R.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in March in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
2. Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY
3. The House of Baltazar	*William J. Locke*	LANE
4. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
5. The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
6. The Strong Hours	*Maud Diver*	HOUGHTON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
2. The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
3. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. A Man for the Ages	*Irving Bacheller*	BOBBS-MERRILL
5. The Great Desire	*Alexander Black*	HARPER
6. Jeremy	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
2. The River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
3. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
4. Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY
5. The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
6. The House of Baltazar	*William J. Locke*	LANE

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
2. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
4. The River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
5. The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
6. Jeremy	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN

WESTERN STATES

1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
3. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
5. Mare Nostrum	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
6. Mrs. Marden	*Robert Hichens*	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY
2. The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3. The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
4. The River's End	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
5. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
6. Red and Black	*Grace S. Richmond*	DOUBLEDAY

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
2.	A Labrador Doctor	*Wilfred T. Grenfell*	HOUGHTON
3.	"Marse Henry"	*Henry Watterson*	DORAN
4.	Theodore Roosevelt	*William Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON
5.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
6.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
2.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
4.	The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
5.	Abraham Lincoln	*John Drinkwater*	HOUGHTON
6.	A Labrador Doctor	*Wilfred T. Grenfell*	HOUGHTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
2.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
4.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5.	"Marse Henry"	*Henry Watterson*	DORAN
6.	An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Abraham Lincoln	*John Drinkwater*	HOUGHTON
2.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
4.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
5.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
6.	The Life of John Marshall	*Albert J. Beveridge*	HOUGHTON

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
2.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
4.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
5.	Abraham Lincoln	*John Drinkwater*	HOUGHTON
6.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
2.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
3.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
4.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
5.	Abraham Lincoln	*John Drinkwater*	HOUGHTON
6.	A Labrador Doctor	*Wilfred T. Grenfell*	HOUGHTON

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

FRANK SWINNERTON in a letter to a friend visiting in the United States writes as follows of the holiday which he and Arnold Bennett have been taking in Portugal:

"On January 30 Arnold and I packed up our traps and came to Portugal. And here we are, excoriating the country. The little squibs and squabbles of London cliques are almost as distant from me as they are from you. I remind myself of them every now and then with a start. We have been in Havre, in Lixoes, in Oporto, in Lisbon, in Cintra, and here, which is called the Portuguese Riviera. We walk, drive, read, talk, gamble, etc. Arnold is in his best form, and very delightful all day, saying the most stuttering and shattering things every hour. I am not working at all, but letting the hours go by in perfect tranquillity. And we go back at the beginning of March, I to resume the strenuous life newly armed.

"Portugal is a most peculiar place. I can tell you that much. Its ways and doings are perpetually astonishing. Here, on this 'Riviera', the plans to sweep the South of France bare of its pleasure seekers are advanced, but not so advanced as to make the district impossible. There are villas that combine Moorish qualities with some of the most barbarous impromptu that you could imagine. The roads in and outside Oporto are grotesque. The roads here, on the other hand, are excellent. Wherever we go we come upon strange people who fall to our honest charm and frequent our society when we choose. And in fact we're both enjoying the whole thing, from the nine days' sea voyage to the prospect of another fortnight on land and the return journey."

Death has been very busy of late in the literary world of England. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, grandson of the famous poet; Charles Garvice, novelist, dramatist, poet, and American newspaper correspondent (who is said to have sold more books during the last ten years than any other English author); Arthur Henry Bullen, distinguished Shakespeare editor and publisher; and Mrs. Humphry Ward, popular novelist,—have died since we last went to press.

Mrs. Ward was born June 11, 1851, at Hobart, the chief town on the island of Tasmania, which lies 120 miles southeast of Australia, and was once a British penal colony known then as No Man's Land. Her maiden name was Mary Augusta Arnold. She was a niece of Matthew Arnold; and married, in 1872, Thomas Humphry Ward, a Fellow of Brasenose College, London, and editor of "The English Poets", a four volume work that made his name known throughout the English-speaking world. Their home was at 61 Russell square, London, not far from the house where Amelia Sedley once lived.

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Mrs. Ward's first published book was a story for children—"Milly and Olly; or A Holiday Among the Mountains"—which appeared in 1880. "Miss Bretherton" appeared four years later. Her first real recognition as a popular novelist came with the publication of "Robert Elsmere", considered by many her ablest work, though other talked of novels followed, notably "The Marriage of William Ashe".

Ernest Hartley Coleridge was born December 8, 1846, son of the Reverend Derwent Coleridge, and nephew of that Hartley to whom Wordsworth wrote the poem "To H. C., six years old":

> Thou fairy voyager...
> Thou are so exquisitely wild
> I think of thee with many fears
> For what may be thy lot in future years....

Mr. Coleridge was educated at Oxford. Among the volumes he edited were the letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge followed later by his poems (illustrated), and by "Animæ Poetæ", selections from his unpublished notebooks; Lord Byron's poems; and the life and letters of John Duke, Lord Coleridge.

In "La Vie d'Edgar A. Poe", recently published in France, André Fontainas has endeavored, as the result of a study of trustworthy documents, to restore "the true and just image of Poe, purged of the taint of calumny and pure as those works with which his life was always closely bound up."

Carolyn Wells is overcome by awful Mr. Braley's error in the April issue of THE BOOKMAN. She writes to the Gossip Shop:

"A cobbler should stick to his last, first and all the time. There is no better evidence of this than Berton Braley's recent excursion into the realm of review and criticism. We have read quite a lot of Mr. Braley's work in the past and we have indulged in cachinnatory ejaculations, even though deprecating our mirth. However, upon perusing his article in THE BOOKMAN we are compelled to realize that whatever talent for theology Mr. Braley may possess, he is not an accurate or capable reviewer, and he has produced an essay which is an amazing hodge-podge of misguided and misapplied humor. As for the jests adduced by Mr. Braley, they are the most astonishing examples of misfire we have ever read. The merest school child would not laugh at them.

"We are as giddy as Mr. Braley thinks that Mr. Herford would make us think the earth is, when we try to understand his satire.

"Then when the author begins to particularize he is guilty of such baseless declarations as this: 'The children of today will be the adults of tomorrow.' Perish the thought! Everybody knows the adults of today will be in their second childhood tomorrow.

"The author proceeds with his misapprehensions in remarks about the late war. This is but another exemplification of the appalling ignorance of a man who attempts to write a magazine article without proper basic knowledge of the omission of the subject of war. But enough of this—it is plain that Mr. Braley cannot be taken humorously as a commentator or as a reviewer of art. His mind is too material and his tongue too encheekéd.

"His text is what one might expect of one who had learned his data from Artemus Ward and confused it with the Comic Sunday Supplements. But of course the whole attempt is so far re-

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moved from nonsense or common sense that it is an utter failure as a book review. It is certainly to be hoped that Mr. Braley will hereafter confine himself to his bailiwick of trisyllabic rhymes and continue to write of 'The Prophylactic Pup' and 'The Tooter who Tooted the Flute'.... Indeed, if this present screed of his were not so filled with silly and baseless statements put forth with solemn authority, the essay might appeal to the educated mind as something the awful Mr. Braley had written but didn't mean."

It appears that Hungary has taken to burning all books treating of social and economic questions. Any work which justifies the socialization of government or points the way to better living conditions for the working classes, is doomed. "White guards" search private dwellings and ransack libraries, gathering up the works of Karl Marx, Engel, Bebel, and similar writers. Fifteen thousand works were recently removed from the library at Budapest and consigned to flames in the courtyard.

There has been issued lately by a New York firm "One Hundred Best Novels Condensed", a collection of abridged novels edited by Edwin A. Grozier, editor of the Boston "Post". The collection, which was issued in four volumes, includes such varied classics as Dickens, Sienkiewicz, Tolstoi, and Defoe, and, among present-day writers, Booth Tarkington, Blasco Ibáñez, Rupert Hughes, and Margaret Deland. A picture of the author or an illustration taken from some phase of his work accompanies each of the novels, the condensations of which have been written by various literary men.

E. V. Lucas, whose forthcoming novel is the whimsical story of "Verena in the Midst", not long ago sent greetings to his publishers from Calcutta:

> I am gradually advancing upon you and if a boat can be found I shall be in San Francisco about May 1 and come right along.... My novel will probably be awaiting me in proof at your office. A letter from Hugh Walpole radiates prosperity and enthusiasm. Try and keep him till I come. Oh, and I want to read some of the other work of the author of "Susan Lenox". Some of "Tish" is damned funny.

Mr. Lucas will sail for England about June 1.

Excellent progress has been made by the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association in the work of restoring, and opening to the public use, the Roosevelt birthplace at 28 East 20th Street, New York. "Between the spacious Colonial mansion of George Washington and the pioneer cabin of Lincoln", comments "The Review", "there is room in America for such a shrine as this; not a place for losing oneself in a reverent *'O altitudo!'*—Roosevelt himself would be the last to desire that—but a place amid whose books and portraits citizens of all ages may take heart of grace to search yet more deeply into what it means to be an American."

A celebration in memory of Emile Verhaeren was held in Brussels recently. The ceremonies took place in the senate chamber, in the presence of the king and queen and many ministers and diplomats. The gathering included largely writers and artists. Henri de Régnier delivered an address in the name of the French Academy and Brand Whitlock spoke in behalf of the United States. H. G. Wells and Sem Benelli, who were to have represented England and Italy, were unable to be present. Character-

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istic selections from Verhaeren's work were recited by actors from the Comédie Française, as well as a poem written in honor of the poet by Grégoire Le Roy. On the following day "Helène de Sparte", Verhaeren's last dramatic work, was produced for the first time in Belgium.

"Thus was officially consecrated", observes the "Mercure de France", "the genius of Emile Verhaeren who, scarcely fifteen years ago, had not met with in his country (except for the admiration of the élite) anything but mockery, insult, and sarcasm."

From Punch:

"It is pleasing to note that in spite of the recent spring-like weather, the Poet-Laureate is calmly keeping his head."

And this (being a terrible result of reading too much poetry in the modern manner):

THE DEAD TREE

Slushy is the highway between the unspeakable hedges;
I pause
Irresolute under a telegraph pole,
The fourteenth telegraph pole on the way
From Shere to Havering,
The twenty-first from Havering to Shere.
Crimson is the western sky; upright it stands,
The solitary pole,
Sombre and terrible,
Splitting the dying sun
Into two semi-circular halves.
I do not think I have seen, not even in Vorticist pictures,
Anything so solitary,
So absolutely nude;
Yet this was an item once in the uninteresting forest,
With branches sticking out of it, and crude green leaves,
And resinous sap,
And underneath it a litter of pine spindles
And ants;
Birds fretted in the boughs and bees were busy in it,
Squirrels ran noisily up it;
Now it is naked and dead,
Delightfully naked,
And beautifully dead.
Delightfully and beautifully, for across it melodiously,
Stirred by the evening wind,
The wires where electric messages are continually being dispatched
Between various postoffices,
Messages of business and messages of love,
Rates of advertisements and all the winners
Are vibrating and thrumming like a thousand lutes.

Is the old gray heart of the telephone pole stirred by those messages?
I fancy not.
Yet it all seems very strange,
And even stranger still, now that I notice it,
Is the fact that the thing is after all not absolutely naked,
For a short way up it, half-obliterated with age,
Discolored and torn,
Fastened on by tin tacks,
There is a paper *affiche*
Relating to swine fever.

The sun sinks lower and I pass on,
On to the fifteenth pole from Shere to Havering,
And the twentieth
From Havering to Shere;
It is even more naked and desolate than the last.
I pause (as before).

(*Author:* We can start all over again now if you like.)
(*Editor:* I don't like.)

This summer will see the practical realization of Christopher Morley's "Parnassus on Wheels" when the Caravan Bookshop tours New England. The Caravan Bookshop will be a Stewart motor, gay and attractive, with a bookish air, but neither "highbrow" nor Greenwich Villagy. When it drives up to hotel or village green, it will spread out its table of books under cool awnings, where you may dip into the current literature at your leisure, or step inside the car and browse about the shelves filled with nearly a thousand volumes, specially selected to make the sojourner in New England a book owner.

This original adventurer is being sent out by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, which itself was a pioneer a couple of years ago in the

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field of bookstores for children, under the able direction of Miss Bertha E. Mahony. The Bookshop is maintained by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union as a branch of its social and educational activity. The Union has considerable prestige among New Englanders, who of course will welcome the coming of a bookshop sent out under its auspices. The publishing world is watching the venture with a good deal of interest and solid encouragement. The year has been an abundant one for the book trade. Why should not the summer yield a golden harvest?

While the route is not fully planned, the expectations are that the Caravan will start early in July to do "The Cape", working its way up the coast to Maine and probably covering the Berkshire and White Mountains.

The Caravan will be in charge of Mary Frank, Superintendent of the Extension Division of the New York Public Library, assisted by Genevieve Washburn of the Boston Public Library, who has driven an ambulance in France and is not daunted by the prospect of running a two-ton truck up a mountain road. Both Miss Frank and Miss Washburn have been granted leaves of absence by their respective libraries to carry out this unique experiment in book distribution.

The Caravan will be equipped with a couple of berths, so that the Caravaners may camp out if they wish. They are planning however to "do" the hotels, for while caravaning may be a lark, it is also a serious business. As the original stock is sold, a fresh collection will be in readiness at various points of the journey. Also, if a purchaser wishes some particular book not aboard, his order will be taken, sent at once to the Boston Bookshop, and followed by a prompt mail delivery.

The idea of a bookshop on wheels is certainly appealing. It offers practical service and attractive diversion to both natives and summer vacationists who are fortunate enough to live within its route.

The Prix Goncourt for the year past was awarded to Marcel Proust for his work "A l'Ombre des Jeune Filles en Fleurs".

And, speaking of prizes, the "Mercure de France" informs us that the "prize for the worst book of the year" was created in France in December, 1919. The jury, consisting of a number of French writers, cast a unanimous vote for the Peace Treaty.

The effect in England of the war on reading the Greek and Latin classics is interestingly presented in a review of about a car-load of new editions in a recent number of "The Spectator". The article begins:

> Greek and Latin as school subjects have been roughly handled in recent controversies, but assailants and defenders have always agreed in assuming the supremacy of Greek and Latin literature. For the scholar's whole life is built on the belief that they are supreme, and the "modernist's" whole case is built on the contention that he himself is not a Philistine. The assumption is therefore made and remains unchallenged. The man who knows nothing of education or of either language is struck by it, and being eager for self-improvement, as we all are since the war, he has begun to ask to see these supreme literatures for himself. He has begun to ask for translations, and he is getting them in an endless stream.

An attractive little series comes to us called the "International Pocket Library", and edited by Edmund R. Brown. The volumes are probably decidedly inexpensive, though they are well printed on very fair paper. These reprints are: "A Shropshire Lad," by A. E. Housman, introduction by Wil-

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liam Stanley Braithwaite; "Two Wessex Tales," by Thomas Hardy, foreword by Conrad Aiken; "The Gold Bug," and other tales by Poe; "Mademoiselle Fifi," by Guy de Maupassant, translated by Mrs. John Galsworthy, with a preface by Joseph Conrad; "The Man Who Would Be King" and "Without Benefit of Clergy," by Rudyard Kipling, introduction by Wilson Follett, and other volumes.

The author of "Sous le Masque de Molière" (a translation from the original English) has set out to prove that Molière's plays were written by none other than Louis XIV.

J. C. Squire in his department "Life and Letters" in a recent number of "Land and Water" devotes his entire space to an American circular on the English language he has just received from "Mr. Grenville Kleiser, Broadway, New York City", addressed to "Editors, teachers, authors, librarians and offering a prize of $50 to promote deeper interest in the correct and felicitous use of words". Mr. Squire "feels himself entitled to howl at him as loud as he can" for the divorce between literary and popular English, and for his conversion of words of one syllable "into a vocabulary rich in the sesquipedalian".

Berton Braley has sent the following letter:

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

I have just finished Mr. Cabell's delightful essay on Joseph Hergesheimer and am moved both to praise its quality and to quarrel with its logic. As comment, as sheer writing it is superb, as criticism its premises seem to me largely wrong.

For there is nothing remarkable or new or particularly pertinacious in a man's spending fourteen years in unsuccessful writing before he reached salability. The list of those who have plugged away for eight, ten, and twelve years despite constant rejection is long and honorable.

And sometimes when, after success arrives, the rejected stones become a part of a man's literary temple, we find that they disturb its symmetry and beauty much as country rock would disfigure a marble palace. I don't know that this is the case with Mr. Hergesheimer, I don't even believe, as Mr. Cabell seems to believe, that none of that earlier work has been since published. And it may develop that much of his so-called later work is actually his earlier.

But save in a few instances, writing is a profession which calls for a long, hard, and discouraging apprenticeship and I do not see why that period in Mr. Hergesheimer's life should have affected his point of view on life any more than it does with other writers. Any real artist in words, or artisan for that matter, is possessed by a consuming desire to write or he wouldn't do it. The financial rewards are not, as a whole, so glittering that they by themselves would explain the willingness to undergo disappointment and hardship such as most of the writing profession must suffer, in order at length to reach the goal of more or less regular publication.

So that Mr. Hergesheimer's penchant for heroes who are urged by an overmastering desire for some one form of attainment is not necessarily due to his own long struggle to sell his stuff. It is much more likely to be due —as the character of his women is due— to the fact that he allowed his desire to write to disassociate him from the contacts and collisions of life. I have the feeling, with Herges-

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heimer, that he deliberately shut out of his world everything but his literary ambition, that, though no human being can actually, over any extended period, do more than four or five hours of creative work a day, Mr. Hergesheimer used the rest of his waking hours in barricading himself against a busy and interesting world.

Now detachment is all very well during working hours, but outside of them it is narrowing. And I have a belief that the really great writers are men who were very much a part of the hurly-burly of existence, who lived much and vigorously and therefore could put the feel and savor and throb of life into what they set down for the world to read.

Good work has been done by Mr. Hergesheimer's method, he has done good work himself, and I like it, but the product in nearly every instance that I recall, including that of Hergesheimer, has about it an atmosphere of unreality—of a world that is very beautiful, poignant, tragic sometimes, but always a little eerie, a little fantastic. It is an achievement of art to build such a world, but nothing that happens there can grip and hold you as romance or reality of the actual world does; and by actual world I mean the one which is given us by the writers who have lived as well as written.

Now, as to Mr. Cabell's suggestion that Mr. Hergesheimer has, subconsciously or otherwise, "written down" to the public in his short stories. I quarrel not necessarily with this assumption, but with the idea that this is a prostitution of art.

On reading over that paragraph I see that I haven't said at all what I meant. I should say that I object to Mr. Cabell's argument that expressing yourself in a way which your readers can understand and grasp is "writing down". Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch points out that "impression" is if anything of more import than "expression". If you can't "put your idea over" on those you are addressing, you aren't really a writer at all, you're a pedant. If that isn't true then you might as well write in Sanskrit and be done with it. The later Henry James and occasionally George Meredith have done that, though using apparently the English alphabet, but it doesn't seem to me to add to the world's important literature.

As a matter of fact the "mob" is a singularly catholic institution. It reads bushels of rot and enjoys it, but its ability to extract enjoyment from and to appreciate the flavor of the best seems to be unimpaired. It is like a healthy stomach which needs a large amount of roughage to digest the highly caloric foods.

And I maintain that there is no prostitution of art in serving the best in such a way that it is palatable to a normal stomach. There is a little group of serious thinkers whose literary digestive apparatus has been so disarranged by French, Russian and German sauces that it refuses to accept viands otherwise served. But it doesn't follow that this group is the true judge of literary cookery. Nor that a chef like Hergesheimer is lowering his standards when he prefers to give the "mob" something it can smack its lips over instead of ruining its natural flavor with curry or caviare.

I note that Mr. Cabell seems to object to what he calls Mr. Hergesheimer's concessions to "morality" in some of these tales. It is quite true that art is not necessarily moral, but neither is it necessarily unmoral. If the logic of a situation calls for a "moral end-

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ing" then that is the artistic way to end the tale; and an unmoral treatment of the theme would be false and inartistic. The reverse is, of course, true, but I don't think Mr. Hergesheimer has been guilty of either mistake.

This letter has run much longer than I intended, but the subject has proved a little more complex than I had realized. Anyhow, I enjoyed Mr. Cabell's essay, and except in these particulars I have examined at such length, I agree with his estimate of a very real artist.

Apropos of the subject, James Branch Cabell's book "Jurgen" is being brought out in England by William Heinemann.

"Voices," the little magazine of poetry and prose edited in London by Thomas Moult, the circulation of which is steadily increasing not only in England but in "the U. S. A. and the Colonies", follows the custom of dedicating each issue to a contemporary writer. A recent number was dedicated to George Moore, "this being the whole-hearted desire of his colleagues and subscribers as a tribute to Mr. Moore's great work in literature, especially with reference to 'Esther Waters'." With the January number, 1920, "Voices" entered upon its second year. "Q" writes this of the publication: "I know—I have private letters to prove—that the faith in this Magazine was the faith of many young men—in Flanders, in France, and with the Army of the Rhine—who were sustained by it in their brief time and have left it to us as part and parcel of the heritage they perished to save."

In an early number we will publish a poem contributed to THE BOOKMAN by Thomas Moult, whose work has very quickly given him a very considerable reputation in England.

We are much "intrigued" by an advertisement which appears in "The Harvard Crimson". This is an advertisement of a house of business in Boston which is called Daddy and Jack's Joke Shop. At this most entertaining place, it seems, there are for sale: "Puzzles, Balloons, Masks, Noisemakers, Snapping Mottoes, Jokebooks, Place Cards, Dinner Favors, Paper Hats, and Joker Novelties. Suitable for Dinners, Individuals, Dance and Stag Parties."

A most interesting case of literary ambidexterity is furnished by Marcel Prévost. At the beginning of the war M. Prévost served as commander of a battery defending Paris. During this period he began his as yet unpublished novel, "Mon cher Tommy", and another novel of a very sombre character. According to "Les Annales":

> When the news of the war was favorable, when hope filled all hearts, M. Marcel Prévost would add, with a pen alert and optimistic, several pages to "Mon cher Tommy". Were the reports, on the contrary, distressing and tragic, M. Marcel Prévost would then take up, with a sad pen, his second novel. If events became still more menacing, the academician would abandon both works and, in order to forget his oppression and calm his nerves, plunge into the soothing study of Greek texts.

W. H. Hudson's first book about bird-life, now out of print for many years, was entitled "Birds in a Village".

Such of its chapters as still seem to Mr. Hudson to be worth preservation have been rewritten and revised by him to form the basis of a new volume, "Birds in Town and Village". For the rest he has added much entirely fresh matter, embodying the

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observations and experiences of his maturer years.

The volume contains eight pictures in color by E. J. Detmold, an English artist.

Who wrote "Mother Goose"? We thought this was settled, but the "Sun" takes up the bone of contention on the 255th birthday anniversary of the Boston claimant to honors—Elizabeth Foster Vergoose, mother of six and stepmother to ten. Although the "Sun" quotes the New International Encyclopædia in favor of the version of a French Mother Goose, harking back to the mother of Charlemagne, its column finds more entertainment in the Boston mother-in-law myth:

Elizabeth Goose's second daughter, also named Elizabeth, married Thomas Fleet, a journeyman printer from Shropshire, England, who landed in Boston in 1712, established a printing house in Pudding Lane (now Devonshire Street) and prospered. The young couple set up housekeeping in the building where the Fleet printing office was located. In due time (so goes the tale) a son and heir appeared. Mother Goose, the widowed grandmother of the Fleet babe, was in ecstasies. She took care of the baby, crooned to it the songs of her younger days, and had Fleet distracted by her singing. Finally the son-in-law, a man "fond of quiet", decided to write down the songs she sang, and in "an ebullition of spite" named them "Mother Goose". Hence the Fleet version.

But Miss Elmendorf, in her foreword to an admirable Christmas '20 edition of "Mother Goose Melodies" (illustrated by C. Boyd Smith and brought out by a New York house), after citing a formidable array of evidence, says:

So until more is known of the bibliography of the "1719 edition", I fear that we must accept the following as facts: that Mother Goose originated in France between 1650 and 1697, was translated into English by Robert Sambers in 1729, and did not reach America until 1785 when Isaiah Thomas gave us a reproduction of Newbery. As the different editions of Newbery have been added to and changed, so has the Thomas edition. Until today we have many different versions of the same, including some very modern rhymes that have absolutely nothing to do with the original American volume of Isaiah Thomas, which must be acceded to be the first American publication of Mother Goose.

From London we learn that Colonel John Buchan is putting the finishing touches to a new long novel which will appear in the autumn. Also that arrangements have just been completed for the publication of a uniform edition of the novels of H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells is writing a special preface for each volume.

"The Anglo-French Review", recently initiated, has for its purpose the promotion of a union between the two countries that shall be not only commercial but intellectual and artistic. The articles and poems contained in the magazine are marked by great diversity of character. And each selection appears in the language in which it was written.

We are glad to print the following communication to

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

I wonder if it would be permissible for me to reply to an article in the February BOOKMAN written by Mr. Henry L. West, entitled "With the Aid of a Two-Cent Stamp".

The article is clever and amusing and the inference is undoubtedly true—at least as far as my own experience goes—for I am one who was lured by the glittering advertisements of the schools who claim to teach the untutored and untalented the art of writing photoplays, stories, etc. and to set their feet into the path leading to fame and fortune. The appeal of the advertisements was irresistible and I cheerfully parted with my hard earned savings, in order that future savings would not be hard earned, but would be acquired with ease and facility.

I was a faithful student and performed the tasks assigned to me in so satisfactory a manner that all papers submitted were highly commended and I had rosy visions of my offerings to editorial departments of the film companies being accepted with alacrity. But alas—after submitting scenarios over a hundred times I have nothing to show but rejection slips.

I have nothing to *show*—no outward and visible sign in the form of a check, but I have

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acquired the sort of compensation that "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt nor thieves break through and steal". My mentality has been stimulated and my literary knowledge increased. The particular course I indulged in included lessons in grammar and rhetoric and necessitated the reading of many books and plays and required the student to submit numerous plots, which greatly developed the faculty for observation.

In conclusion, though I was misled concerning the ease with which I could swell my bank account, yet I bear the school no ill will and do not regret the time and money spent. For I believe an agency that increases one's knowledge of literature and benefits him mentally is not entirely fraudulent, since something is received in return for the expenditure. After all only an extraordinarily stupid person would expect to learn story-writing by mail—and none of us likes to acknowledge his own stupidity.

Richmond, Virginia, boasts a "serendipity" shop. This strange name appears, according to Horace Walpole, to denote "the art of finding out things, books, prints, lost poets and cryptic and obscure authors". Curios and Americana are a specialty.

"The English Journal" for March contains a report of the most popular books among women of the Middle West,—both housekeepers and business women. (School teachers, states the "Journal", were not "approached".) The women interviewed varied from grammar-school graduates to university graduate students, but the majority of them had received high-school education. The following books, recommended five times or more, are arranged according to the number of votes received:

Les Misérables	25
Freckles	15
The Bible	14
Pollyanna	11
Over the Top	10
David Copperfield	9
Shakespeare	9
Little Women	8
The Crisis	7
Ivanhoe	7
A Tale of Two Cities	7
Louisa Alcott's stories	6
Daddy Long-Legs	6
The Girl of the Limberlost	6
The Lady of the Lake	6
Red Pepper Burns	6
Anne of Green Gables	5
Ben Hur	5
Dickens's works	5
The Five Little Peppers	5
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come	5
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	5
Tom Sawyer	5

A BOOKMAN reader inquires of the Gossip Shop:

"Has it been your good fortune to happen upon the new School Calendar just issued by a New York book house? I'll believe not, that I may 'interpose a little ease' while I introduce it. Since the advent of 'The Young Visiters' (the find of a decade) I've chanced upon nothing so unique—or delightfully recreative. I quote from the first page as follows: 'The design of the front of this calendar (a schoolroom with a vociferous moral atmosphere) is from the title page of the famous Webster's blue-back spelling edition of 1847. The pictures and the quotations taken from the well-known old text books show how great has been the progress in text book making during the past 75 years.'

"The atmosphere of this frontispiece envelops the whole calendar. There is the picture of 'George and the Hatchet' with the story underneath, published in 1853. Another Victorian group is a father and two children; *le père* is in a dilemma because each child (a boy and a girl!) wished the other to have the better book. 'Here was a strange dispute.' Yea, verily. Then comes the moral à la Sanford and Merton. 'Such conduct among children always endears them to their parents.' (Else wherefore born.) An attractive picture—almost my favorite—is 'Learning to Read'. The

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spreading branches of an elm tree shelter a serene group—a brother with a sister on each side. The brother is holding the book, on which is fixed the interested, concentrated gaze of all three. (Ages ranging from 12 to 16, I should say.) We know before we are told that 'this boy and his sisters love each other very much, and study and learn very well. It is not so with all children.' There follows by contrast the story of a little boy in school, too lazy to study; hence he stole a pin; hence he stole other things. He then went from bad to worse, 'until he was put in jail for some great crime and condemned to be hung. And all this came from his being idle, and his stealing a pin.'

"Each month is accompanied by a highly moral picture. 'Soap Bubbles' with December closes the calendar. 'Bubbles', interprets the moralizer, 'are very pretty while they last, but they are gone in a moment. It's just so with most things in this world.' Then follows the cheerful reflection, 'If we love others and they love us, we shall be together when we die, and shall always live together in heaven. Love is the only pleasant feeling, and heaven is the only pleasant place that will not pass away like the bubbles.' Was it bliss in that dawn to be alive? Surely to be young was not heaven. Even Fido (see 'The Little Dog Fido') cannot escape the moralist. One day when his master stooped down and patted him on the head, and spoke kindly, Fido was ready to go out of his wits with joy. 'He took care, however, not to be troublesome by leaping upon his master with dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlor unless he was asked. (Fancy!) He also tried to make himself useful by a number of little services.'

"My prime favorite, I think, is the stolid, four-square flower girl—she of the pantalettes. This prim, vacuous-faced prig has planted the seeds 'as her mother told her'. Of course virtue was rewarded. 'She has now just as many flowers as she wants. See how happy she looks.'

"As an antidote to this well-ordered world where even-handed justice metes out reward and punishment according to desert, I am fain to recall some verses entitled 'Retribution':

Her dear mamma called out to her, "My darling Mary Ella,
When you go abroad today you must take your umbrella."
That naughty girl, she paid no heed to her dear mamma's call,
She walked at least six miles away,
—and it didn't rain at all."

W. B. Maxwell, whose latest novel was "Glamour", spends most of his time at Lichfield House, Richmond, Surrey. The old Royal village of Richmond is now absorbed in the mass of greater London, but its ancient charm and beauty remain. There, within ten miles of Charing Cross, is to be found a wide expanse of country with the valley of the Thames stretching in silver or gold to dim distances. Mr. Maxwell's home was built in the days of Queen Anne,—and belonged originally to the Bishops of Lichfield. It was bought and occupied by Maxwell's mother, "M. E. Braddon", herself a writer of note during the Victorian period. Lichfield House has a long, formal garden and huge, spacious rooms. Mr. Maxwell, however, does his writing in a building some distance away, which used to be a stable.

A book of poems by Tertius van Dyke is announced. The new author is the son of Henry van Dyke. The volume is called "Songs of Seeking and Finding".

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